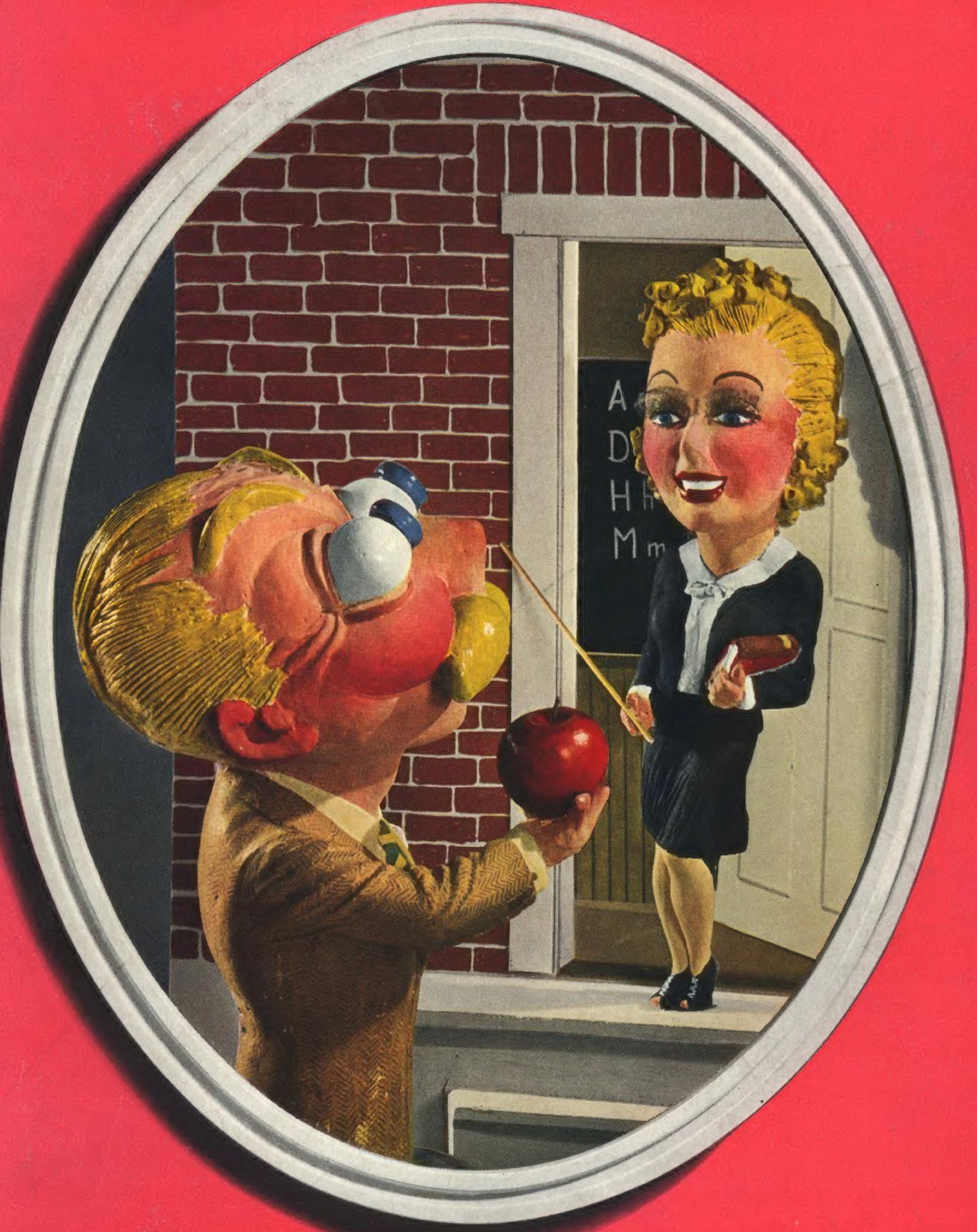
# Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER
1939



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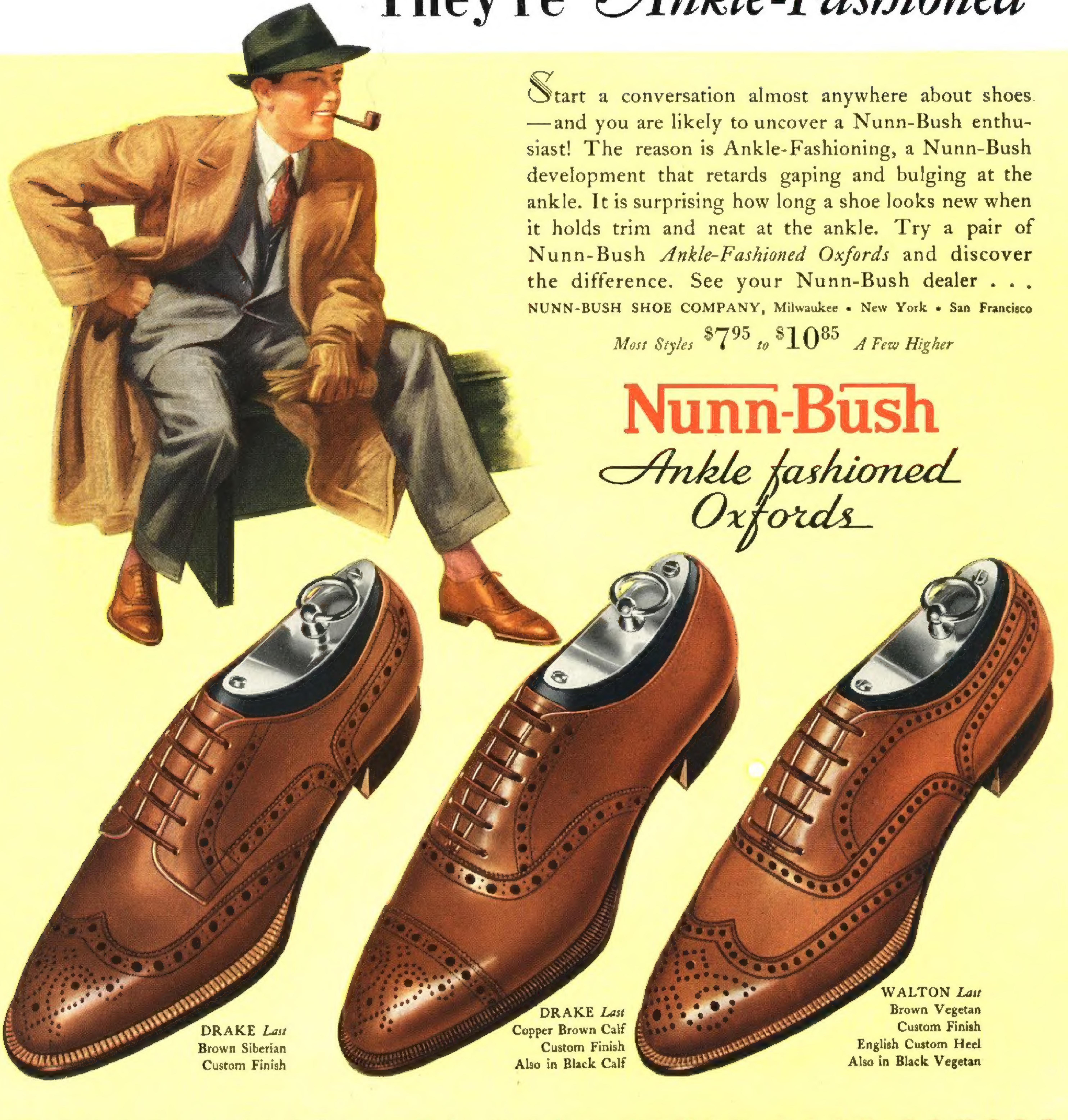

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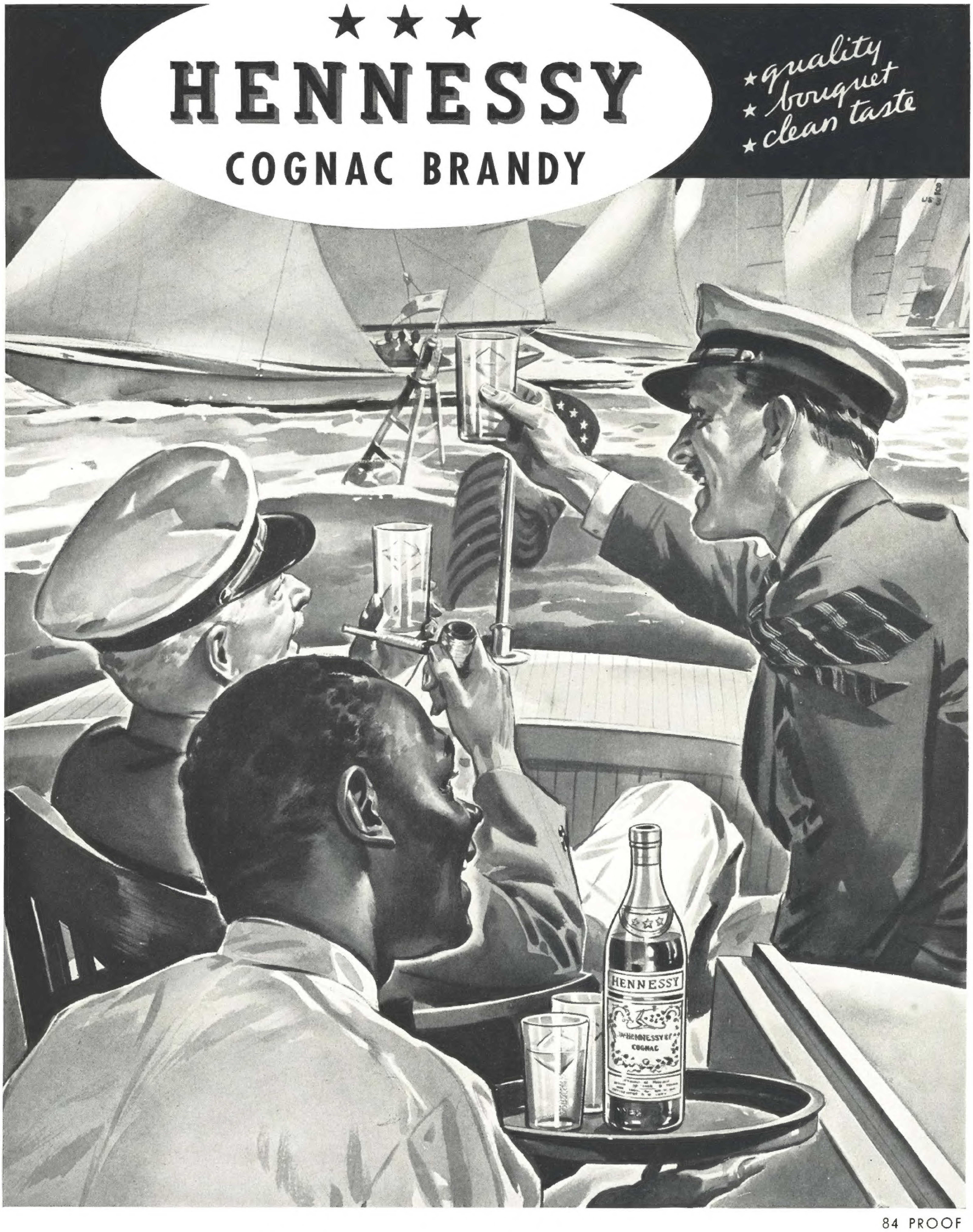
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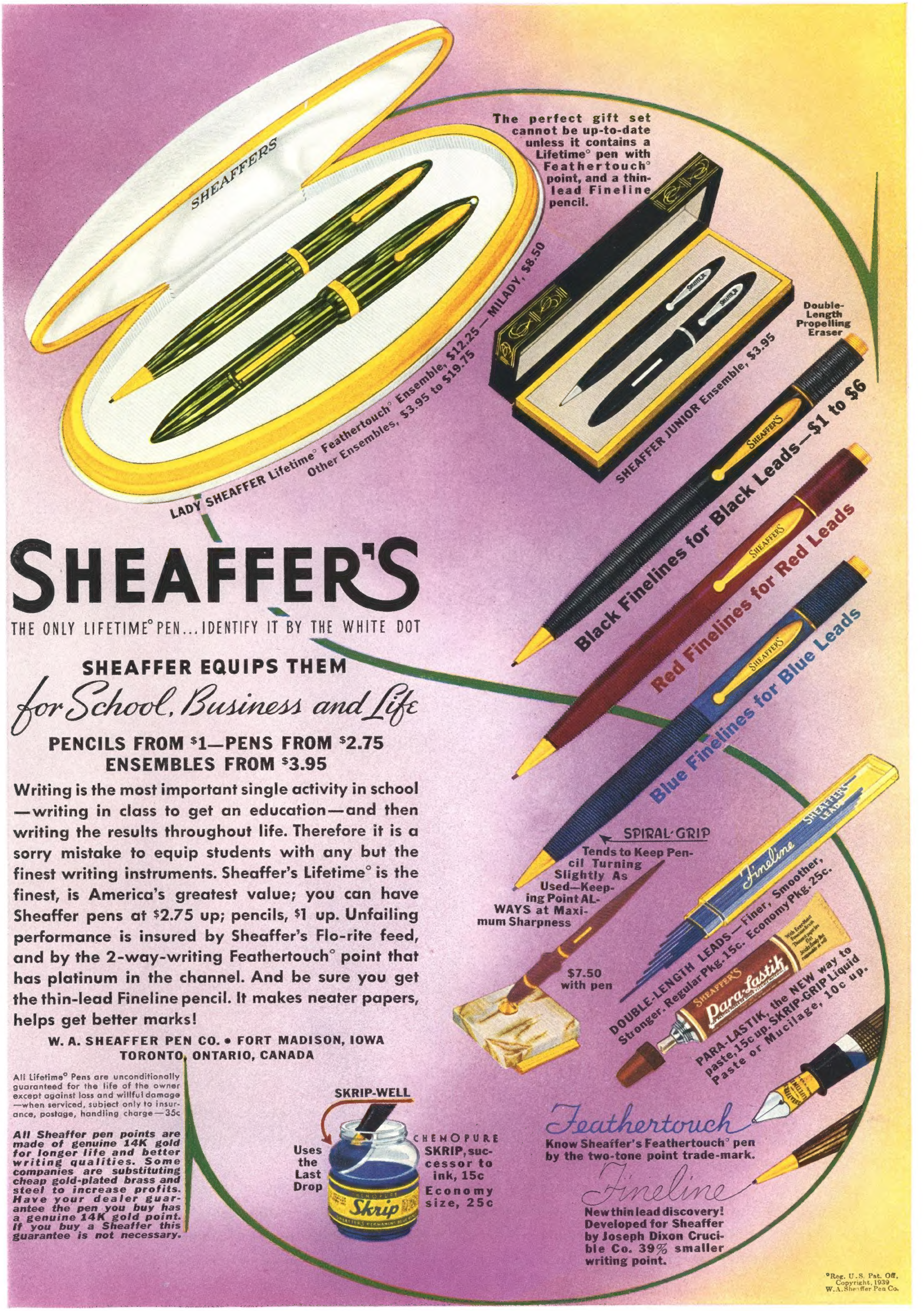
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Esquire
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*Art Director:* ERIC LUNDGREN

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

### *The Backtalk on the French Way*

In the almost six years that Esquire has been published, there is one rule that it has broken almost every month. As a result *The Sound and the Fury* columns have been saltier than they might otherwise have been, and the magazine as a whole has benefited, we believe, by our consistent ignoring of this one rule. The rule is one to which Hollywood has long subscribed, and one which the common run of commercial magazines have almost always honored. The rule is an unwritten one, to be sure. But it might be put down about like this: *If you must have a villain, see that he is a raceless creature of no discernible religious or national persuasion, and if you must reveal his origin or habitat, see that he hails from an unrecognizable section of a wholly imaginary city in an utterly fictitious country and that he practices, apart from his villainy, no particular trade or profession.*

We wish we had two new subscriptions for every one that's been canceled as a direct result of Esquire's constant breakage of that sacred rule of safety first. But maybe we have. There's no way to be sure. People don't write in saying, "Enter my subscription because my mother-in-law is French and, boy, is she ever a pain in the neck!" But they do write in saying, "Cancel my subscription because I, as an American friend of France, cannot permit to pass without protest your vile action in publishing *The French Way* in your issue for July, 1939, by which you have insulted the memory of Lafayette, endangered Franco-American relations and rudely joggled the precarious balance of world peace."

No fooling, they do write in like that and worse. And all because we allowed an author to say that in working among some French scholars he found some of them to be *mauvais coucheurs*, or as we would say, disagreeable cusses. And, citing chapter and verse, he proceeded to characterize the type at its annoying worst. It was an entertaining piece and for all who have ever run afoul of a *mauvais coucheur*, whether among scholars, shopkeepers, waiters, conductors, customs officials or plumbers, we thought it was loaded with recognition value. We thought, too, that its inner contrasts made it eloquently clear that the author was neither committed to the opinion that all Frenchmen are *mauvais coucheurs* nor for that matter that all the *mauvais coucheurs* are French. And, fond as we are of France and the French (we can imagine no kinder fate than a life-sentence riding the *Normandie*), we didn't let our personal and private predilections keep us from recognizing that the piece had a valid point, which it made in an entertaining manner.

So we printed it as it stood, on the hoof. That seems to us to be the best way. We let the author say his say, as long as he says it well, whether or not it happens to square with our own pet peeves and prejudices, tastes and likes. And short of unavoidable deletions necessitated by the laws of libel and obscenity, we edit scripts as little as possible on their way into print in Esquire's pages. That, as we say, seems to us the best way. Obviously it is not the safest way. The way to avoid the ire of subscription canceling letterwriters is to go through every script carefully excising everything that might possibly offend anybody's special interests or sensibilities, with especially delicate caution on all matters of nationality and race.

For instance, let an author say that a librarian is a louse, and there'll be three letters from angry librarians. (Six in the case of dentists, twelve in the case of undertakers.) Let an author further say that the louse in question is, for instance (and only for instance, dear people, only for instance) a librarian in Kalamazoo, Michigan, (for instance, remember) and there'll be nine angry letters, six saying "Cancel my subscription," eight coming from Kalamazoo and one from a guy in Cedar Rapids, say, who rises to defend the fair name of Kalamazoo because he has an aunt living there. Let an author, however, go so far as to say that the librarian whom he happens to consider a louse happens also to be French, and there'll be eighty-one angry letters (ninety-seven in the case of Italians).

So the only safe thing to do, it would seem, is either to keep the authors from ever saying anything even mildly unpleasant about anybody or change all unpleasant references so that they cannot possibly apply to anyone but unemployed residents of uninhabited, uncharted and unclaimed islands.

In that case, you might not get any new subscriptions but it's a cinch you wouldn't lose any by the "Sir, you cur, cancel my subscription" route.

You'd never, of course, print any such article as *Latins are Lousy Lovers* without "toning it down" to read *Love is Lukewarm on the Seacoast of Bohemia.* (Have to be careful about the Bohemians, though.) Nor would you ever print a piece like *Southern Drunk.* You'd have to change it around to something like *Unpleasant Drunks from Nowhere.*

Well, maybe that would be the safest way. But we still hold, as somebody once said of government, that he edits best who edits least.

ESQUIRE
Sept. 1939
T. M.
Reg.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

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Whole No. 70
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NEW YORK EDITION

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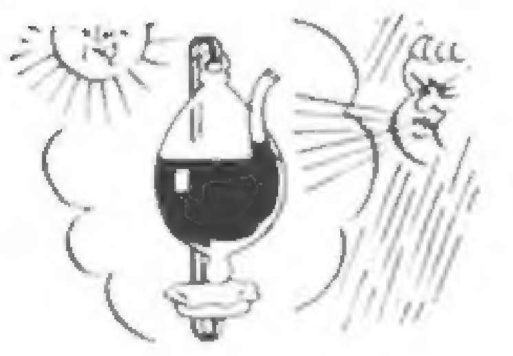

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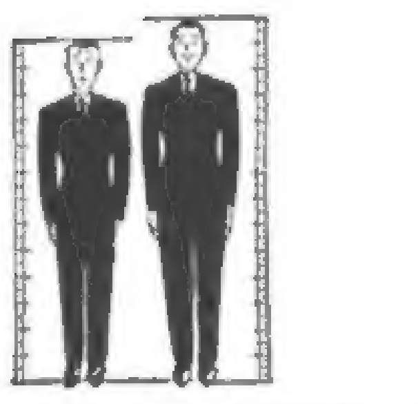

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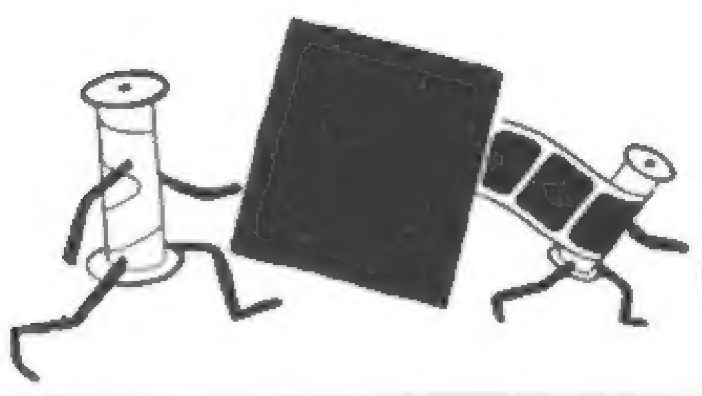

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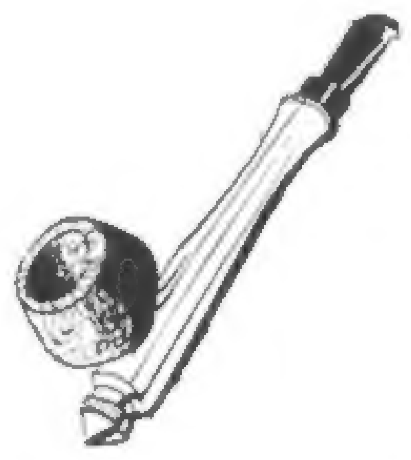
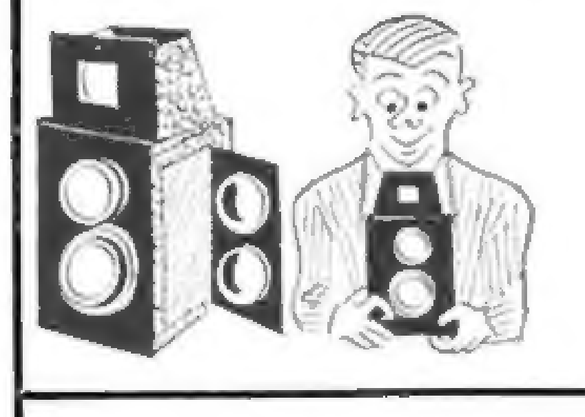
**AERONAUTICAL PIPE.** Not long ago an inveterate pipe smoker, who also happens to be Professor of Aeronautics at the University of Washington, was abruptly ordered by his doctor to give up tobacco. However, aeronautical scientists are, it seems, a rugged lot and the Professor didn't take the dictum lying down. Having designed wind tunnels, systems of airport lighting, etc., he proceeded to design a pipe which would eliminate doctorial objections to his pipe smoking. The bowl and bit are more or less of the usual variety, but the stem or "radiator" is made of a tasteless, nonporous and stain-proof metal which is unaffected by any chemical action of the smoke. When the hot smoke is drawn into the radiator it lays there for one puff's duration, the heat being dissipated by condensation on the wall of the radiator. At the completion of one smoke, or several of them, the pipe can be thoroughly and easily cleaned by running a piece of tissue through the radiator on the end of the ramrod which is attached to the mouthpiece. Thus the pipe, says the Professor, is always dry, the smoke always cool and clean, and the radiator cap, when closed, seals up all odors. The Professor has also designed a cigarette holder along the same lines. How about something for us tobacco-chewers, Professor?



**NO KNOTS IS GOOD KNOTS.** If per chance you're shoelaces have a discouraging faculty for coming untied, tripping you up or evolving into untieable knots, here's one solution. There's a new simple elastic lace that requires no knots, and once adjusted, is set for all time. It makes shoes as easy to slip on and as easy to kick off as bedroom slippers. The lace is anchored in the bottom eyelet of the shoe and held permanently in place by an adjustable fastener in the top eyelet. It yields gently with the rise of the instep in walking, and lies flat and smooth. What's next?

**YOU SHALL HAVE MUSIC WHEREVER YOU GO.** There's been no greater boon for the radio devotee in the last year or so than the introduction of the completely self-contained portable radio. This type of receiver which can be carried and used anywhere met with instant popularity, so much of it in fact that radio engineers immediately met in huddle and devised a new and smaller type of portable. It weighs only nine pounds and is covered with waterproof luggage leather. By some engineering mumbo-jumbo the battery drain was cut in half and a new tube was invented that gives the battery a life twice as long as that of ordinary portable type. With unusual consideration for the absent minded traveller, they've attached a leather identification case to the carrying handle. We'd hate to spoil a pleasant day in the Maine woods by listening to a Hitler speech, but a Strauss waltz or two would definitely be a genial addition to any moonlight sail. Portable radios, it seems, are becoming vacation necessities.

**THE FINE ART OF CUBISM.** The out-of-doors ice situation has always provided one of life's knottiest problems—how to carry it, keep it, save it. Mesdames and messieurs, the problem has been solved, neatly and simply. We refer to the new rubber ice-cube keg, a container that carries 24 to 36 cubes yet weighs less than a pound. The keg is made of soft molded cell-tite rubber, one-half inch in thickness, and offers determined resistance to sun and heat. Non-breakable, it keeps ice cubes from 12 to 24 hours, is strongly recommended for beach, boating or motor trips. It guarantees that most important feature of all outdoor shindigs—cold, iced drinks. And rubber construction obviates use of pick when cubes congeal—all that's necessary is a squeeze on the outside of barrel.



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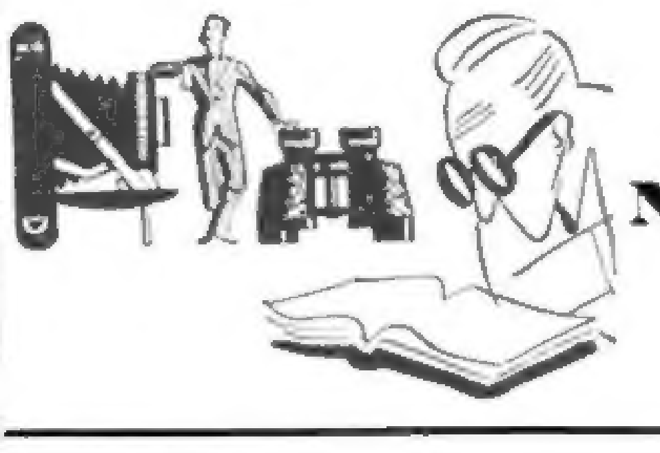

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| ☐ | ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO | *Rachel Field* | ☐ |
| ☐ | TREE OF LIBERTY | *Elizabeth Page* | ☐ |
| | **NON-FICTION** | | |
| ☐ | INSIDE ASIA | *John Gunther* | ☐ |
| ☐ | WIND, SAND AND STARS | *Antoine de Saint Exupèry* | ☐ |
| ☐ | DAYS OF OUR YEARS | *Pierre van Paassen* | ☐ |
| ☐ | REACHING FOR THE STARS | *Nora Waln* | ☐ |
| ☐ | HUNTSMAN, WHAT QUARRY? | *Edna St. Vincent Millay* | ☐ |
| ☐ | A PECULIAR TREASURE | *Edna Ferber* | ☐ |
| ☐ | BENJAMIN FRANKLIN | *Carl Van Doren* | ☐ |
| ☐ | YOU'RE THE DOCTOR | *Victor Heiser, M.D.* | ☐ |
| ☐ | LISTEN! THE WIND | *Anne Morrow Lindbergh* | ☐ |
| ☐ | ALONE | *Richard E. Byrd* | ☐ |
| ☐ | DRY GUILLOTINE | *René Belbenoit* | ☐ |

*—and many others no less worth reading, too many to be listed here*

## Why continue to miss—as you so often have—new books you know you will deeply enjoy?

THE self-examination provided at the left will show *the degree* to which you may have allowed procrastination to keep you from reading new books which you want very much to read. Over 200,000 families—persons like yourself—have found a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club a really effectual means of solving this problem.

You are not obliged, as a member of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

Publishers submit all their important books to us. These go through the most careful reading routine now in existence. At the end of this sifting process, our five judges choose one book as the book-of-the-month.

You receive a carefully written report about this book *in advance of its publication.* If you decide from this report that it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

### *You Still Browse In Bookstores*

Scores of other recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination.

If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you can get it by merely asking for it. Or you can use these reports (we find that most of our members do) to guide you in buying these miscellaneous recommended books from a favored bookseller.

In other words, instead of limiting your reading, this system widens it. You can browse among the books as always, but now do it intelligently; you know what to look for.

Once and for all this system *really keeps you from missing the new books you want to read.* You do actually buy and read those you want, instead of confessing sadly to friends. "I never got around to reading that!"

In addition, there is a great money-saving. Time and again our judges' choices are books you ultimately find yourself buying anyway, because they are so widely talked about. (Outstanding examples of these last year were THE YEARLING, WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME, THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR, and a list of others too long to include here.) *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

### *Free Books You Get*

These book-dividends represent a unique system of saving through quantity production. The resulting economy is extraordinary. For every $1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive over 75¢ back in the form of free books.

Some of the actual book-dividends distributed within recent months is the best indication of what can be done by this system: they included BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS (a special $6 edition); JOSEPH IN EGYPT (2 vols., $5); the Pulitzer Prize edition of ANDREW JACKSON, by Marquis James ($5); MADAME CURIE, by Eve Curie ($3.50); THE ARTS, by Van Loon ($3.95). These books were *given* to members—not sold, mind you!

### *What's Your Obligation*

You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You pay nothing, except for the books you buy.* Your only obligation as a member is to agree to buy four books-of-the-month a year from the Club. These may be either current or past selections.

## A FREE COPY . . . TO NEW MEMBERS

## Joseph in Egypt, by Thomas Mann

*—or any one of the other Book-Dividends listed in coupon*

If you decide to join the Book-of-the-Month Club now, we will give you free, as a new member, a novel which has been acclaimed as "perhaps the greatest creative work of the twentieth century"—JOSEPH IN EGYPT, by Thomas Mann (two volumes, boxed, retail price $5.00). This was one of the recent book-dividends of the Club. Or, if you prefer, you may choose one of the other recent book-dividends listed in the coupon.

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# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### IT'S THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

May I register my protest against the publication of the article in your pages, called *The French Way?* At any time such a biased and obviously unfriendly article would be in bad taste. At the present moment of international crisis, it is inexcusable. I am a writer, and world traveler myself.

At one time or another I have lived for some length of time in France, and I frequently revisit it, for purposes of business or pleasure. I have done several pieces of research which depended on the cooperation of its individuals and institutions, and I have met always with the greatest sympathy and assistance.

I cannot help feeling that your writer has some sort of obvious prejudice, which the French would be quicker than most to feel and distrust, and that any difficulty which he may have had was the result of his own clumsiness. I would also call his attention to some of the red tape with which our own research libraries in this country are surrounded, and the complications which they might present to foreigners.

Personally, in all my years of experience in France, I have had but one unpleasant experience. That happened to be with a plumber, but I have known plumbers in my own country whose temperaments are difficult, and it would not occur to me that such an incident would be worthy of writing up for Esquire!

Sincerely,
Helen Perry Curtis
Summit, N. J.

### UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTION

The following story will illustrate my opinion of Esquire.

A young woman now working in New York sent home to her mother a novel of the so-called "modern" type, and which contained material such as Esquire delights in. About a month later on a visit to her home her mother and sister took her to task for reading and circulating such a book.

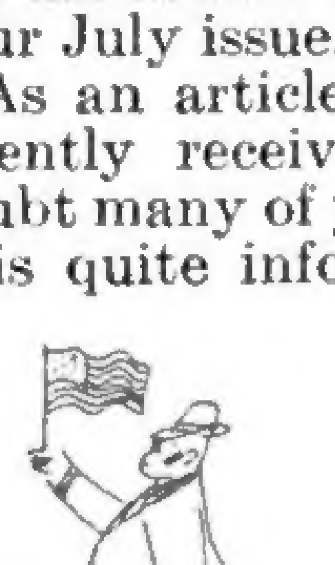
"Why," said the young woman, "that is stark realism."

"SO IS A MANURE PILE," responded her sister.

Yours truly,
Elmira, N.Y. Walter A. Mathews

### FOREIGN NAMES LIKE SMITH?

*Roulades and Cadenzas* and Nerts to You. That is the way I feel after reading the article on Marion Anderson in your July issue.



As an article on a question which recently received wide publicity no doubt many of your readers think that it is quite informative and that the action taken here in Washington was entirely by white people on behalf of a downtrodden and abused race. No doubt you failed to investigate or that you accepted the opinions of the author. However, the fact is that the leaders of the controversy in this city were largely Negroes with whom were allied a few of the always present publicity seekers who crave to see their name in print and a group of those who are always found in the midst of any agitation. There also appears several foreign names, the owners of which are no doubt used to a mingling of the races under situations of their choice.

As stated there is available in Washington accommodations of approximate seating capacity of Constitution Hall which are devoted to the activities of Negroes, but these were not considered as acceptable. In other words, the idea was to break precedent or start an argument. Why were not these available facilities used?

As to the stand of the D. A. R., I may state that I do not favor them as an organization, but I think that they were entirely within their rights in using their privately owned property as their own policy dictated. Also, why is it that a few with foreign names are always raising the racial question in a country which they selected in preference to their native home?

Very truly yours,
Washington, D. C. J. G. Wilbourne

### ON SWIVEL-CHAIR WARFARE

Fighting my way out of an avalanche of newspapers, letters and novels about the "degenerate cowardice" of Great Britain, I draw breath to ask a question.

If all the democracies should stand together why did America not make it clear that the United States would be with Czecho-slovakia to a man. It was made abundantly plain that America would defend C-S to the last French or English baby, but that's hardly the same thing.

I don't think many Americans know what modern air warfare is like, you've got to be dam sure you're doing the right thing these days before you start the bestial waste of war again. I was all through the last war, and I'd join up again if there was another—but I admire a man like Chamberlain who has the guts to take the hard path of working for Peace.

Americans are magnificent fighting men, and if there is a scrap I certainly hope you'll be with us—but until there is a little more evidence of deeds and not just words, how about giving a break to the Man at the Wheel.

Duncan Hamilton
Joppa, Midlothian, Scotland

### 1500-1800

First of all I'd like you to know that your stories smell to high heaven! Not all of them, 'tis true, but the majority of them. They concern themselves with the most drab, dejected, and disheartened set of people that ever graced any magazine's pages. No wonder you use that slick, glossy paper—it's like putting talcum under your arms. At least it throws your friends off the track for awhile!

Then about those illustrations—not the cartoons but the story illustrations!! Misshapen creatures glaring under bushy brows or over their drinks at you. Sometimes contorted into unbelievable positions as wrestlers and prizefighters or they might just look at you from the page begging you to forgive them since it wasn't their fault they were put there—just some illustrator's indigestion being put on paper.

Okay, you can lean back in your chair now, and say: "Hey, Ed, look at this dope's letter. Screwball, No. 1."

But before "Ed" crumples it up for the most reliable filing basket in any office, please answer me this one thing. I would like to know the approximate number of words which could cover one of your pages. (Without illustration, let us say!) Yes, just like all the others, I have a story which if you read beyond the first page will exceed my wildest expectations. When I submit it, it will be only to see if your rejection slips are printed on slick paper also.

Sincerely, yours,
Francis B. Lancaster
Hollywood, Calif.

### WELL, IT GOT A RISE OUT OF YOU

Do you think the article of F. Steegmuller of great interest to your readers?

How many of them care about M. Lefevre the so-called greatest living authority on Gustave Flaubert, or as a matter of fact about the book F. Steegmuller is (I hope not, thanks to the French way) to write about it?

Now, what about the French way? F. Steegmuller has been moving in a very small circle indeed. Is the story usually repeated abroad that: Montmartre and Montparnasse at midnight give a good example of the daily life of the average Frenchman and that the girls found in the promenoir of Les Folies Bergeres are true specimens of the average French woman?

Because a few people in a very small circle have been mean why call it the "French way."

I am not a writer (and thanks to God for that) but a traveler and I have found meanness in the common daily relations of:

American people in New Rochelle; English people in Golden Green; French people in Neuilly; but what is the good to write ten columns about it and more (and it beats me) to print it in Esquire.

Now let me have a go at Esquire: What I like best in it is the display of Adverts. It is really wonderful. The rest is like any other publication of the kind. Very rarely good, sometimes indifferent and very often not worth reading; but to look at an Advert. like Globe Trotter Auto Plates "to make people BELIEVE you have seen the world" is a pure joy. The unique "American Way."

Now don't pick up on my English as I shall watch for the very frequent *faux pas* when your writers use French expressions.

By the way—I enjoy your Esquire very much so after all you have it your own way.

Sincerely yours,
Paris, France Georges Roure

### THE WAY OF THE TRANSLATOR IS HARD

I have been a reader of Esquire for years in my home country of England and have always considered your paper as excellent value for money even over there where the price is considerably higher than in America; in fact one of the things I looked forward to on my tour in this delightful country of yours was to be able to buy Esquire at an even more reasonable price.

However when I bought the July issue and read the story *The Rumbold 500* I wondered what had come over you; whether the story was originally written in English I cannot say, if not I would suggest that you find someone who is familiar with motor cycles to translate such stories; if it was written in English then I doubt whether the author ever saw a motor cycle much less watched a race. His technical knowledge of Motor Racing would not do justice to a ten year old boy.

A cycle with the handlebars sticking out FORWARD like the horns of a bull exists only in the motorcyclists' worst nightmares and since the valve heads are always inside the cylinder head I fail to see how they can butt out into the wind.

We may safely assume that all speeds are in Kilometres per hour since all distances are in Kilometres, in which case any machine which only went up to 25 k.p.h. in first and 70 k.p.h. in second would be out of the race before the first lap was over. We also are told that he was doing the incredible speed of 140 k.p.h. down the straight. If so then the machine would have been too slow for racing 10 years ago, in fact it is too slow for a decent road machine let alone a racing job.

We may safely assume that 500 refers to the cubic capacity of the engine in cubic centimetres and the veriest child in Europe, where the race was supposed to take place, would tell you that any good touring machine would do 60 k.p.h. in first 115 k.p.h. in second and about 170 k.p.h. in top, any machine which expected to come in in the first ten in a race would have to exceed this by a large amount and we can expect speeds of at least 185 k.p.h. to 200 k.p.h. down the straight.

The idea of the rider slapping the throttle, there is no such thing as an accelerator on a motor cycle, is amusing but the idea of his testing the compression is tragic as the only method of doing this would be to strip down the engine on the test bench and I hardly think he would have time for this during a race.

The author's knowledge of the technique of cornering is nonexistent and any rider who leant out on a corner like the daring Ribieres would not live long to tell the tale.

The final statement that caused me to tear my hair and chew bits out of the carpet was the description of the near crash at the S turn followed by the naïve remark that Ribieres had tried to come out of the turn too fast. Perhaps the author would like to know that crashes are caused by GOING INTO a corner too fast and not when COMING OUT; any rider who crashed in a corner did it before he got half way round and not when he was on his way out.

After all this the statement that the winner broke the Tape at the finish merely caused me to utter shrieks of insane laughter, why he did not break his neck at the same time I do not know. All racing events whether Bicycle, Motor Cycle, or Motor Car are finished when the winner crosses the line and THE FLAG IS WAVED BY THE MARSHALL AT THE FINISH LINE. How would you like to get a piece of linen tape wrapped around your neck or your front wheel at about 200 k.p.h.?

Please if you must have stories about Motoring, Yachting or any other subject which involves a technical knowledge of the subject do try to pick an author who knows what he is talking about or have one of your editors rewrite the story and take out the mistakes.

Except for such mistakes as allowing such a story as this to be published, I must say that I enjoy your paper very much and hope to do so for many years to come.

Please accept my best wishes for your success in the future and believe me I remain,

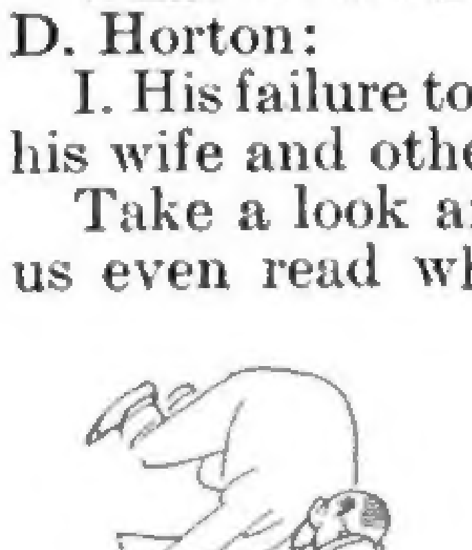
Yours very sincerely,
New York, N. Y. R. E. Knight

### YOU'RE NOT BAD

What We Don't Like About Thomas D. Horton:

I. His failure to differentiate between his wife and other women.

Take a look around, Tom, some of us even read what you write.



II. His preference for parting his hair. Providing he has hair!

III. His jealousy of men who get their vests buttoned correctly the first time.

IV. His malinterpretation of the position of woman and her difficulties in finding it.

V. (He's too damn observant.)

Just looking,
Agmour J. Herbert
New York, N. Y.

*Continued on page 12*

# *How three cooling words became four....*

**Each year**, more and more people are discovering that, simply by changing *three* well-known words to *four,* they can add new magnificence to their favorite mid-summer drink . . .

Instead of just saying "whiskey-and-soda," these connoisseurs of coolness say *"Four Roses-and-soda"* . . . for they maintain Four Roses-and-soda is different from any whiskey-and-soda you ever tasted.

**And it is! It's just *bound* to be — because Four Roses itself is so different . . .**

Four Roses, you see, has the virtues, not of just a *single* straight whiskey, but of *several* selected straight whiskies. Each of these whiskies is *at least 4 years old*. Brought together, they give to Four Roses a matchless flavor, aroma, and smoothness — qualities that have won for it the reputation of being the finest whiskey in America.

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Four Roses is ALL whiskey — every drop! That's why it *stands up* in a highball — *holds* its delicate flavor, right down to the bottom of the glass. Yet Four Roses is *mild*, because all of the whiskies in it have been reduced to 90 proof, especially for mildness.

Sometime today, at home or at your favorite bar, enjoy a Four Roses-and-soda. Listen a moment to the tinkle of the ice in the glass — like small silver bells calling you to a rare pleasure . . .

Then obey the summons. Sip — slowly . . . and be thankful the world affords such solace in hot weather as . . . a Four Roses-and-soda! *Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

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*— and — soda!*

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*AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD*

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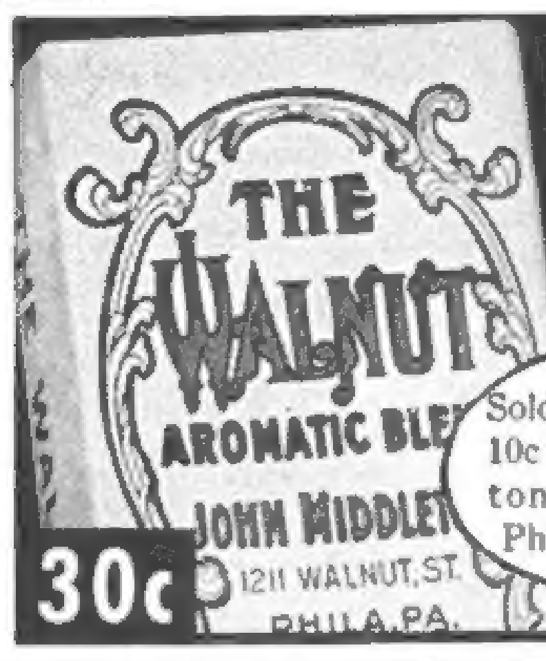

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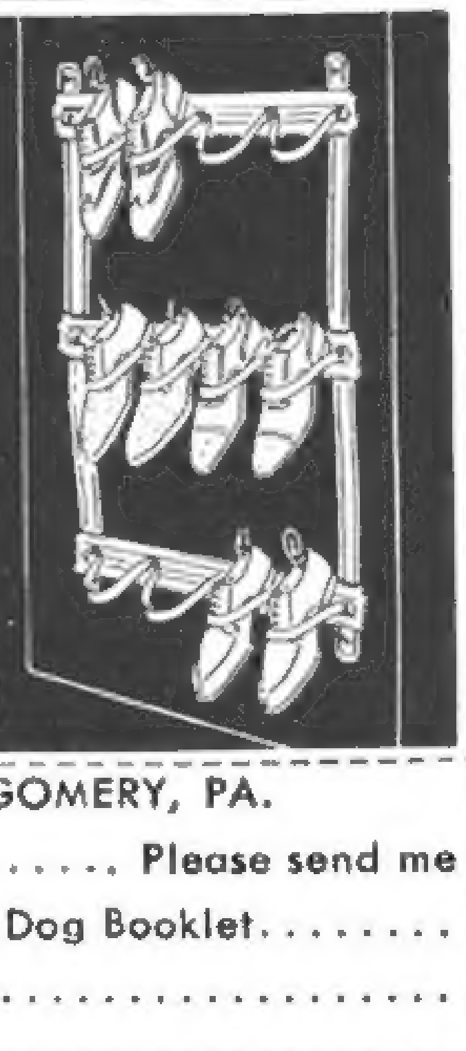

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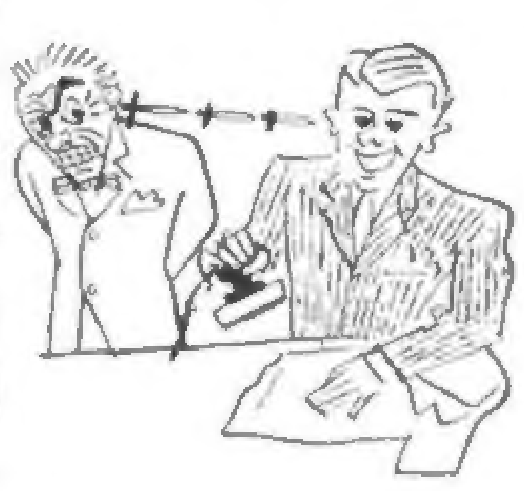
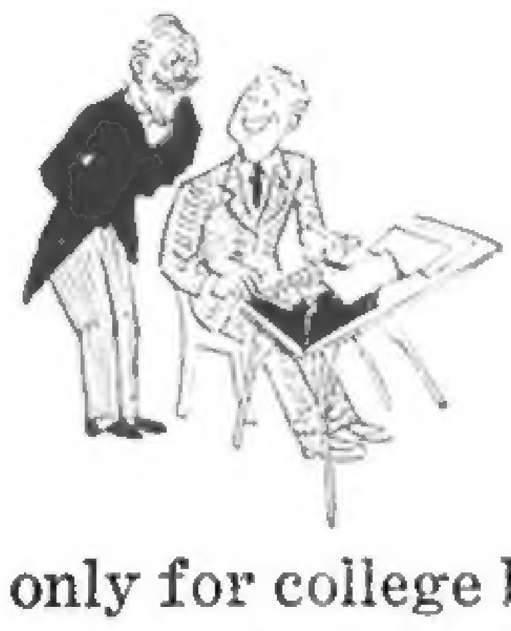
**GOING BACK?** The ivory towers, ivy walls and college bier stubes will be open for business soon again. 1,135,000 lads and lassies will be campus bound once more. This is Esquire's going-back-to-school issue—Ranger follows suit with some suggestions for the undergraduate, and for parents too, who, after all, have more than a slight interest in this great fall migration.

**CAMPUS CLOTHES INSURANCE.** Clothes at college have an annoying and mysterious way of disappearing. If brother room-mate can get into your shirts or for no apparent reason prefers your ties to his own, the odds are that your wardrobe will be severely confused, if not decimated, before the second term rolls around. The university laundry always seems willing to lend a helping hand too. The best method of keeping track of your clothes and settling any ownership arguments is supplied by the new electrically heated, full name hand stamp. The imprint it leaves in nice, big and black letters is indelible and will preclude any confusion. It can be used on all college equipment including sheets, towels, etc. For dark fabrics it is used for making name tapes.

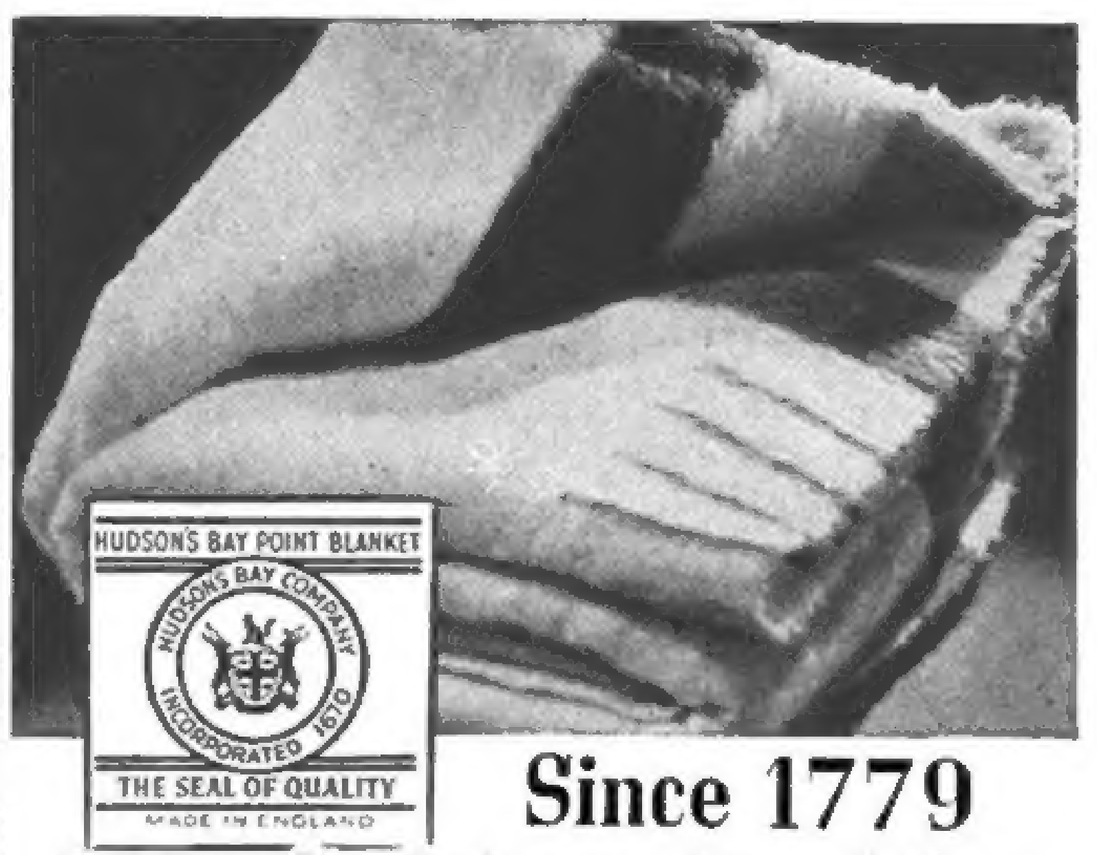


**EASING UNDERGRADUATE LABOR PAINS.** Professors are usually more or less adamant in demanding that papers, themes and theses submitted to them be in typewritten form. Even when they don't, it's a good idea, as a neat paper more often than not promotes a better mark than it deserves. For thus deluding your professor, you have a choice of any number of portables in a great variety of sizes, shapes and colors. There's one fine, new arrangement of a portable typewriter on a folding steel stand that's adjustable to three heights and can be set up anywhere. The stand folds up in the same case that carries the typewriter, the whole thing being very convenient, not only for college but for use at home, on vacations or wherever a desk isn't handy. For those planning to do a considerable amount of writing, combined with traveling during the holidays, a "traveling secretary" would be a sound investment. This consists of a portable typewriter in a pigskin or cowhide case. The sides and top of the case contain pockets for stationery, pen and pencil, ruler, scissors and all the rest. It's a very handsome and sensible arrangement.



**ANATOMY IN WOOD.** The combination of undergraduate negligence and hectic campus activity usually shortens the life expectancy of a student's wardrobe and quickly brings on an early and lamented end. We can't prescribe for pants ripped playing touch football, but we've found a new, anatomically designed hanger that will keep your sport jackets and overcoats in a shape to which you've not been accustomed. It rounds out the neck of the coat, fits into the hollows of the shoulders; maybe a cabinet maker had a hand in it somewhere. We'd hate to think that the current process of glamorization has reached even the strictly private and prosaic confines of the male closet, but we must admit, all things considered, it's pretty neat for a hanger.

**YOUR WINNING COLORS IN PIPES.** Moguls of the marts of trade tell us that the manufacture of plastics is one industry of the future. Our wanderings would confirm that opinion, for we've come upon everything from golf clubs to dog bowls made of one type of plastic or another. Now it's a pipe, designed for the undergraduate, and made in forty-five college color combinations. The inner bowl is imported briar, but the outer bowl is plastacele and the stem lucite. These materials make the pipe strong, light in weight and heat resistant. It has other scientific features too, but the colors get credit for its unusual visual appeal.



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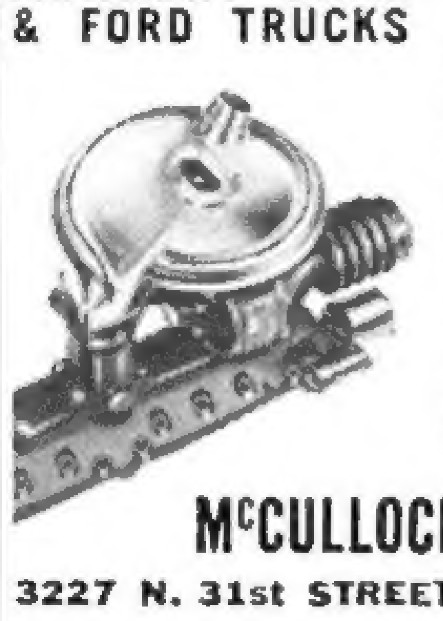

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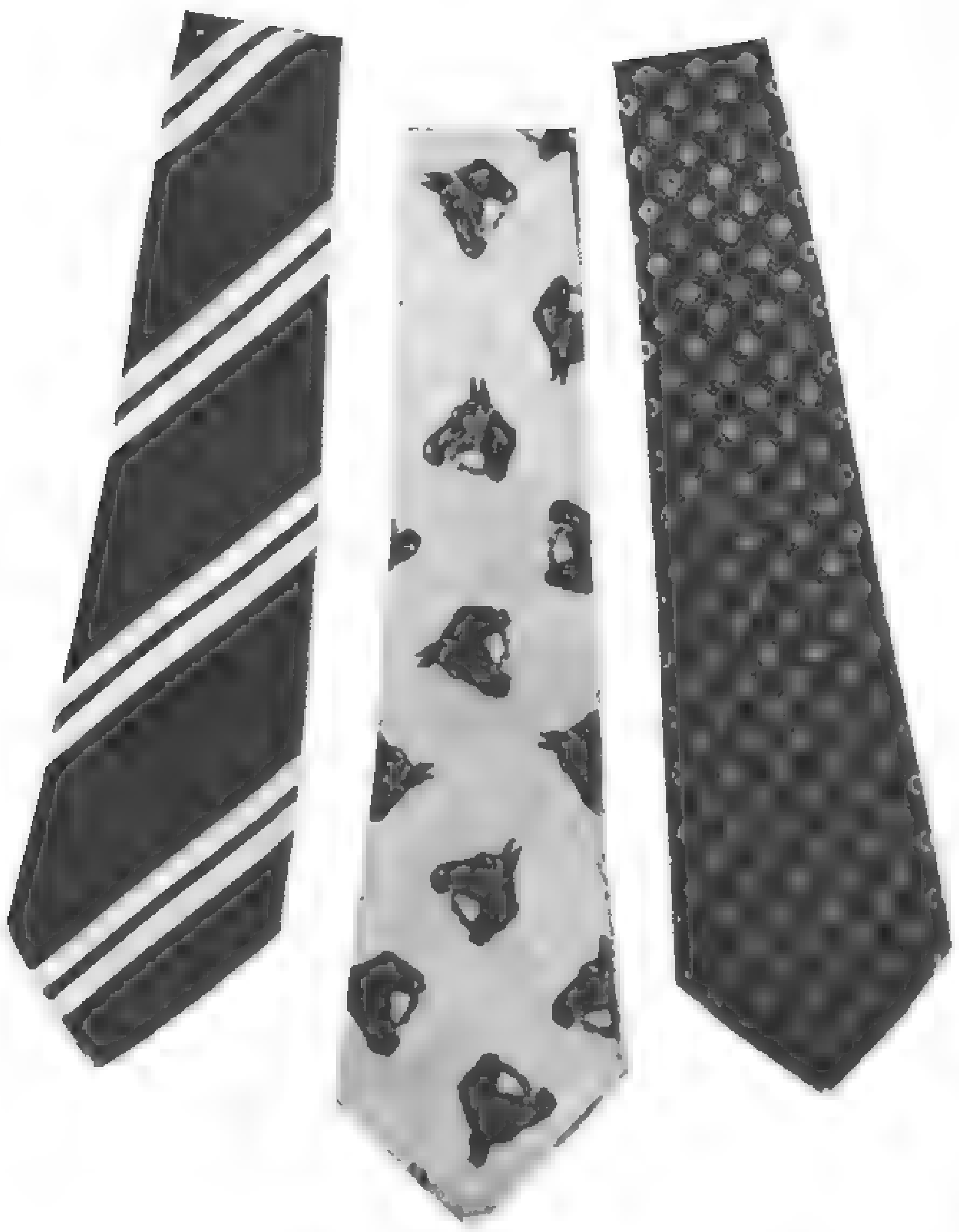
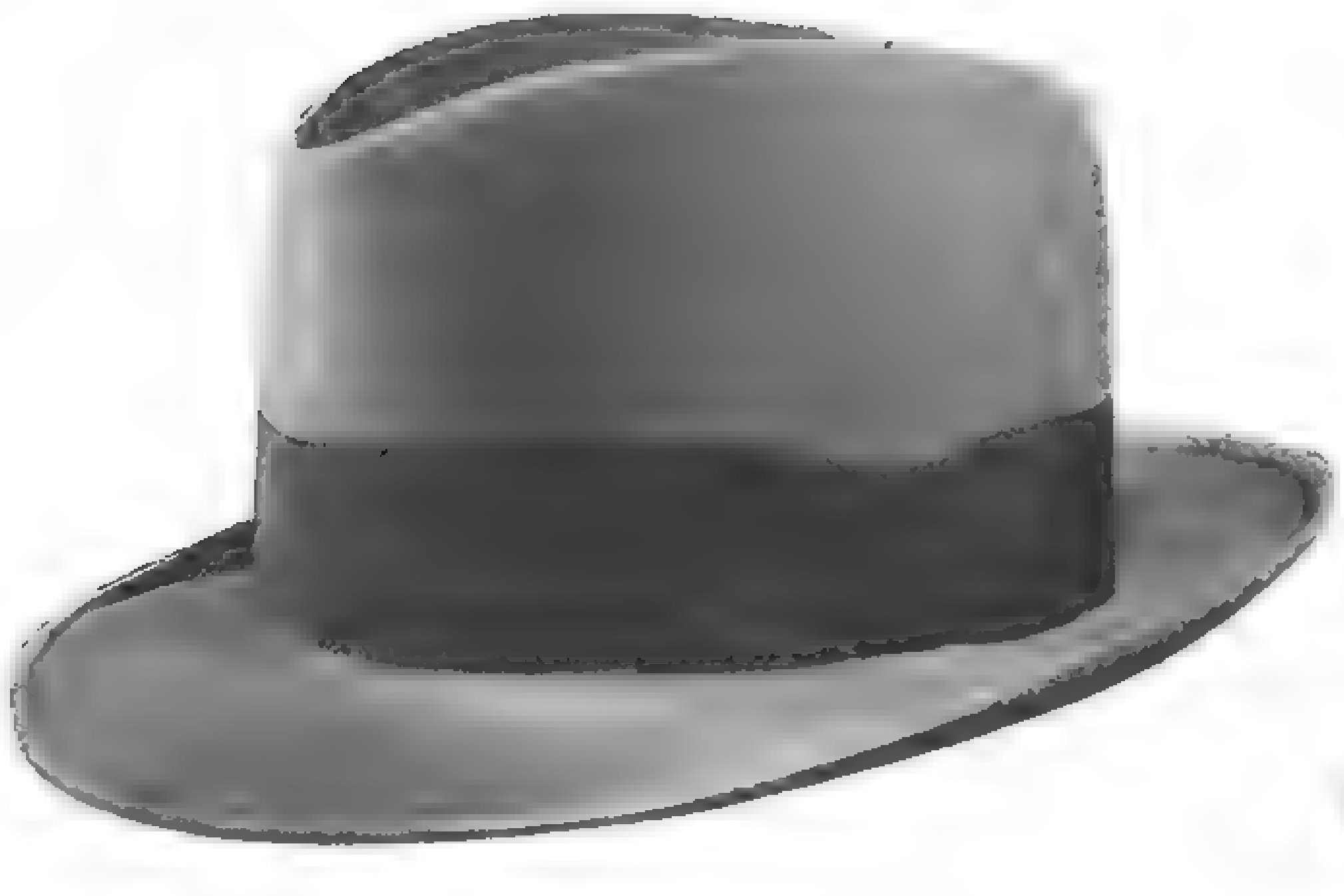
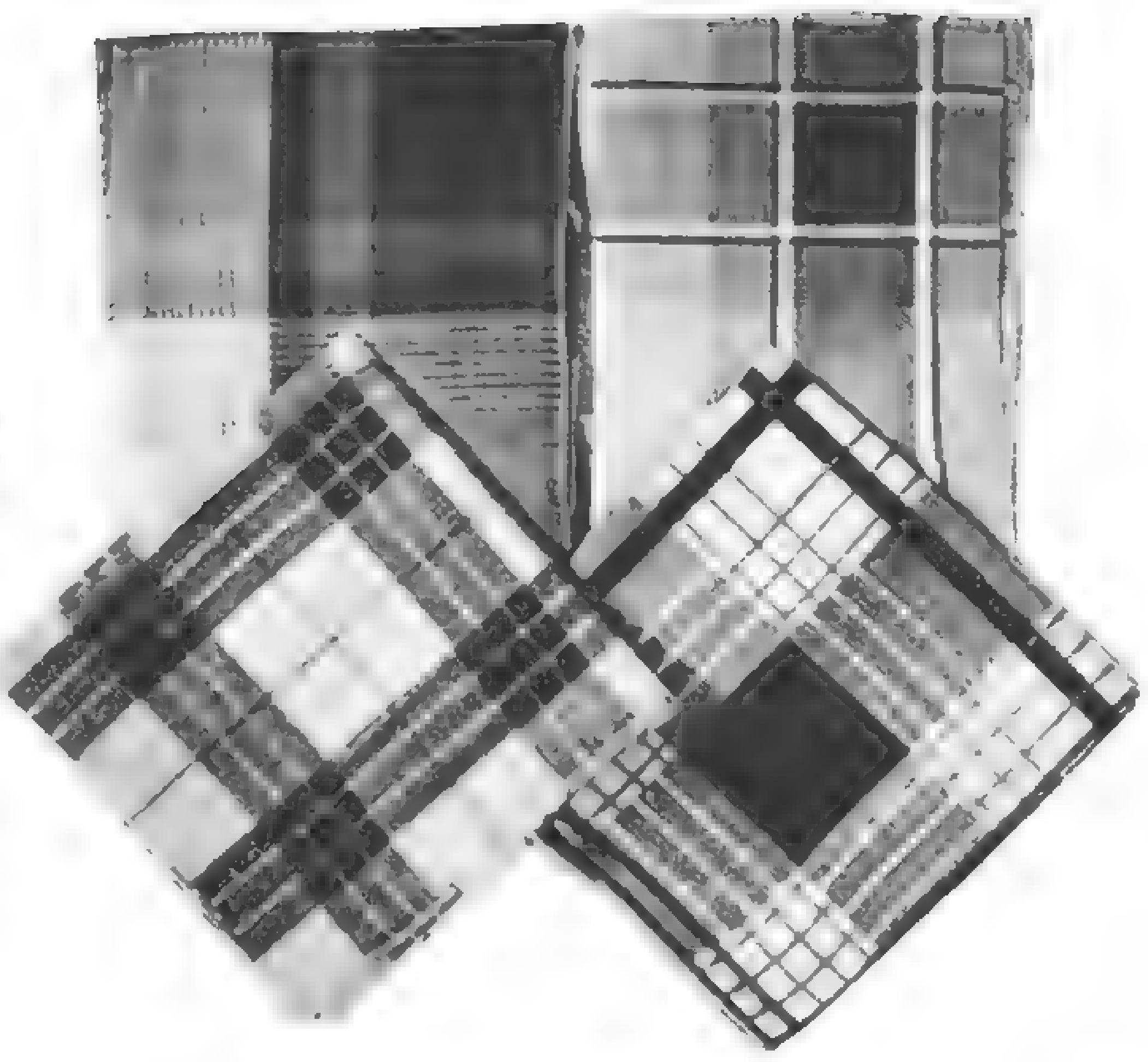
Address______________________
City________________State________



**Neckties** in Brooks Brothers' Undergraduate Department include—as illustrated—striped silks in many different colors and arrangements, sporting designs, stripes and plaids in wool, and typical patterns in foulard silks. They are $1.50 each.



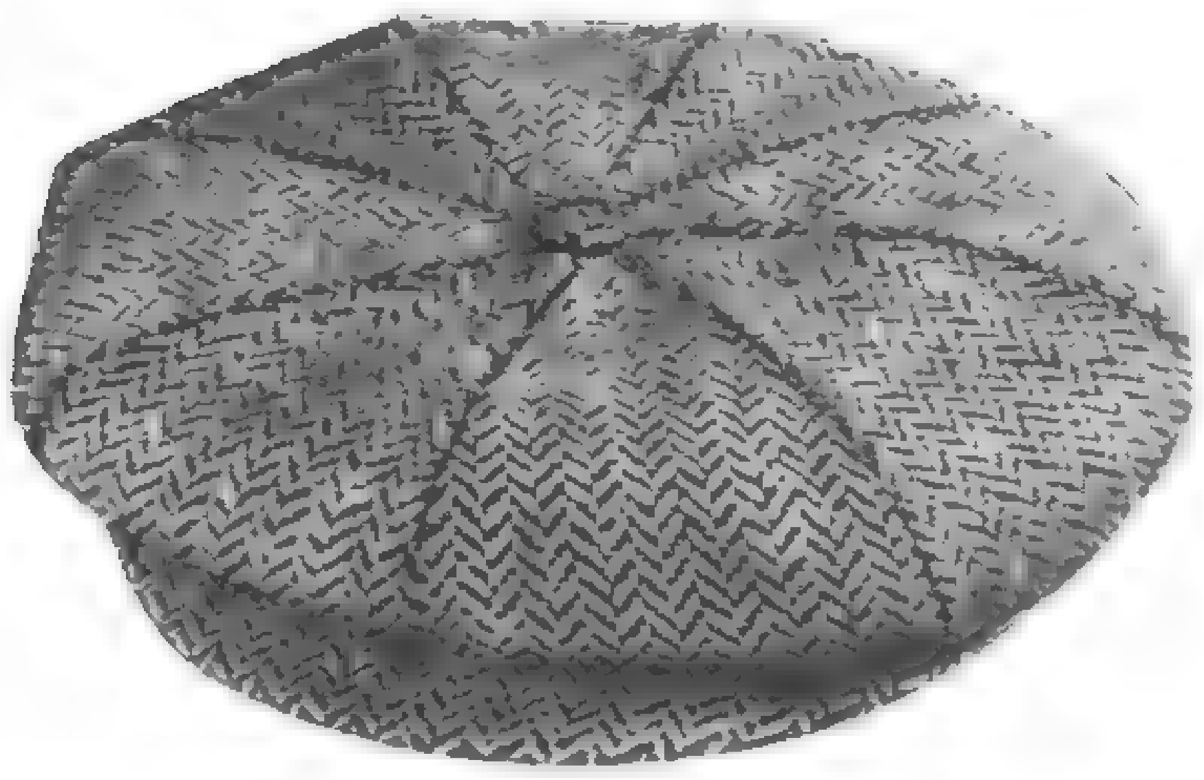
**Felt hats**, made for Brooks Brothers by carefully selected domestic makers, are $5 and $6. They include grays, tans and other shades in various styles. The medium lightweight hat illustrated, with felted-in edge—gray with black band—is $5.



**Handkerchiefs** in Brooks' New Department offer a choice of many colors and plaid designs, as illustrated. The range of choice commences with cottons at 35¢ and continues on to linens at 75¢ and $1.

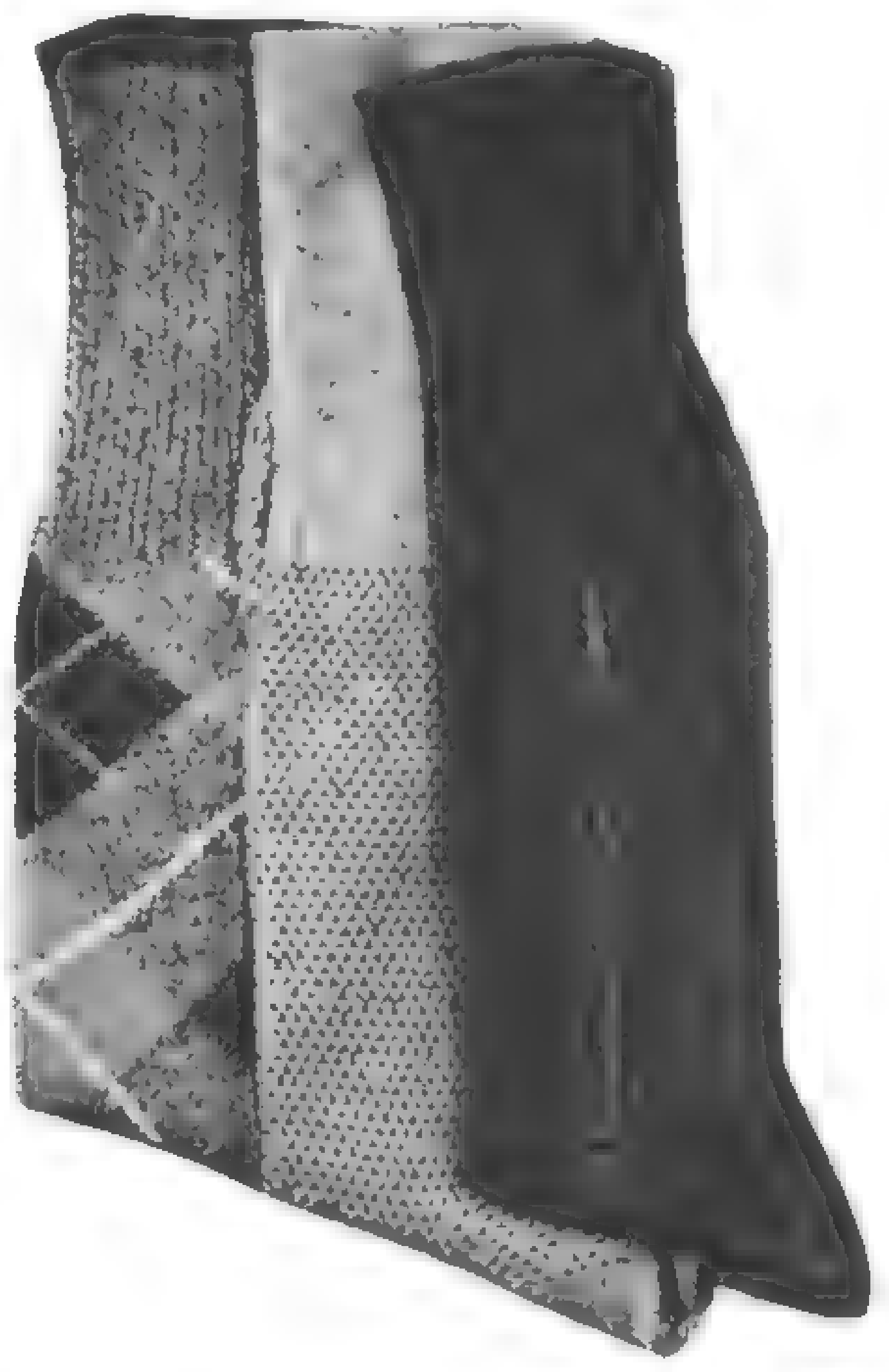
## BROOKS SUITS...$42 to $47

Lower prices have headlined the news about Brooks' New Department for Undergraduates, Upper Formers, and Younger Business Men ever since it first opened. But it is the Style of Cut, Quality of Materials and Excellence of Workmanship that have created a demand far greater than the supply in the two seasons just past. This Fall our stocks are bigger—much bigger. Nevertheless—we again urge your early inspection.

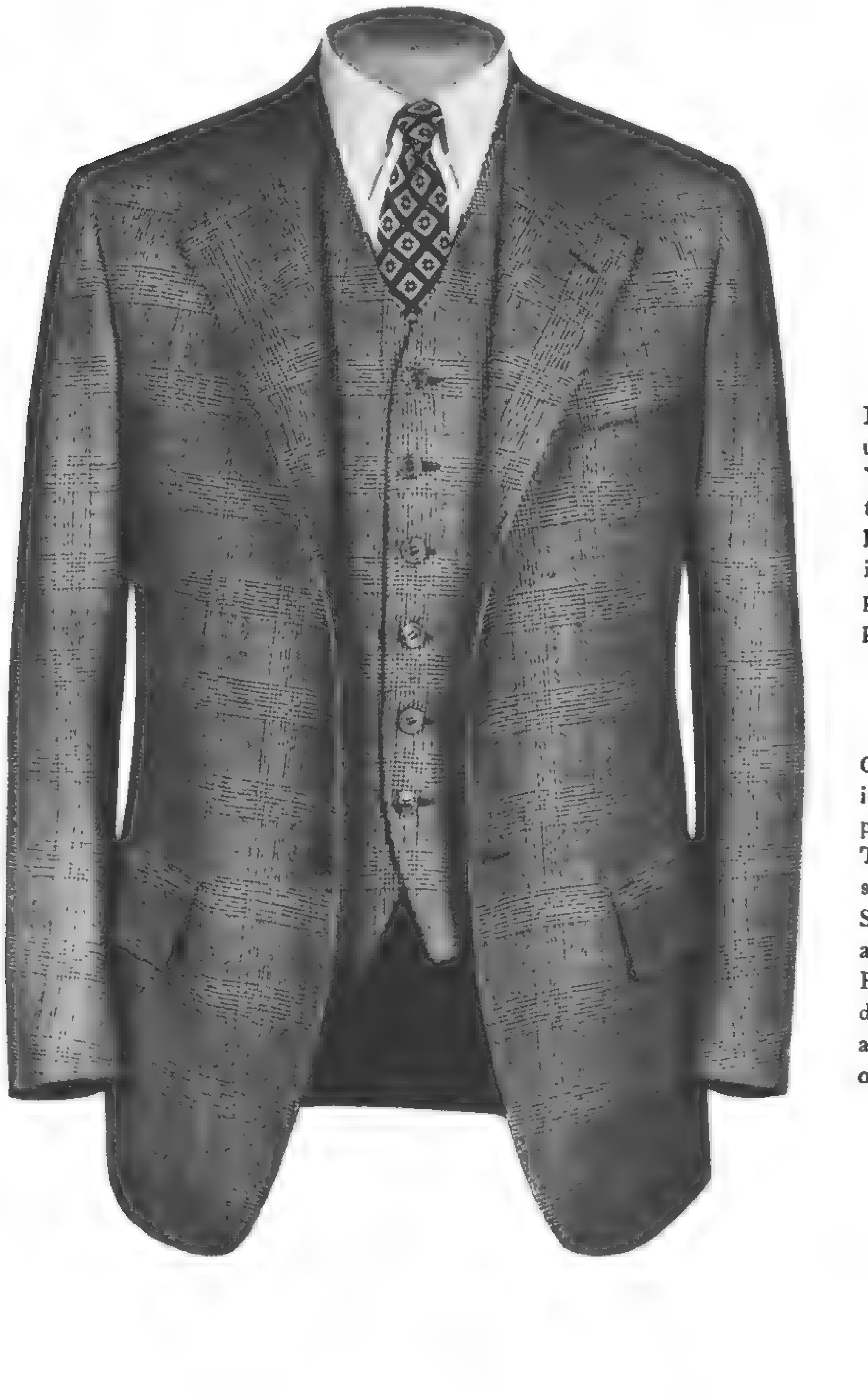


**Tweed caps**—after a lapse of many years—are again coming into favor. At Brooks Brothers they are made of the celebrated Scottish Tweeds and other British woolens for which we are famous: with one-piece top, $5 and $5.50; with 8-piece top $3.75 to $5. Domestic caps (one-piece top) are $4.

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
**MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. · NEW YORK**
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET · BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET · NEW YORK



**Socks** in Brooks Brothers' Undergraduate Department range from 75¢ to $2.50. Illustrated, left to right, English wool socks in Argyle plaid, $2 and $2.50; English wool socks in small birdseye pattern, $2; domestic wool socks, ribbed and clocked, $1.



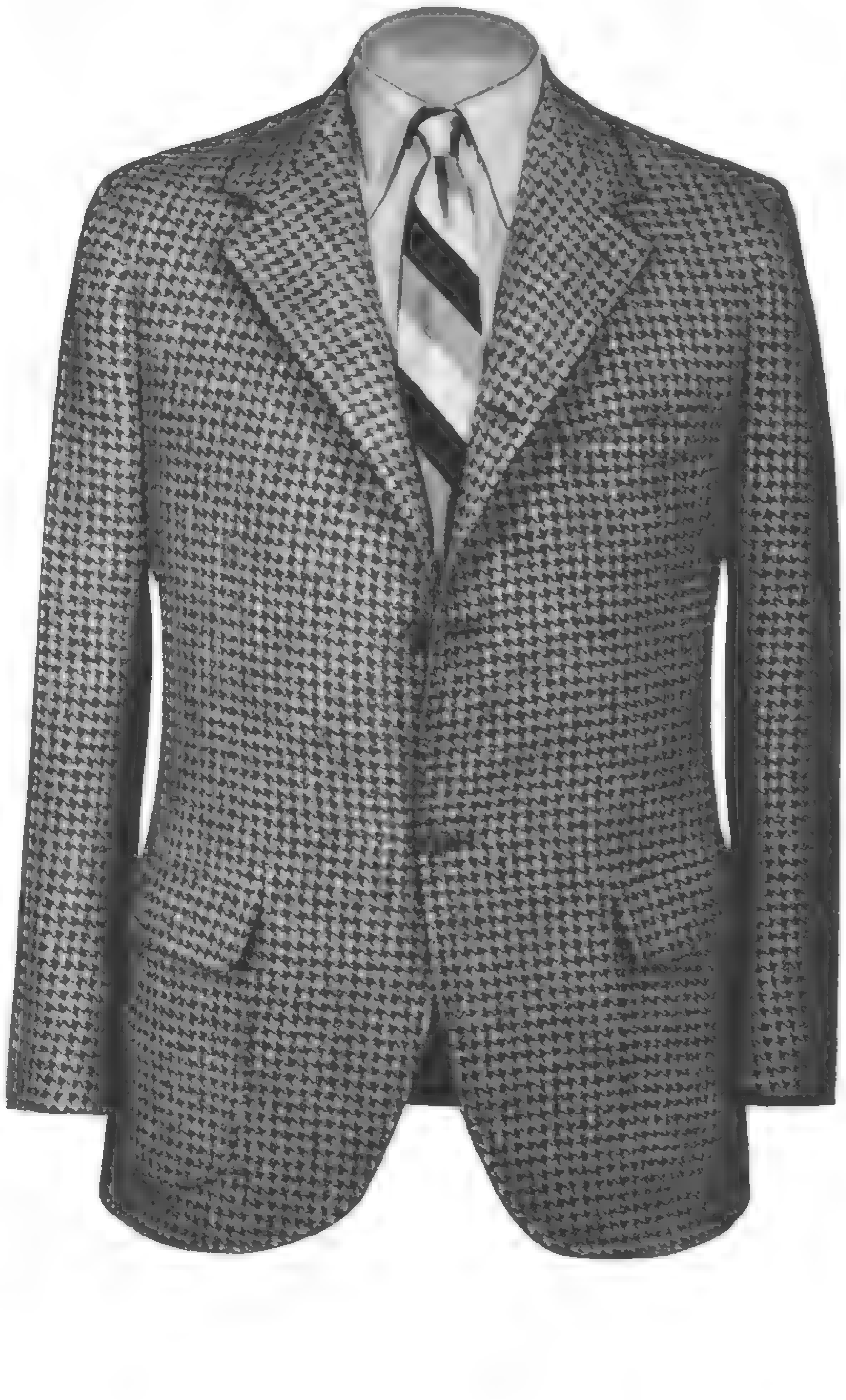
Established 1818

*Sizes up to 42 in. chest*

**Brooks suits** for Undergraduates, Older Schoolboys and Younger Business Men, are $42 to $47. The materials are English Tweeds, Domestic Cheviots, Flannels and Worsteds in plain colors, plaids and other patterns. Suit shown is $47.

* * *

**Odd jackets** (plain backs) in Brooks Brothers' New Department are $30 and $35. Tweeds, Shetlands and Homespuns imported from England, Scotland and Ireland. Collar-attached shirts in Brooks Brothers' Polo (buttoned down) and Tennis (at left) are $3. The tennis shirt in blue or white broadcloth is $2.75.



ALWAYS THE CENTER OF
Smart Entertaining
8 Fld. Oz.

At the "smart world" bars, where the sophisticated chat and sip, that famous aid to smooth cocktail-making . . . that bottle of Angostura Bitters is sure to be present!

For three or four generous dashes of Angostura Bitters mean success to a cocktail, "finish" to a smooth drink! Angostura brings all the ingredients together . . . blends them to a glorious whole . . . makes a drink a thoroughbred blend of smoothness instead of a slap-dash mixture!

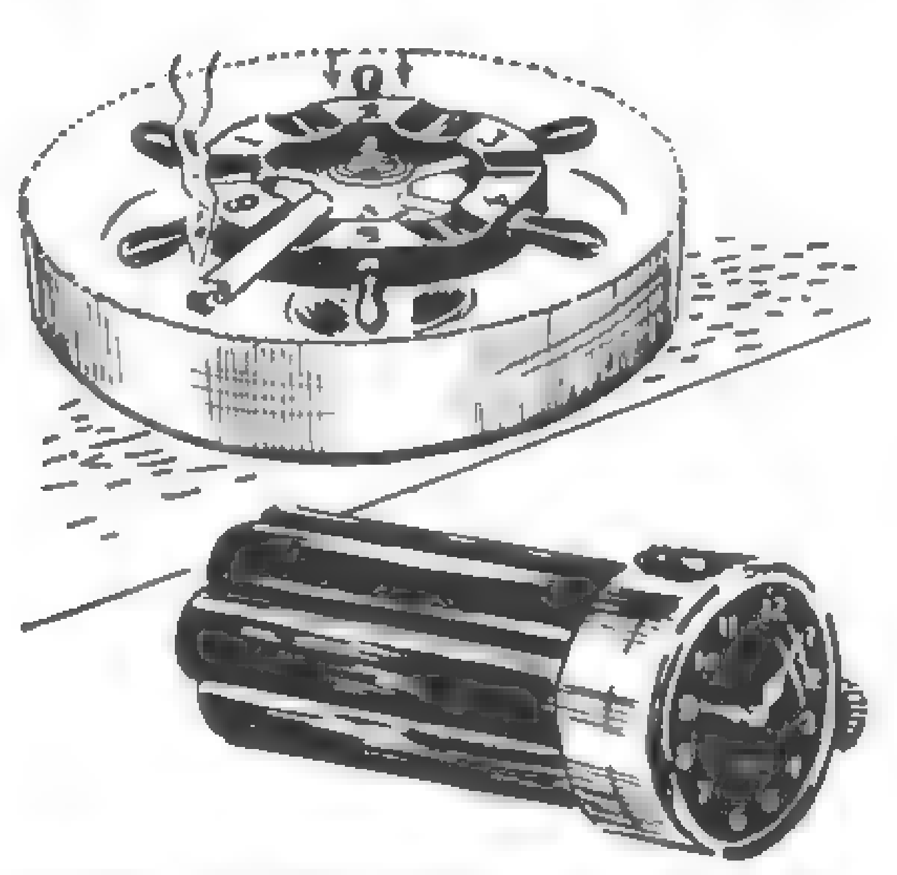
Most people "in the know" have long ago discovered what Angostura does for a Manhattan or Old-Fashioned! Here's news, maybe — Angostura Bitters with Gin or Sherry gives you an aperitif supreme . . . a drink to call for when you order out, a drink to win you new laurels as "host-barman" in your own home!

*Over 115 Years in Use*
No other similar preparation has received as great official and public recognition by Royal Families and in Expositions as has been accorded to Angostura Bitters.

ANGOSTURA
*Since 1824*
BITTERS
32 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS FOR MERIT

*Free—"Complete Mixing Guide"—write*
Angostura Wuppermann Corp. • 155 East 44th St., New York, N. Y.

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



### GIFT JOTTINGS ROUND UP

A combination ash tray and betting wheel... the ship's wheel, on which the cigarettes rest, can be spun around, the spokes being numbered, the winning number stopping between arrows cut into the tray . . . has a satin brass finish. A French lipstick watch . . . holds any type of lipstick . . . watch has attractive black dial . . . inexpensive. Sterling silver dog tag . . . one side carries engraved picture of breed, the other side the owner's name and address . . . fine thing if your week-end host is a dog fancier. For your friends in the country . . . small, wood, leave-a-note-box . . . hangs up near front door, contains convenient pad and pencil for message leaving when nobody's home and friends are apt to call. Handsome, square-shaped musical alarm clock, chrome with copper finish . . . wakes up soundest sleepers with Viennese waltzes and other songs equally acceptable in the early morning. A telephone case neatly disguised as a fine, leather-bound set of books. A small dictionary desk set with separate volumes covering French, Italian, German and Spanish . . . set is cased together, books themselves are smartly bound in leather with gold edged paper.

### WHEN IN DOUBT, GIVE FOOD

These week-end invitations to the country are all very well, but you may be in the dog house if you don't arrive well laden with gifts for ye host and hostess. Easy solution to this "come but bring something" business is food. We are not advocating that you arrive with a steak or a brace of chops, still, after some of the cuisine we have had to put up with in summer shanties, this might not be a bad idea. The food gifts we had in mind are some of those glorified gift baskets and hampers, filled with mouth-watering provender and done up fit to kill with fancy bows and stuff.

There's a place in Connecticut which puts out the little jars of Chinese honey ginger marmalade, sweetened with pure clover honey and brewed with fresh pineapple, oranges and ginger root. A fine thing for your friends who must, perforce, steer away from sugar. The Connecticut craftsmen of the establishment decorate each little jar with natural flowers, leaves and berries set in hard wax a-top each cover. Same place has taken the famous macadamia nut, surrounded it with lots of heavy cream, honey and butter, which when finished turns into a toothsome caramel. The macadamias (peerless products of Hawaii) are also appearing in macadamia nut brittle—high hat version of peanut brittle—or they nestle next to a cherry inside a chocolate coating.

### WHY MEN LEAVE HOME

Though the average male is usually a tamely domestic animal who is deeply attached to his fireplace, pipe and slippers, exactly 693,473 American men flew the domestic coop in 1938 and left no forwarding address. The reasons for this alarming exodus were explained to us the other day by the president of the well-known and aptly named Skip Tracers Company, the only private detective organization in the country specializing in the location of missing persons.

First and most important cause for this wholesale disappearance is money. More men leave home because of financial difficulties, fear of creditors, or because they have dabbled in fraudulent practices than for any other reason. They, quite naturally, want to keep one jump ahead of the sheriff. Second most important cause is an unhappy home. There evidently comes a time in many a man's life when financial difficulties coupled with a nagging wife and demanding children prove too much to silently grin and bear. When a man begins figuring ways out of such a domestic dilemma, his first solution is usually a disappearing act. That there were more than 100,000 missing husbands during 1938 proves that many men not only think, but act. Often these men set out into the unknown looking for nothing more than peace. Others anticipate returning after having made sufficient money to appease the family's demands.

More than twice as many men as women disappear, the latter's qualifications for becoming A.W.O.L. being definitely limited. They are usually unqualified to earn a living and, being accustomed to the social protection of home, are sadly bewildered without it. Also, they seldom have sufficient wherewithal to finance a flight.

NEWS! CARYL SMITH, FIRST TELEVISION QUEEN, CHOSEN BY HER TELEVISED PICTURES
SPORTS! WOMEN'S SWIMMING ASS'N MEET PICTURED AS EVENT TAKES PLACE
SHOWS! SPECIAL TELEVISED PRODUCTION OF "PIRATES OF PENZANCE"

# You can be in two places at once with RCA Victor TELEVISION

Watch news events and entertainment while you sit comfortably at home before your RCA Victor Television Receiver

THE AGE-OLD WISH to be in two places at once is realized through the magic of television. You see events while they take place, and see them as well as many actual spectators.

An increasing enthusiasm has greeted RCA Television reports of special events. A baseball game, a track meet, a bicycle race, a heavyweight fight, brought growing realization of what television can do. The reception to the King and Queen proved the point still further. Now all New York knows that with an RCA Victor Television Receiver you can count on the luxury of sitting in your home and watching the important happenings of the week. And in addition, you also have available a variety of outstanding studio programs.

RCA Victor offers you a choice of three console models which combine television and radio reception in one instrument. There is also a Television Attachment, which shows television pictures, and reproduces television sound through your radio.

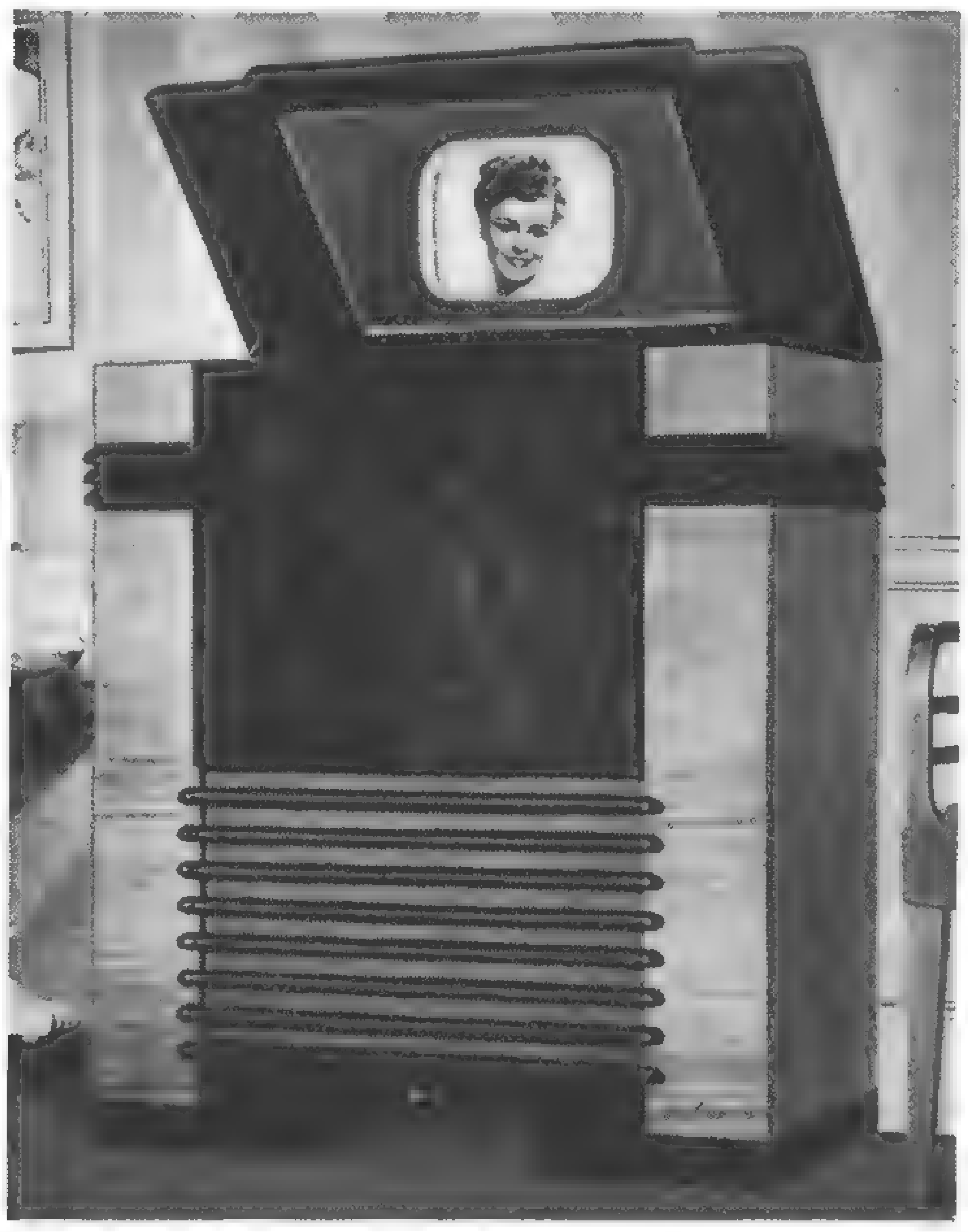
Your RCA Victor dealer will be glad to demonstrate these sets at your convenience.

FREE!... **Interesting booklet of facts about Television. Write RCA Victor, Camden, New Jersey.**

*Listen to the "Magic Key of RCA" every Monday, 8:30 to 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T., on NBC Blue Network*

• • •

"Television certainly covers everything," says Mr. Homer B. Hand of Wycoff, N. J. "The other night we saw Gilbert & Sullivan's 'Pirates of Penzance,' and a few days later our RCA Victor Television Receiver showed us the Women's Swimming Association Meet pictures. The pictures, as we have come to expect, were clear and vivid."



**PERFECTED BY 7-YEAR $2,000,000 FIELD TEST**

A supreme television instrument and a glorious high fidelity radio in one, RCA Victor Television Receiver TRK-12. In addition to its magnificent reception of television and regular radio broadcasts, it can also be used with an RCA Victor Record Player to reproduce recorded music . . . . $600*

*See exhibit of all RCA services—including Television—in RCA Building at New York World's Fair*

IN RADIO AND TELEVISION . . . IT'S RCA ALL THE WAY!

---

*All prices f. o. b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice. Installation and antenna extra. You can buy RCA Victor Television Receivers on C. I. T. easy payment plan. For finer radio and television performance—RCA Victor Tubes. Trademark "RCA Victor" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc. All RCA Victor Television Receivers provide superlative foreign and domestic radio reception also.

RCA Victor

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

The Orchid of Scotch Whiskies
MARTIN'S De Luxe 15
15 YEARS OLD
100% Scotch Whisky

*Like glorious orchids,* the finest Scotch whiskies take years to reach perfection. Once this peak is reached, no further improvement is possible. Martin's De Luxe (15 years old) is a blend of the highest quality whiskies produced in Scotland, and each at its absolute peak of mellowness, smoothness and richness.

Therefore, it is our honest belief that Martin's De Luxe is the acme of perfection in Scotch whisky, and that it has not and never can have a superior.

It is with complete confidence that, for the first time, we offer this superb whisky—in limited quantities—to discerning connoisseurs in America. Those who serve the best—particularly as an after-dinner liqueur—demand Martin's De Luxe Fifteen Years Old.

MARTIN'S
DE LUXE
*Liqueur Blended Scotch Whisky*
15 Years Old
88 Proof. Imported by McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

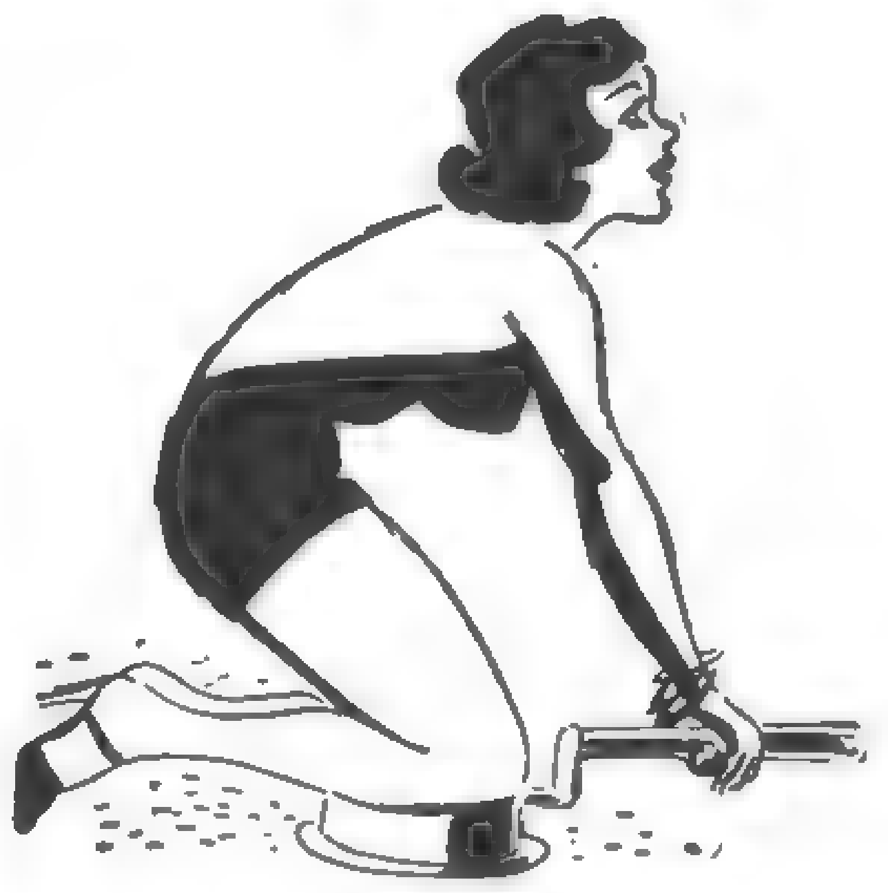
# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

## SCHOOL DAYS, WITH A FOREIGN ACCENT

There is one—and only one—international job of school placement in the world. Elsie Jackson has it, quite naturally, since she created it herself, seven years ago, in the London office of Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd. She has built up a remarkably successful service to parents, in every part of the globe, who wish their children to be educated "back" home—wherever that may be—or to have the experience of a school year, or camp vacation, in some other country. Statistics bear witness to the scope of this alert young woman's service of recommendation and placement. She receives 11,000 letters yearly, travels 50,000 miles by air on the continent, and has visited and thoroughly inspected more than 5,000 schools all over the world before recommending them. But, her service does not stop with recommendation. She has Cook's world-wide resources at her disposal and can have a child picked up in Timbuktu, if necessary—and set him down, in school, in Paris, Stockholm, Boston, or Arizona, just as easily.

Miss Jackson had had a liberal education, but most practical, it seems, was her study of educational theory—and her extensive traveling. She says she noted one thing especially in her travels; the children going home to school. Home might be anywhere—England, France, Holland, Denmark, the United States—they were children of parents who had to remain behind and follow a career in a foreign country. After one such voyage, she met a Cook's official at a London dinner party, cornered him and, evidently, let him have it. He liked her idea of an education department possessed of sufficient resources and material to give well informed, scientific information about good schools and tutors all the world over. So Miss Jackson, handsomely equipped with desk, pencil and paper, set out to provide a solution to the international school placement problem. That was seven years ago. Statistics already quoted testify to her success. Obviously one of the reasons for said success is the human approach she brings to her job. She likes her "children"; corresponds with them and, frequently, if she happens to be in the town, goes and visits the child to see how he or she is getting on.—"In Lausanne, for instance, I have quite a number of children in my care, and when I am there, if I have time, I give them a party." For finishing-schools, there are likely, in general, to be two choices, says Miss Jackson—France or Switzerland. She has many girls in school in Zurich and Lausanne, as well as in and near Paris. Aside from the advantages of the school itself, and the opportunity to master a second language, many parents choose Switzerland for the champagne-like air and healthful opportunity for winter sports.

She has helped find schools for many Americans. This winter, Miss Jackson made her first trip to the United States, with a view to "having it work both ways"—that is, gaining more intimate knowledge of American schools and camps. So if Junior has ideas and wants to spend a year or two in Paris, the arrangements present no problem at all. If his motives are right, Miss Jackson will be glad to help him.



## "IMITATE THE ACTION OF A TIGER"

Henry V evidently knew whereof he spoke when he thus advised his army before sending them off to battle. For the tiger has a simple formula for protecting his health and keeping in good shape—stretching, a plan, we're told, which us folks would do well to copy. The idea is that if it keeps him lithe, graceful and supple it ought to do something of a similar nature for us. A physical culture expert designed a machine that approximates a tiger's method. It's a simple apparatus, and by eliminating useless movements cuts down the time necessary for slimming or body building results to a minimum. The exercise somewhat resembles push-ups, but affects more parts of the anatomy. Two minutes a day should turn the trick. The machine weighs only 16 pounds and can be stood up in a closet when not in use.

*Ranger*

# "BILL KNOWS EVERY BLADE OF GRASS ON HIS HOME COURSE"

Nine times out of ten a golfer is tougher to beat on his home course. In the language of the links he "knows every blade of grass." He knows it's better to play well up to the right on the blind third hole . . . to be short on the second shot to the eleventh rather than too strong. The home player knows the speed and roll of the greens, the weight of the sand in the traps. He knows where most of the trouble lies.

Being familiar with local conditions favors local advertisers, too. They know the danger spots in their markets. They know how local people react to their advertising. They know which newspaper produces the lowest cost-per-unit-of-sale.

It is significant, therefore, that Philadelphia's retail merchants, with an intimate knowledge of their own market, have placed far more advertising in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER for over seven consecutive years than in any other newspaper, morning, evening or Sunday.

Take advantage of their long experience in selling to Philadelphia customers. The newspaper they use most will do the most for you. "An advertisement in the LEDGER means business."

PHILADELPHIA

**EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER**

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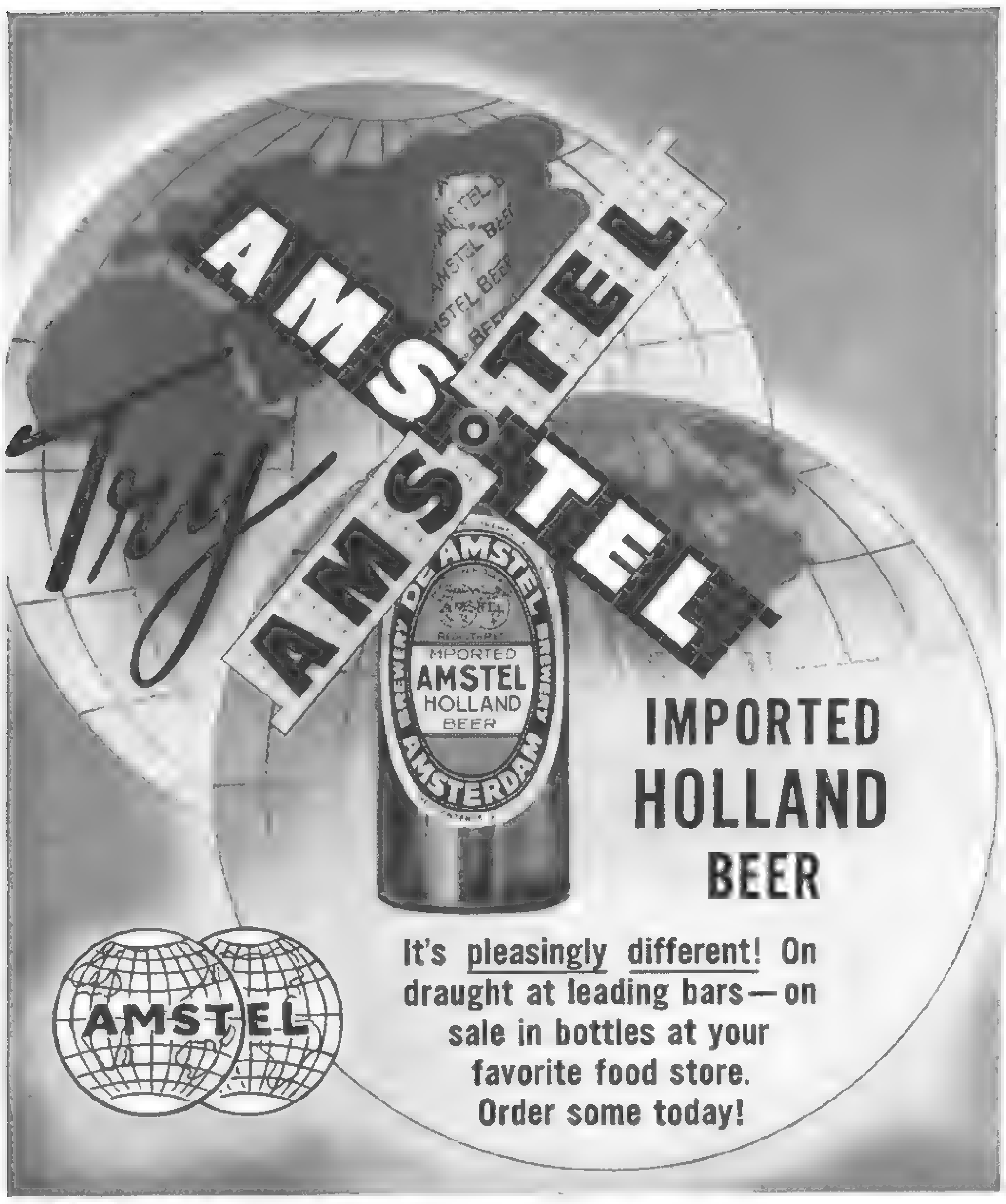
NEW YORK: Hugh Burke, 60 E. 42nd St.  CHICAGO: John E. Lutz, 435 N. Michigan Ave.  BOSTON: M. L. Tyler, Little Bldg.


Try
AMSTEL
AMSTEL
BREWERY DE AMSTEL AMSTERDAM
IMPORTED AMSTEL HOLLAND BEER
AMSTEL
IMPORTED HOLLAND BEER
It's pleasingly different! On draught at leading bars—on sale in bottles at your favorite food store. Order some today!

*Distributors:* Joseph Triner Corp., Chicago, Ill. • Simon Levi Co., Ltd., Los Angeles, Cal. Harry F. Rathjen Co., San Francisco, Cal. • Walter H. Mennigke, Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa. Ernest Jambor, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa. • Geo. Ast Candy Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Kentucky Parfay Co., Louisville, Ky. • Wm. B. O'Donnell, Inc., Detroit, Mich. Reckman & Dickerson Dist. Co., Middletown, Ohio.

**ATLANTIS IMPORTERS AND DISTRIBUTORS, INC., 20 W. 43RD ST., NEW YORK**

**OUR MEN ARE "SLAP-HAPPY"**

● Have you ever noticed—and wondered at—the *esprit-de-corps* that exists among Terminal Master Barbers? They're happy at their jobs—literally working with a song in their hearts.

Why?

For several reasons—they're treated humanly, paid generously, enjoy insurance, sick benefits, hospitalization, paid vacations and other company benefits. They're given the incentive to make more money for themselves and gain advancement. They know that all our key men, including the founder and president, have risen from the ranks.

Perhaps we're selfish—because we learned long ago a friendly slap on the back is the surest way to induce our barbers to give you consistently the finest barbering service in the world.

And that must be what counts—because today we're counting our regular patrons by the thousands. Are you among them?

• Visit your nearest TERMINAL BARBER SHOP Today •

DOWNTOWN
Hudson Terminal
30 Church St. (Main Fl.)
30 Church St. (Conc'se)
50 Church St. (Ramp)
*120 Broadway
*195 Broadway
Cotton Exchange Bldg
*1 Wall Street
39 Broadway

WEST SIDE
*Hotel New Yorker
*Hotel Pennsylvania
*Hotel Governor Clinton
Hotel McAlpin
*Hotel Lincoln
Empire State Bldg.
152 W. 42nd St.

EAST SIDE
*Hotel Waldorf-Astoria
Hotel Savoy-Plaza
*Hotel Commodore
Hotel Roosevelt
*Chrysler Bldg.
N. Y. Life Bldg.

*These shops Air Conditioned

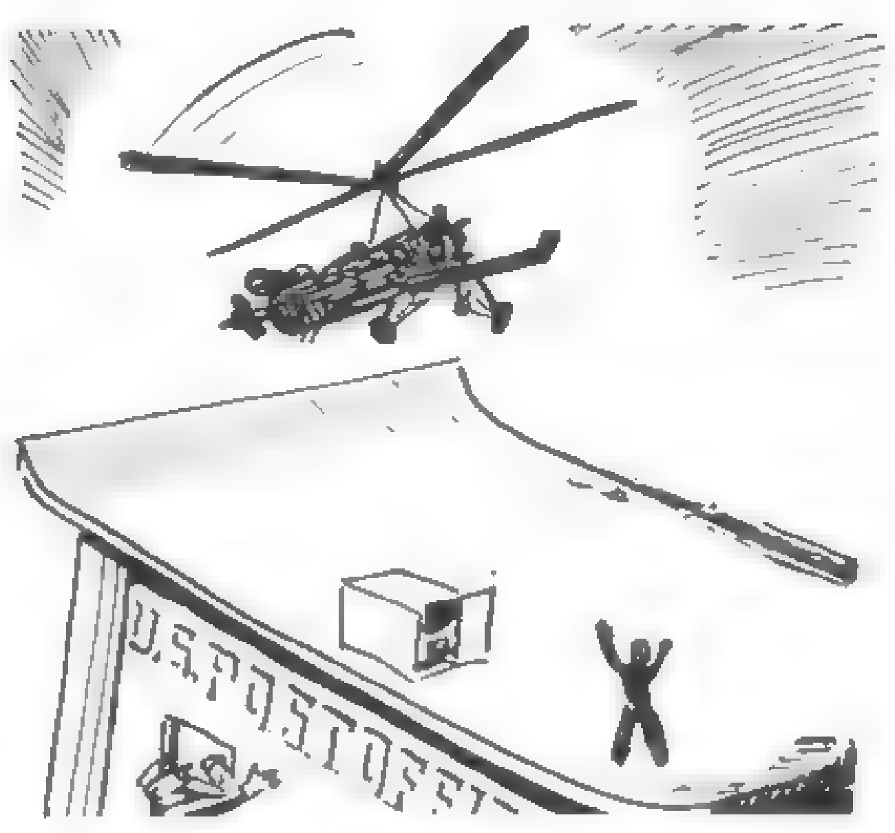
"Where the Promise is Performed"

**TERMINAL BARBER SHOPS**

Joseph B. Schusser, President

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • DETROIT • CINCINNATI • PITTSBURGH • BALTIMORE

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



### AIR MAIL BY AUTOGIRO

Philadelphia, whose fame has long been founded on its Independence Hall, Liberty Bell and unusually early curfew, has added the world's first scheduled autogiro air mail service to its roster of civic achievement. The service operates between the air port at Camden and the roof of the municipal post office in Philadelphia, six miles away, and is designed to save thirty-five minutes per trip over the time required by the mail truck method. The run, the shortest scheduled air mail route in the world, is called the forerunner of similar airport-to-post office services throughout the country.

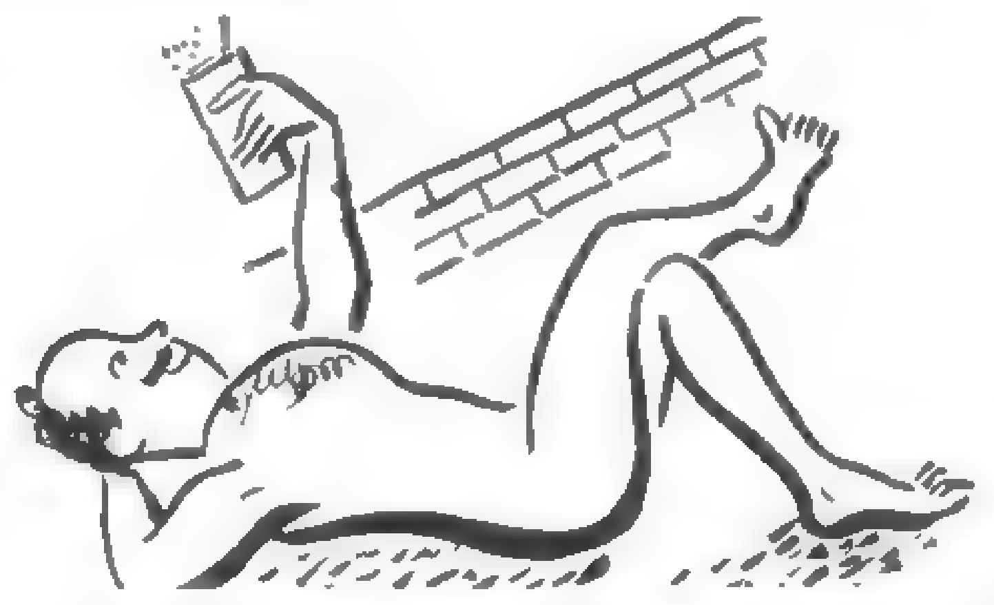
To provide the Philadelphia base for this air mail shuttle, the roof of the ultra-modern 30th Street Post Office received a thorough going-over. With 100,000 square feet to work with, experts in such matters laid down an asphalt pavement that terminates in two inclined take-off ramps. They installed a complete two-way radio station, weather bureau and pipe-heating system. Refueling facilities consist of a tank truck in miniature that shoots out to the plane when servicing is necessary.

Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, one time U. S. war ace and president of Eastern Air Lines, chose veteran autogiro pilot Capt. John Miller to fly the experimental route. Air mail marked for the Quaker City and its famous "main line" is in experienced hands for Capt. Miller has logged more than 3,000 hours flying autogiros alone. Miller and his blue and silver plane may be up Manhattan way any day now for a roof-to-roof Philadelphia-New York air mail service is under consideration.

### STRIPPING DOWN FOR LUNCHEON

We've discovered the whereabouts of the "three hours for lunch" club boys. There's a health club in midtown, which boasts of some 30,000 square feet of space where carefully supervised recreation, exercise, rejuvenation and luncheon are provided to suit the whims of the clients. Most of the members drop in whenever they wish; no need for appointments. Newcomers are thoroughly examined before they are allowed to undertake any kind of exercise and carefully watched as they progress with the course as outlined by the instructors.

A typical trip through this gargantua of health centers goes something like this: You strip, don exercise clothes and are taken in hand by an instructor who puts you through a series of exercises on tables, mats and bars. From there you can play a rousing game of handball, squash, badminton, volley punch or paddle ball. If you still can take it, you then take a workout on a rowing machine or a bicycle. Next comes the scientific sun bath of combined ultra-violet and infra-red rays. Then to electric cabinet bath and steam room. After this the fire dept. gets into action via the Scotch hose which is played mercilessly on your now roseate torso. You are then escorted into a private room where experts in the art of Swedish massage work on you with oil and alcohol.



In the summer time much of the treatment is done on a huge open air roof. There's an indoor kitchen and dining room as well as outdoor kitchen and luncheon facilities. You can lie au naturel, basking in the sun, or wrap yourself around lunch in your shorts and shirt. It's a great life.

### MANHATTAN MATUTINAL

Although New York's general mien and manner might lead a rustic soul to believe that life in the city consists mainly of truckin', drinking and staying out much too late, Frank MacHugh, radio's gospel singer, tells us that this facet of Manhattan's activity has been grossly overemphasized. And he has more than adequate foundation for his opinion. Of the many thousands of letters he receives, by far the largest proportion come from New Yorkers, telling him that it's hymns they're interested in today. Men, women and children send in requests for their favorites and though his program is aired in the early morning, they are right there to hear him. Many have expressed their preference for hymns over swing, and some of his Manhattan listeners have given him credit for having no little influence in the solving of their personal problems. Perhaps the best proof of Mr. MacHugh's conviction is that after ten years of singing to a nation wide audience, New Yorkers continue more responsive to his program than any other proportionate group.

# The Infallible TEST TUBE

## *for America's Number One "Test" Market*

Washington has rightly been called the Nation's ideal "Test" market.

With a spendable monthly income of over $46,000,000, wage-earners are representative of every conceivable salary bracket . . . from the $90-per-month Government messenger to the $25,000-per-year executive.

The important difference between Washington and other Metropolitan markets lies in the fact that the Capital's income is **constant**—unaffected by "conditions" that sometimes break ordinary markets . . . "Depression-proof," so to speak.

That is because the Capital's wage-earners are, to a great extent, employed by the Federal and District governments.

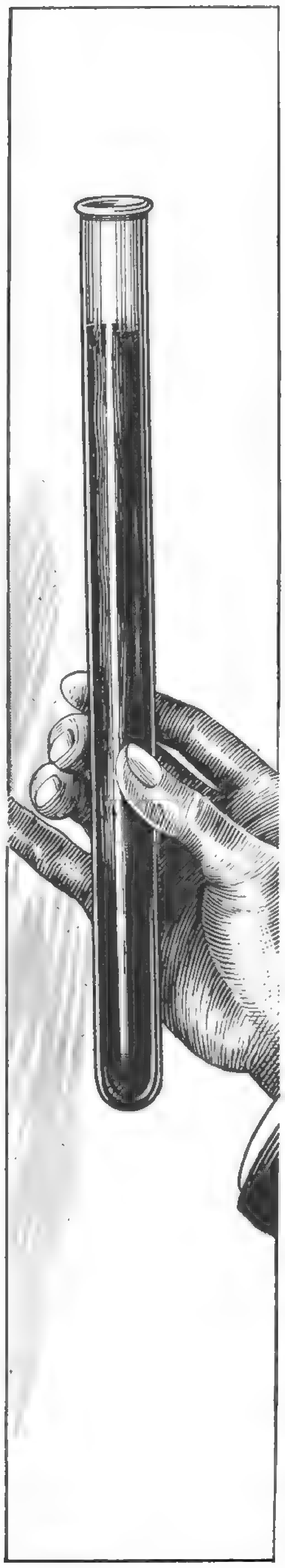
In addition to this **constancy** of spendable income, consider another important factor which helps to make Washington an ideal "test" market for the advertising of any product or service: **This is the fact that its 630,000 citizens hail from every nook and corner of the Nation, from cross-roads hamlets to great metropolitan centers of population; and these people wield a convincing influence on the folks "Back Home."**

Truly, Washington presents to advertisers an adequate cross-section of national needs and buying habits . . . **and** an advertising medium which, by virtue of its DEPENDABILITY, is the overwhelming favorite with Washingtonians of every political credo.

**The Evening Star**

*With Sunday Morning Edition*

**WASHINGTON, D. C.**



### *Advertisers and Their Agencies . . .*

Yes, Washington is a potpourri of the Nation's buying habits . . . a **composite** market, the like of which every advertising man has dreamed about.

Advertisers and their agencies will find that one dominant medium will open the purses of this lucrative and enlightened market.

That medium is THE STAR.

Published continuously for over 85 years, THE STAR has earned a place in the hearts of readers not even remotely approached by any other newspaper in the Capital.

How well The Star meets the mind of the average Washingtonian . . is shown in its steadily-increasing (although stunt-free and premium-free) circulation . . . a circulation which, today, blankets the Capital and adjacent sections with over 145,000 daily, and 155,000 Sunday.

If you plan to increase your sales volume in Washington and, through Washington, in the Nation as a whole . . this infallible "Test Tube" for America's Number One test market provides the most effective and economical way to your will.

WHITELEY'S
King's Ransom
"ROUND THE WORLD" SCOTCH
If you can afford the finest why buy any other Scotch?
King's Ransom Blended Scotch Whisky
King's Ransom Blended Scotch Whisky, 94 Proof, Wm. Jameson & Co., Inc., N. Y.

*You don't*
**HAVE TO JOIN THE NAVY TO SEE THE SEA!**

Get all the benefits of the briny deep and still remain a landlubber! Inhale the freshness of a cool sea breeze and never set foot off shore! Take a "turn about deck" on Atlantic City's brilliant 8-mile Boardwalk, then sit down to a hearty meal. Forget the word "seasick" exists..because you'll never grow sick of the sea at Atlantic City!

Romance on colorful beaches..exhilarating surf..sporty golf, tennis, ocean and bay fishing..theatres, piers, supper clubs, and magnificent hotels at moderate rates.

Only 3 hours from New York, one hour from Philadelphia.

Atlantic City
Mail Coupon or Postcard for FREE Booklet, Room 222, Convention Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.
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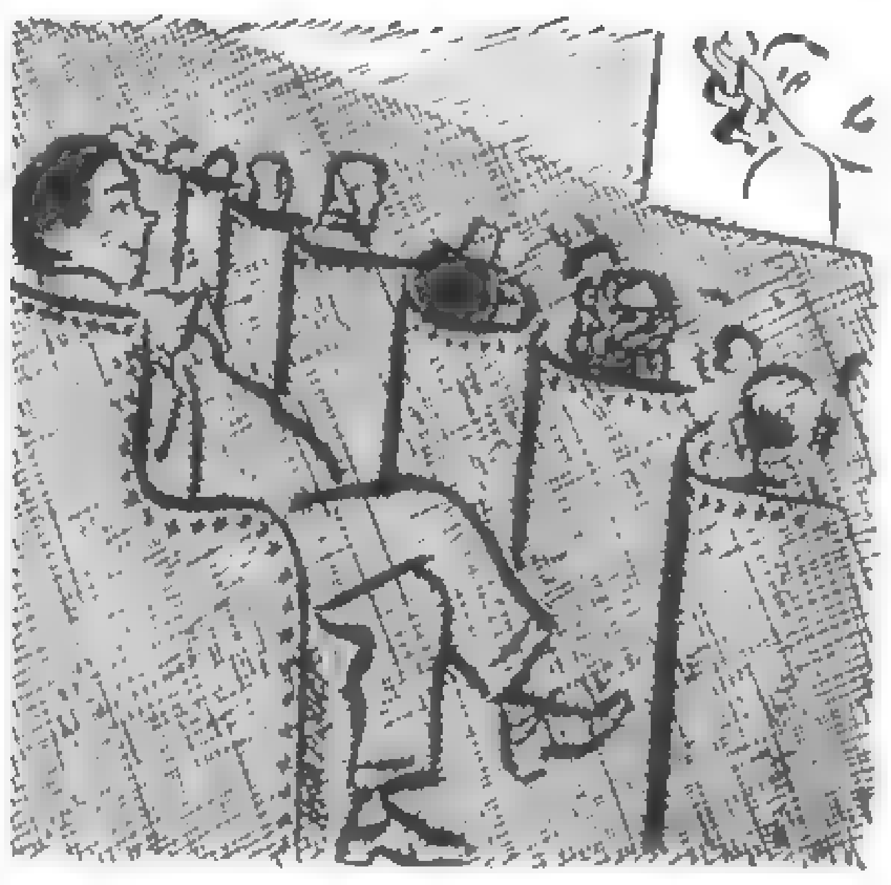
# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



### CINEMATIC CAVALCADE

Most of us are confirmed movie-goers yet actually know very little of the screen's development because, up till now, old-time films have been more or less inaccessible even to eager students of the cinema. The unfortunate part of this is that many of these old movies contain so much of both artistic and entertainment value. The situation has, however, been effectively remedied by the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art. From the six million feet of film in its archives the Library has selected seventy movies, several of which are to be shown daily in programs continuing through the summer to October 1.

These programs are proving one of the Museum's most popular and worth-while features. They begin daily at four o'clock in the Museum's handsome new theatre and are open to all Museum visitors. The cycle of seventy films is international in character and run off in chronological order. It presents the major steps in history of motion pictures from 1895 through the days of the silent film and the birth and growth of talking pictures. The first of the series is the 1895 production, "The Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots". Next in line is one with a less lofty theme—"Wash Day Troubles" (1896). Each program contains similar variations of mood, neatly interspersing comedy, tragedy, slapstick, realism et al. The most recent films on the list are Paul Muni's "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang", Noel Coward's "Cavalcade" and the second edition of "The March of Time". There are many movies on the schedule that film-goers will fondly recall and want to see again. Among the best known of these are "Birth of a Nation", "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" with Valentino, "The Great Train Robbery", "Robin Hood" with Doug Fairbanks, "The Big Parade", "Plane Crazy"—the first Mickey Mouse, and Chevalier's "Love Parade". You can also see Robert Benchley in "The Sex Life of the Polyp".

Established in 1935 with the aid of a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, the Film Library's collection was made possible by the cooperation of Hollywood and the film industry, and individuals both here and abroad. Its archives now hold representative films from France, Germany, England, U.S.S.R., Sweden, Denmark and Italy. Douglas Fairbanks recently gave the Library his entire collection which amounted to 13 tons of films. He has been a frequent visitor and saw a program of historic films the other day including "The New York Hat", presented by Mary Pickford, in which she starred. Red-bearded, poet Ezra Pound appeared not long ago wearing his enormous broad-brimmed, black hat. One of the avant-garde films the Museum is now showing is "Ballet Mecanique" produced and directed by the French painter Fernand Léger, with music by George Antheil. Pound fathered this famous film in a Paris Café where the three first discussed its possibilities. The visitors list is large and distinguished. New York has evidently found the Museum's theatre a pleasant and worth-while place to spend the afternoon.

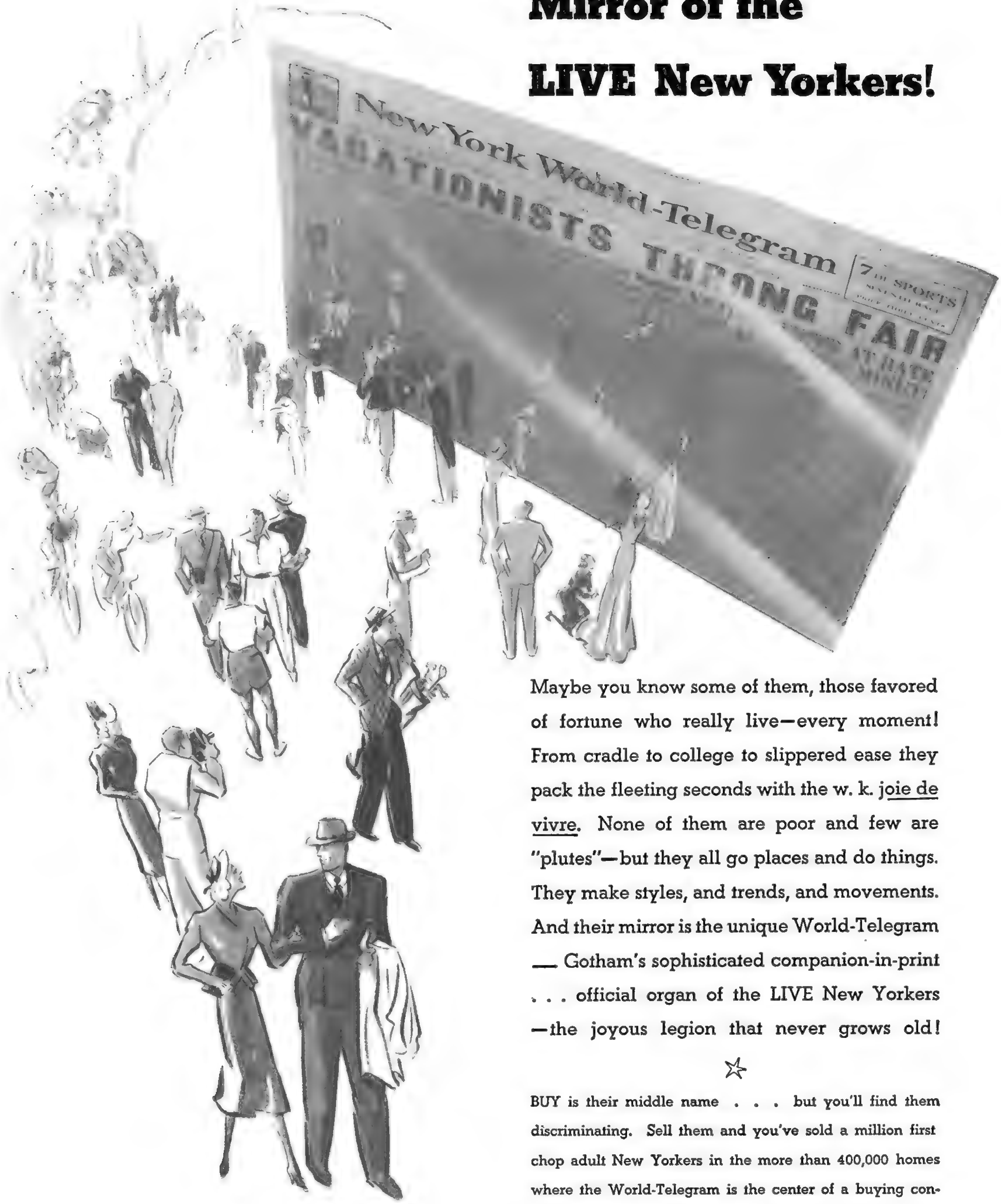
### SHADES OF JESSE JAMES

Home movie fans who are partial to the cinema efforts of "the good old days" will be pleased to hear that the first complete American movie, "The Great Train Robbery," is now available in 16mm. sound. This motion picture classic, the forerunner of the present cycle of railroad thrillers that include Union Pacific and Jesse James, has been synchronized in its original form with music and sound effects under the personal supervision of Edwin S. Porter who made and conceived the original production way back in 1903, at the old Edison Studios. The brand new 16mm. sound on the film prints of this turn-of-the-century mellerdrammer is complete to the last chug.

Ranger

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*

# Mirror of the LIVE New Yorkers!



Maybe you know some of them, those favored of fortune who really live—every moment! From cradle to college to slippered ease they pack the fleeting seconds with the w. k. joie de vivre. None of them are poor and few are "plutes"—but they all go places and do things. They make styles, and trends, and movements. And their mirror is the unique World-Telegram — Gotham's sophisticated companion-in-print . . . official organ of the LIVE New Yorkers —the joyous legion that never grows old!

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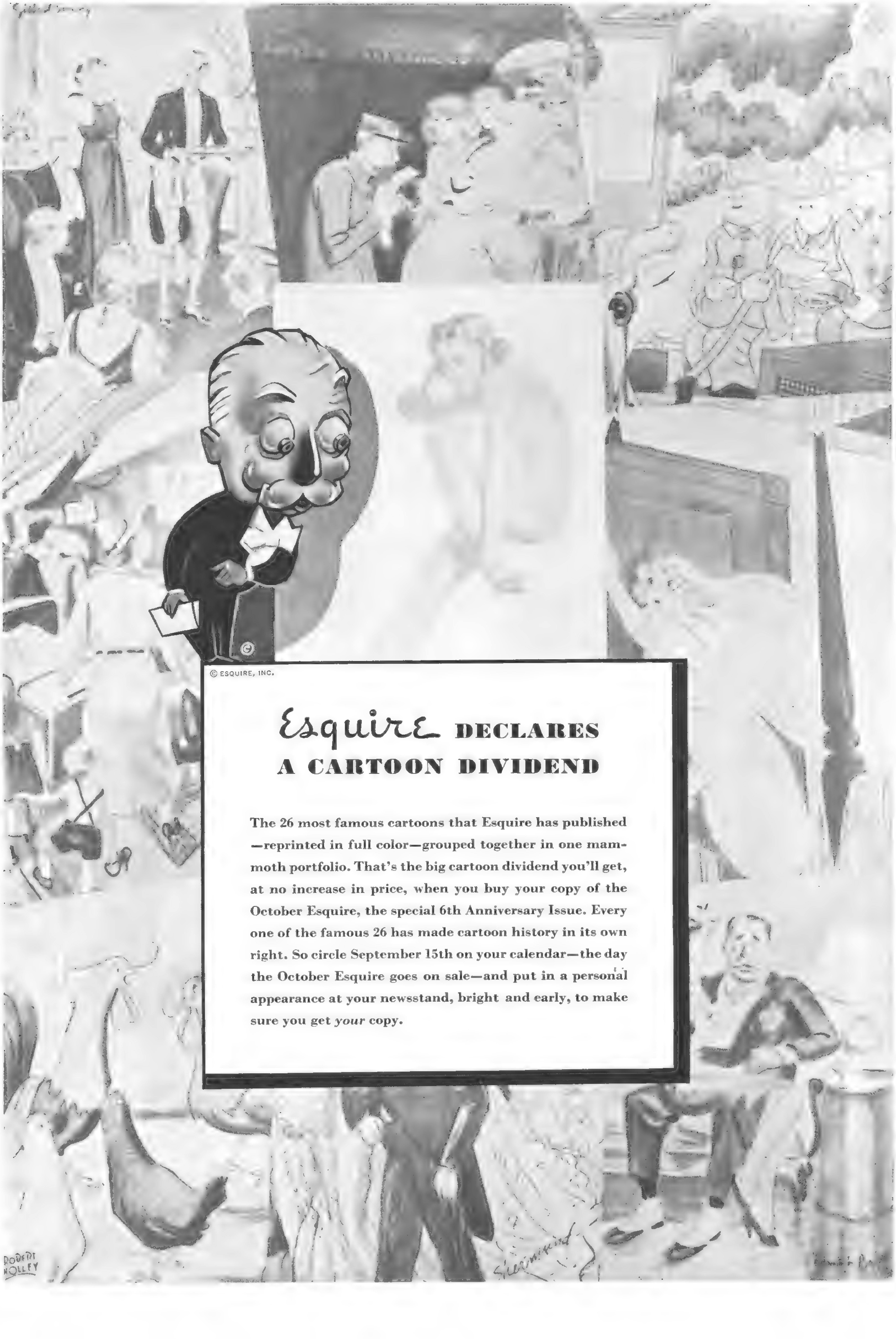

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The 26 most famous cartoons that Esquire has published—reprinted in full color—grouped together in one mammoth portfolio. That's the big cartoon dividend you'll get, at no increase in price, when you buy your copy of the October Esquire, the special 6th Anniversary Issue. Every one of the famous 26 has made cartoon history in its own right. So circle September 15th on your calendar—the day the October Esquire goes on sale—and put in a personal appearance at your newsstand, bright and early, to make sure you get *your* copy.

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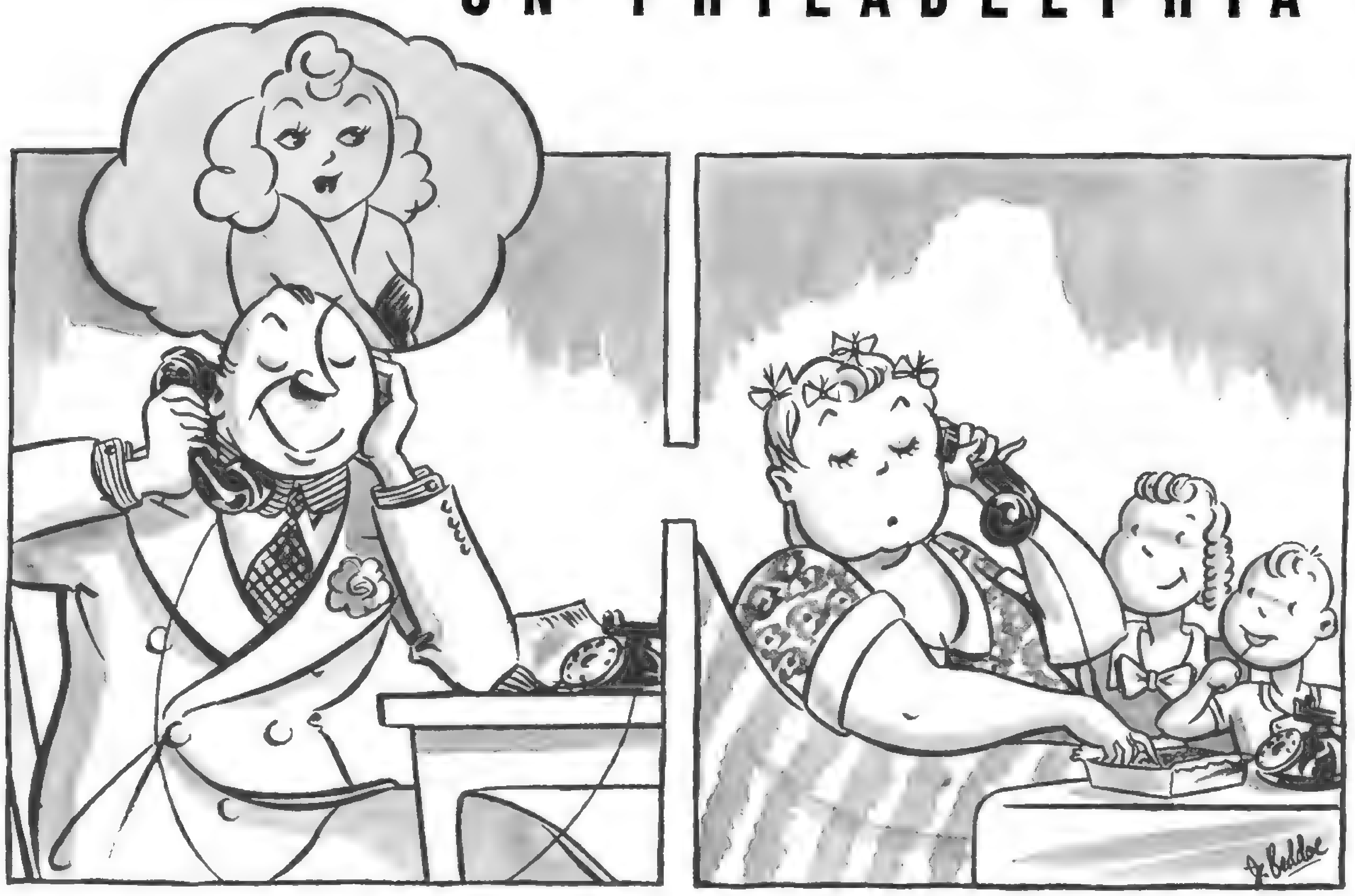

You wouldn't use a ten-year-old telephone directory to find a blonde's phone number . . . or an ancient Standard Rate book to figure an advertising schedule. Don't depend on obsolete information on Philadelphia newspapers. There has been a startling change. *Be up-to-date.* Today The Inquirer is Philadelphia's greatest selling medium. Get acquainted with the *new* Philadelphia Story.

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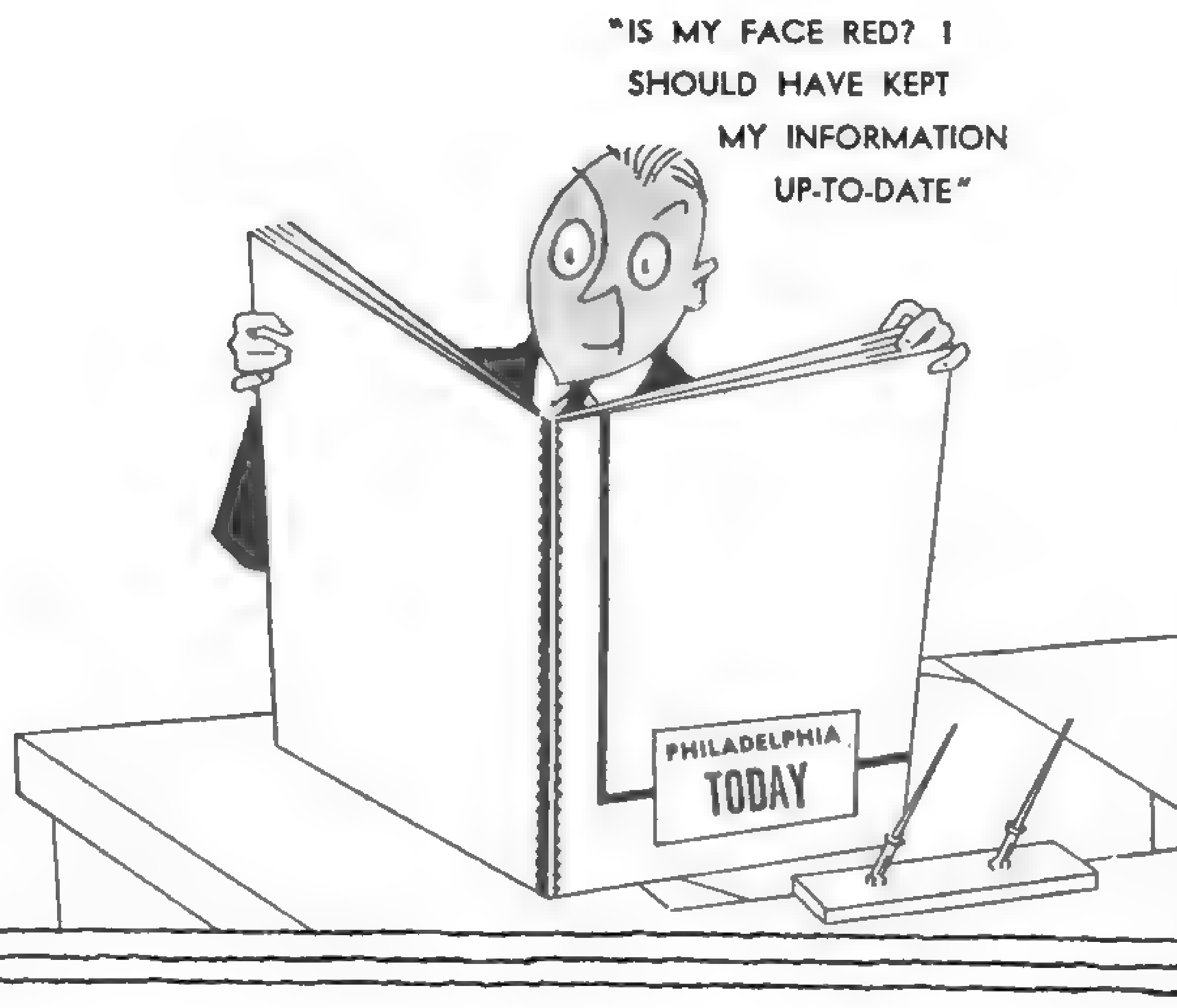
"IS MY FACE RED? I SHOULD HAVE KEPT MY INFORMATION UP-TO-DATE"
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# Don't buy this as a guide to Grant's Tomb

Esquire's
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World's Fair
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a New York guide book for world's fair visitors

**No,** sir, if you're all set on that sight-seeing tour through Chinatown, if your heart goes aflutter at the very thought of the Aquarium—if, in short, these are the sort of "sights" that you'll be seeking your way to—well, then, just skip it... for you're in the wrong guide-book.

And, lest you gain the wrong impression, we have no quarrel with either the "sights" or the usual New York glossary. We simply submit that this one is a very different story.

Esquire's New York Guide for World's Fair Visitors starts with the premise that you'll be one of the eager visitors to the Fair, and then promptly forgets all about it.

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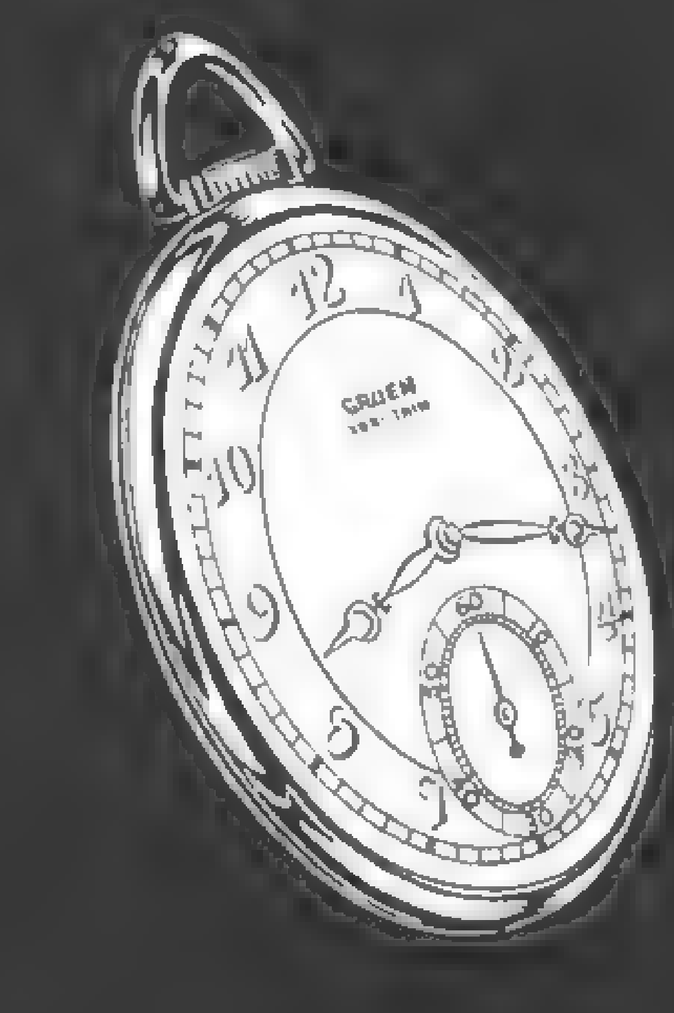

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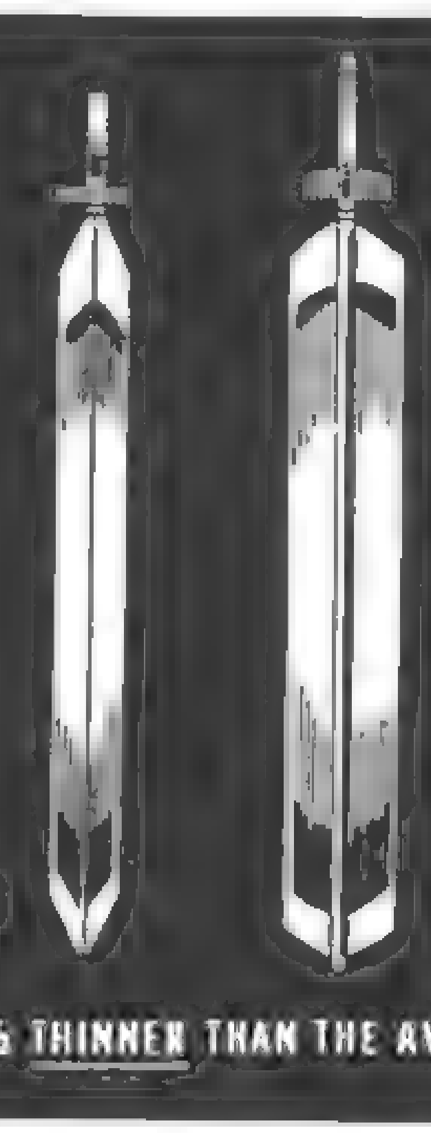

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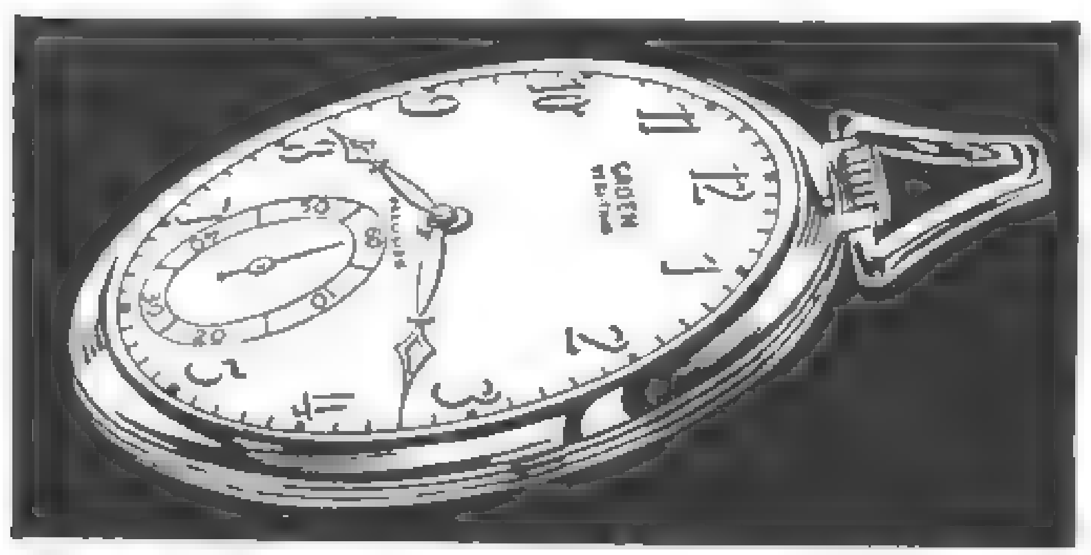

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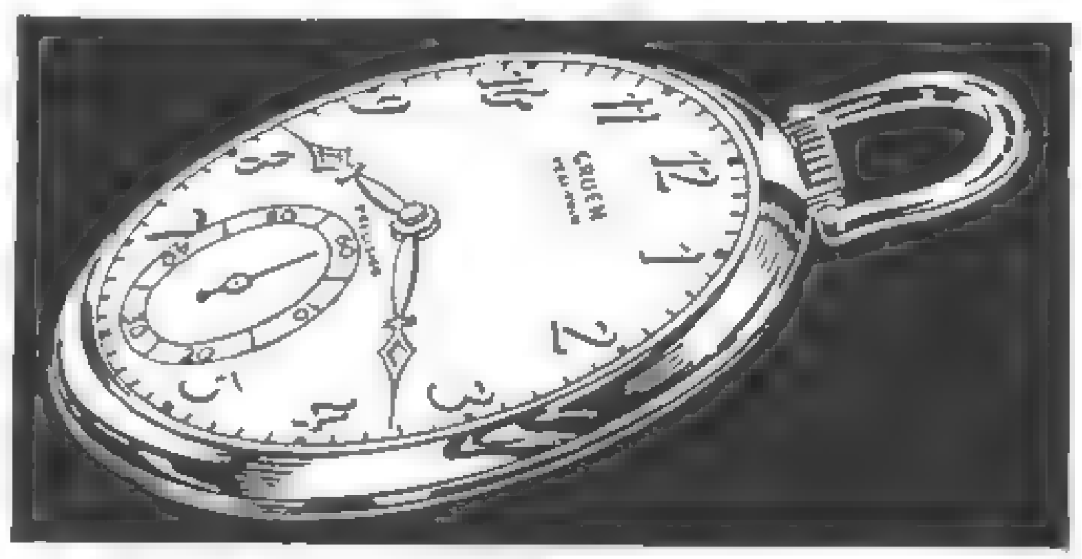

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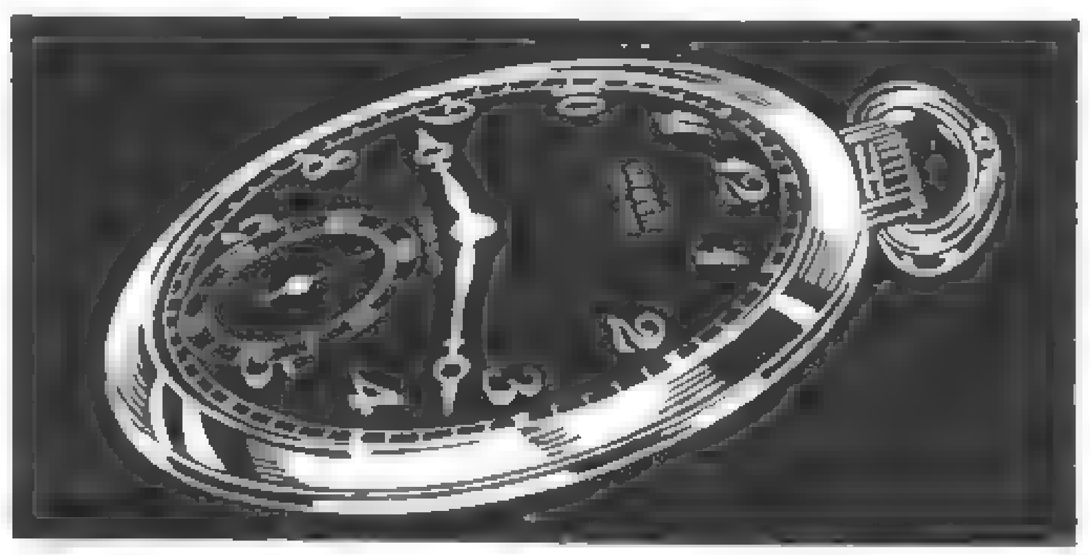

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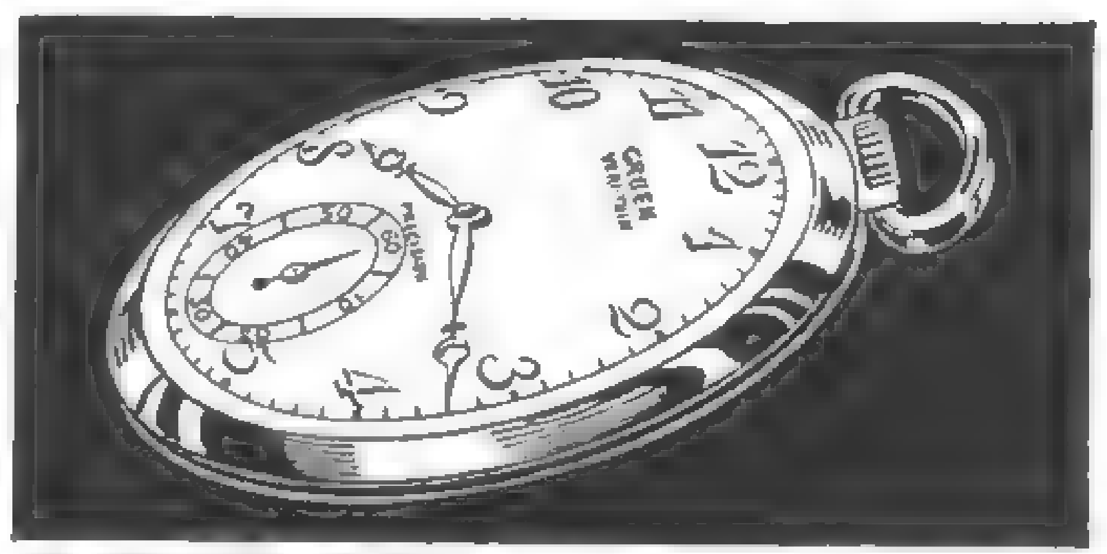

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# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## EVE RIBBED ADAM

I would never have believed it possible that a male could get as worked up as Thomas D. Horton in *What Men Don't Like About Women* and tie himself into knots because women don't read books or don't make good book reviewers. Since when do men want blue stockings? Will the new desertion notices read—"Has left my board, bed, and books—?"

As I say in the Chapter on Book Reviewing in my book *Cavewoman to Clubwoman*, "We live in an age of efficiency. Are not canned soups and Book Reviews this century's best gift to women?" Does Mr. Horton deny that?

Now—let him tell the gals what they really lack and need.

Yours,

St. Louis, Mo. Rose L. Brown

## VOTE OF CONFIDENCE

I am enclosing check in payment of a year's subscription to your plush-mounted monstrosity of journalism, which appears to be the offspring of some secret mésalliance of Ballyhoo and the Saturday Evening Post, although I shall always wonder why I was sucker enough to sign on the dotted line.

Seriously, your magazine is all right, except that the fiction is over-stylized, pointless, and gutless; the cartoons and captions trite; those pieces labeled Satire show a ludicrous lack of knowledge of the meaning of satire; and the serious articles are smug, condescending, and utterly without relevancy to the life of the average reader. No wonder so many women read your magazine.

Yours sincerely,

Monroe, La. J. B. Dixon

P. S. Furthermore, your corset ad is unintriguing.

## WE STILL LIKE GOOD ACTION STUFF

I have been a reader of Esquire since it appeared. I have also been an admirer of the magazine, with some reservations, but aware that it has printed a generous quota of distinctive short stories and that some of these have found their way into annual collections of superior stories.

I won't identify myself; I have never before written a critical letter to an editor. I have done some work for the so-called better magazines and am currently a screen writer.

In the June issue of Esquire appeared a story that enraged me into this outburst to you. It was *No Peace with the Sea*, by Paul Haggard.

I can not understand how it got into print, in Esquire of all other publications. I can not understand how you, who have given your readers such worth-while fare, could have let them down so badly.

The story is so utterly worthless, violates so many canons of writing, that it is humorous! I have circulated it among my friends and they have gasped in amazement. The professor of short story writing in a college out here tells me he has read it to his class as example of how not to write.

It is what you might expect from a college freshman, equipped with Thesaurus, dictionary and imbued with a thirst for startling his classmates with a vast fund of mouth-filling adjectives and a feeling for pitiless realism.

*No Peace with the Sea* reeks with words. It is choked with adjectives, most of them poorly chosen and out-of-place. It refutes the dictate that we must write simply and well. I have never read so poor a story in any of the cheap pulps. I don't know much about submarine warfare, but I suspect Mr. Haggard knows even less. Let's pick a few gems out of the story:

In the opening paragraph the author speaks of the "rasping, querulous cross winds of false dawn." To "rasp" a wind must rasp against something, like an outhouse on a prairie. It could not rasp against the smooth, steel hull of a submarine at sea. I can not imagine anything "querulous" about it, anyway.

The petty officer, quite dead, lay with eyes "like boiled blue onions." I have been trying to picture that one, but without success.

Can you explain this, on the third column of the first page? ". . . and two shapes *lay dead* uninterested in their surroundings." I suspect there ought to be a comma between the words dead and uninterested. Even if there were it is an unfortunate combination of words. Dead men invariably take less than a mild interest in their surroundings.

Do you remember, back in school, how we were told to shun pathetic fallacy? Here's a classic extract from *No Peace:* "The cold sea held her close; and damp, chipped, white walls dripped tears." It is enough to make the reader follow suit.

"Sounds ricocheted off their ears." No, sounds can't do that.

I find this a little later, in two places, a reference to "permeated smell." I have never encountered "permeated" used as an adjective in this way, but even if it is fundamentally correct it is still tautological. All smells permeate, else they wouldn't be smells.

"Then the foremost destroyer saw the wake of bubbles, the drive and surge of *grim death coming calling*." I submit that the *italicized* words would be deleted in any seventh grade student's composition as trite and ancient. Lazy writing, that is.

Water comes through the rivets of the submarine as it descends into a high pressure depth. Mr. Haggard says "the mere touch of a finger to them jabbed through the skin till blood came." I doubt that.

The author's fetish for adjectives, his complete inability to let well enough alone, prompts him to speak of "crimson *eroded* fire." What in hell is "eroded" fire, gentlemen?

The conversation in the story is invariably bad. These scummy seamen, with their "wolf teeth, pink tongues, yellow eyeballs," talk like savants. In their peril they let drop such observations as this: "Lord, the sea is full of mighty waters."

Mr. Haggard tells us that the terrific pressure causes their "ears and noses to bleed black blood." It is a biologic impossibility to bleed black blood; blood is always scarlet just when it comes from the body.

The men, faced with almost certain death, think of "the lush, winy mellowness of home and wives." At this belated time, will you please look up the meaning of "lush." Why wasn't it stricken out before publication?

Here's the absolute low in the story: "Their eyes were protruding plums of pain." Did you like that horrible example of cheap alliteration? Once, when I was a freshman at school, I thought I was pretty cute when, instead of simply saying that a boy used to get frequent spankings from his father he often "felt the painful palpitations of the paternal palm." I never did that again. But Mr. Haggard gets money for it.

I find the author refers to one of the destroyers "pattering away." Why not just "sailing," or "going" away. A ship does not patter; only an animal with feet patters.

I wish someone could explain to me the meaning of the following jewel, near the end of the story:

"Torpedoer wiped his eyes and threw a foul, turgid flow of mad imagery at the destroyer." There's a dilly. Does Mr. Haggard mean that Torpedoer looked at the destroyer? If so, he really went from Manhattan to Hoboken by the way of Seattle, Washington.

Your editorial comment on the story was: "Good action stuff, and the suspense is terrific." I'll agree that the suspense was terrific. Part of it lay in my hopes, when reading the story, that I would come across some part that might give me a clue as to why the story appeared in Esquire.

Shame on you, Esquire editors. A foul, turgid flow of mad imagery at you, and how do you like that?

Sincerely,

Beverly Hills, Calif. M. P.

## SEXEGIS

Referring to your semi-literate, semi-fictitious, semi-humorous and wholly bilious article *What Men Don't Like About Women:*

I wish to commit the writer's equivalent to a postman's walk and indulge in a few annotations on *What a Woman Author Doesn't Like About Men*, especially the professional, semi-professional and pseudo-intellectual with whom women authors are most frequently thrown in contact.

(1) These men can't "talk sense." They can't detach themselves from a subject. They are totally inadequate as companions on the subjects of (a) Politics, (b) Sex, (c) Sports, (d) Flora and Fauna, (e) Literature and kindred subjects.

(2) They are cattier than a Persian Pussy on such subjects as (a) Their competitors, (b) the Mayor, (c) the Governor, (d) the President, (e) the District Attorney, (f) the current underworld king, (g) the way other men dress.

(3) They won't listen. They won't agree with a woman on any subject—not even on scientifically proven matters. They strive to cover up their ignorance and prejudice with bluster and peacock strutting. For instance, if the female of the species attempts to nail one of their fallacious statements, they take refuge in sex. "Aw, you got too nice a pair of lips to wrap 'em around big words like that!" But their eyes stray to a point midway between the chin and the umbilicus.

All of which adds up to this: Women authors should stick to the old-fashioned ice box and find their intellectual companions from among members of their own sex.

Sincerely,

Los Angeles, Cal. Rena M. Vale

## ESQ'S STILL AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD

My attention was called to an article in the June number of Esquire. It seemed to me a most unfortunate time to publish just now when the peace of the world is in grave danger.

The article in question was written by Mr. Steegmuller, who complains bitterly of the rude treatment he received from all with whom he came in contact during his literary researches in France.

My experience has been entirely different; although I had to bother many different men in authority in many different towns in France. Yet I never received any but courteous treatment. I cannot help asking myself whether the trouble was all on the side of France.

Aside from all this it is so desperately important just now to have no word of an unfriendly nature, petty and personal, published against a group of people in any country that is trying to keep the peace, that I cry for shame.

Yours truly,

New York, N. Y. Mrs. Wm. S. Day

## U. S. CAVALRY vs. BRODY

It was with utter disgust and loathing that I read the insulting and bad mannered article *The Breaking of a Horse* by Iles Brody in your July issue.

If the editors are willing to pay foreigners to unjustly insult the American public and the United States Army, then your magazine should be censored. On the other hand, if you want to publish real interesting articles on horsemanship and the training and care of animals I suggest that you contact the United States Army Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas. You will be very courteously treated and most likely allowed to reprint some very interesting and enlightening articles on the care, training and riding of horses. The Cavalry School is truly interested in the dissemination of educational equitation information, and in all fairness to the Service and the Country in which you live, you should do this.

Our foreign friend (?) claims we are brutal and know nothing about training a horse, but I will pick the United States Cavalry Horse Show Team to beat any Hungarian Army or Civilian team that ever was organized. From the theme of his article I believe the only horse contacts he has made in this country are the broken down fifty cents or one dollar per hour riding schools, where the tired office girl is allowed to bang and bounce around for an hour or two with little or no instruction.

Here are a few false statements made in his article that I can't help but refute; that the U. S. Army mounts with the rider's back to the hind quarter, this is not true, for the rider should stand facing the horse's side holding the reins in the left hand, the left hand placed on the withers and the left foot inserted in the stirrup and the right hand placed on the pommell, then the rider springs with his right foot bringing it up smartly to the left foot, then swings the right leg clear over the horse and settles down gently in the saddle. In ten years in the Cavalry (and this only the National Guard), I have never seen a military or civilian, man, woman or child rider, kicked while mounting, while our friend claims that our method incurs this risk. However, we probably do a better job of schooling and teach our horses real manners. He speaks of a perfect rider, which is something we are taught never to consider ourselves as being, as a horseman is never finished as to his training, but must ever be on the alert and constantly school himself in the art of equitation, this being the reverse of his foreign arrogance. I have seen bronco busters, which are a class of horsemen he ridicules, with hands as gentle, light and steady as it is humanely possible to have. I have seen the cruelest exhibition of railing a horse given by a German Army team at the Commonwealth Armory during their training prior to the Boston Horse Show. True, they were excellent horsemen, and gave excellent performances, but I would never rail a horse as viciously if it meant that I would never win a ribbon. He seems to think that the lounge is exclusively a European piece of tack, and thereby displays his ignorance. He has not mentioned one fact in his article that is not common knowledge to any cavalry officer or trainer competing in local shows. His article was damn near bare of facts.

Curiously enough the absurd Rarey method of subduing an unmanageable mount, which he so ridicules, and which he insinuates is the only one used in this country, must have had its birth in his arrogant article. He claims the Hungarian uses an eight foot pole padded on one end to handle unmanageable horses. This must be because they lack the courage, confidence and all round horsemanship of the United States Cavalryman.

Yours truly,

Milton, Mass. Collin S. Campbell

*Continued on page 156*

# BACK TO SCHOOL WITH THE RIGHT IDEA BY E. Simms Campbell

**PRETTY SMOOTH!** Words flow from a Waterman's the instant it touches paper—and for good reasons! Every iridium-tipped Waterman's point is hand made—and size for size contains more gold than any other leading pen. Also, it's tailored to match *your* handwriting—through a choice of *seven* Waterman's points!

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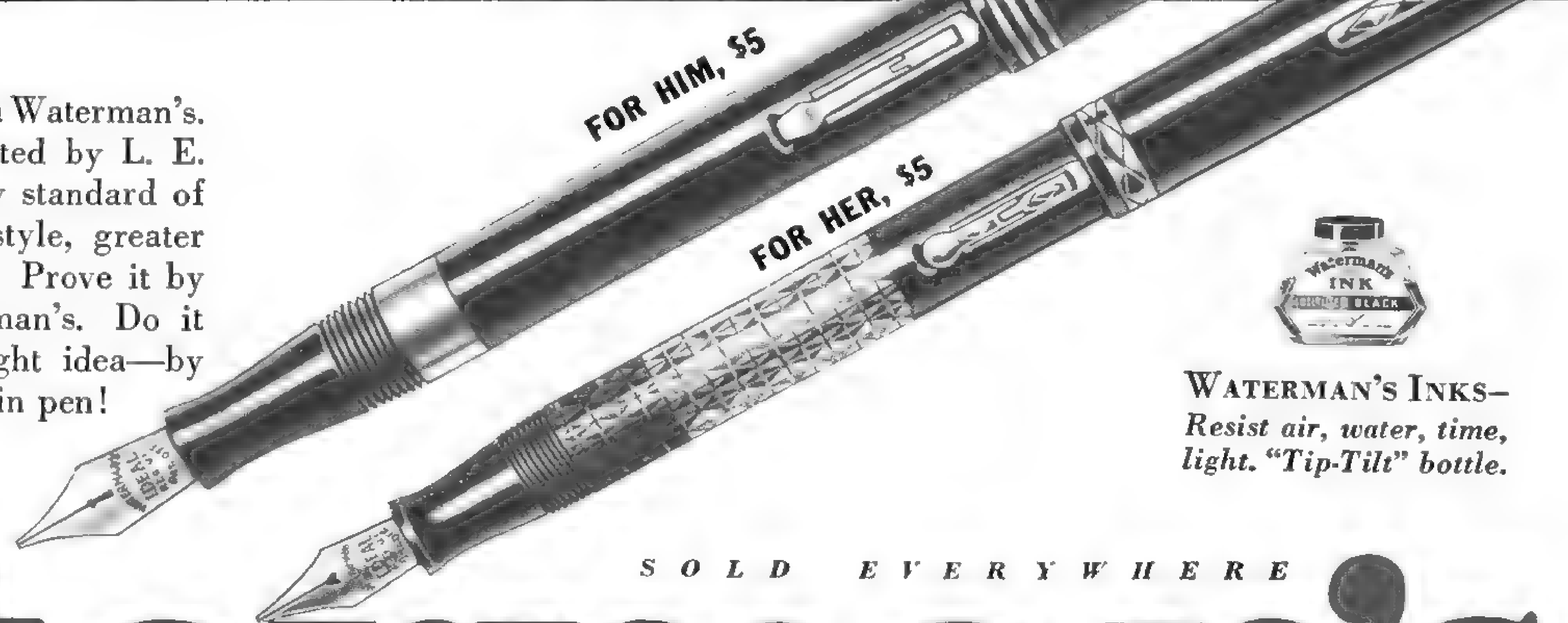

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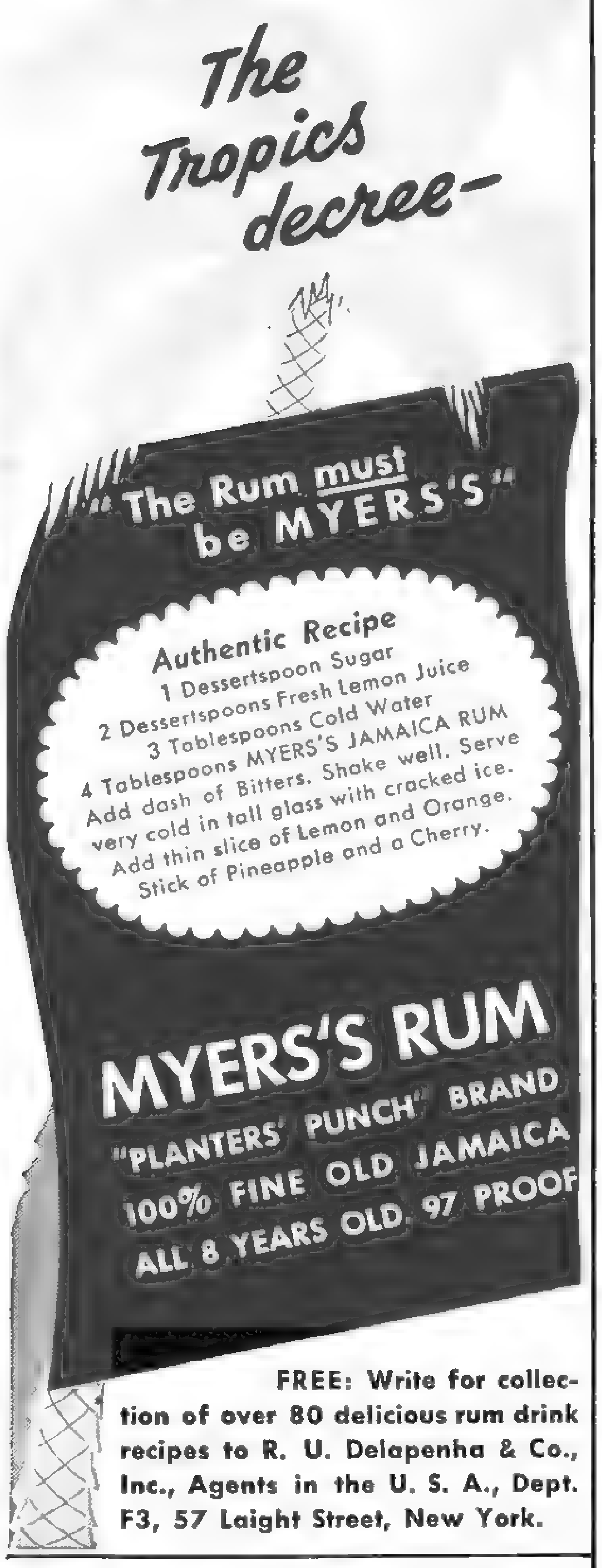

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1 Dessertspoon Sugar
2 Dessertspoons Fresh Lemon Juice
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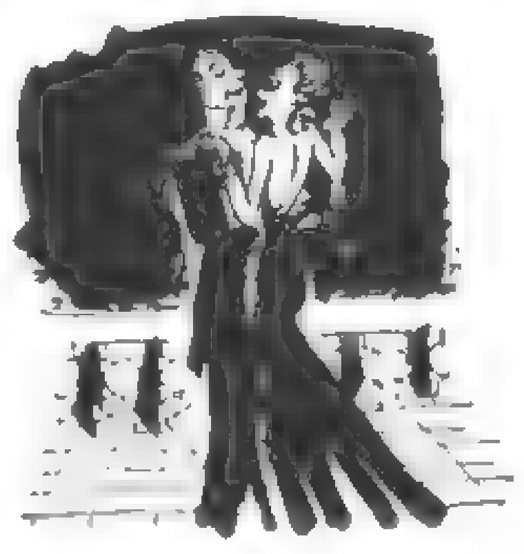
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937
Brussels, Belgium - New York City

With visitors added to regulars, the Waldorf-Astoria has been a mighty busy beehive this summer. Guy Lombardo is the current Starlight Roofer, succeeding Edward the Duchin. If you want to double your luck you can dine in the Sert Room where Xavier Cugat goads to romance and a floor show graces your after-dinner Cognac — and then migrate to Starlight and Guy the Great, without paying a cover charge: your dinner check is your club membership for the evening. A complete Waldorf-Astoria cruise, touching at all bars and restaurants from cellar to towers, would keep you off dry land from now till Michaelmas.



At Sir Walter Raleigh's compass-floored cheer cabin in the Hotel Warwick, Ray Morton is now singing and leading . . . Much pursued Hildegarde, barely loose from the Pierre Roof, has been copped by the Savoy Plaza . . . At the Ambassador's summer bower, Ramon Ramos conducts and goes native on his guitar . . . Ivan of Le Perroquet (134 E. 61st) has served so many dishes of Frogs' Legs Provençale, they call him the jug-o'-rum juggernaut . . . The acre-sized guest register at Jack Dempsey's (50th St.) has home addresses from the globe's four quarters. World's Fair visitors? Maybe. But last year's pages were no different.

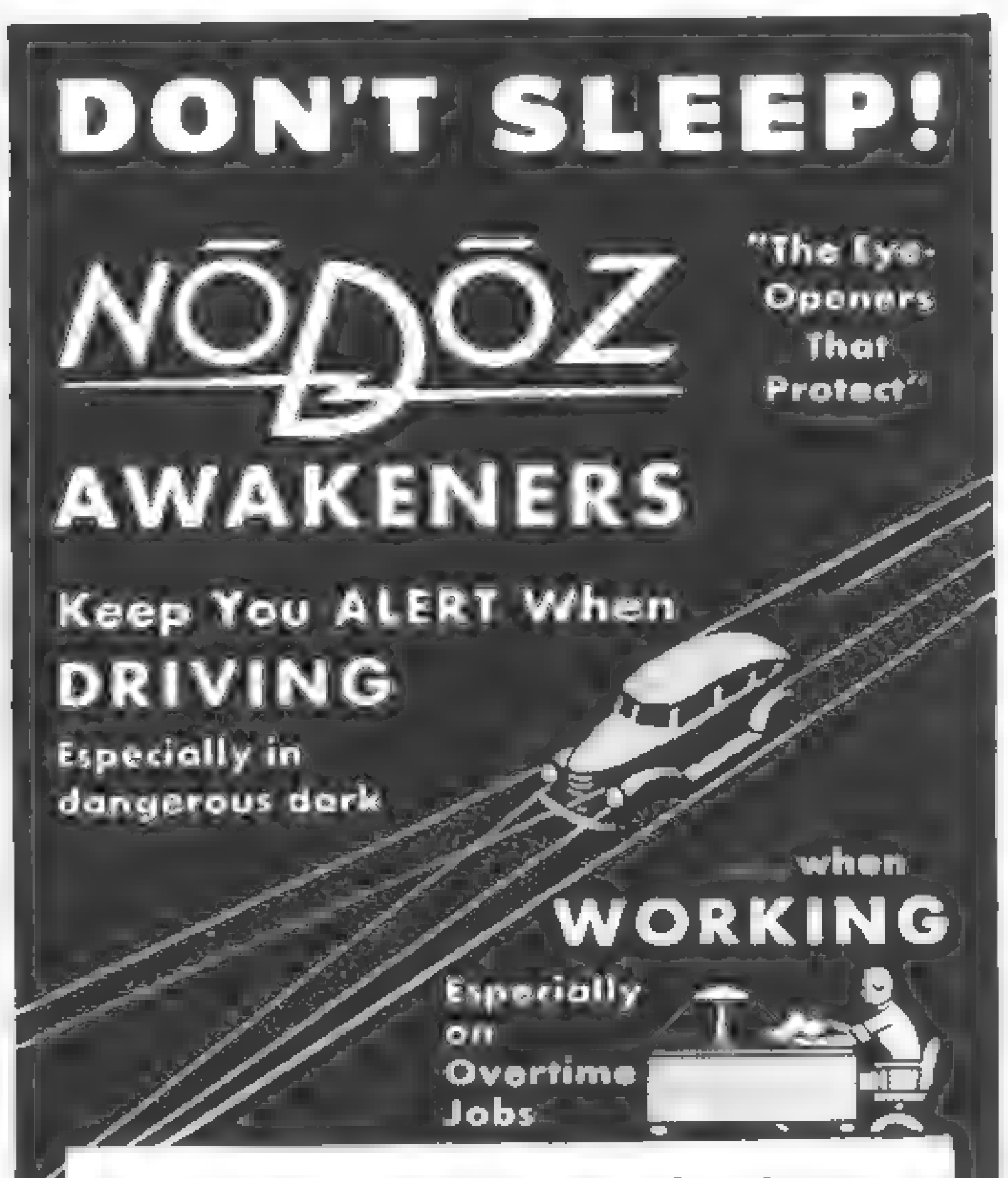
Night clubbers who have experienced uprisings of goose pimples upon entering artificially frigid rooms directly from the heat of the street are grateful for the cleverly merciful step-by-step system at the Casino Russe (157 W. 56th). The Bagdad Room of this establishment, just off the foyer, is pegged at a few degrees cooler than what you have come in from. After a cocktail halt here, you enter the cooler main room, with your pores already feeling pretty. In leaving the Club (we're not saying how many hours later) the graduation is the same as when you matriculated, only in reverse.

Out in Holland Tunnel territory, at Milburn, N. J., the Chanticler is in full feather from cocktail-crow on. Nowhere within townships and townships will you find its match as a Champagne spa and happy hoofery of the chariot trade. Curly-haired Mace Irish weaves the tunes in his persuasive manner. Troubadour Lee Rogers strums from table to table. In the Serpentine Room, where elbow parkage is even bigger and wavier than in the Blue Bar, the messrs. Bigelow and Lee are on tap with their treasured ditties. Host Bill Naue maintains an ingenious timing system whereby your food arrives exactly when the dance music stops, rather than during it, so that each course is enjoyed piping hot. And it is food well deserving of the consideration.

Down in Atlantic City, the Merry-Go-Round Bar at the Ritz-Carlton still turns — to the very evident edification of its many many followers of years' standing. The aquarious murals of George Harding and N. C. Wyeth adorn the walls of The Traymore's Submarine Grill — or you might go to the other extreme and ascend to the Stratosphere Room for your drinking and dancing high above the Boardwalk. The Ambassador caters to diners and dancers in the popular terraced Twenty-Two Club. And before you leave Atlantic City, you might look in at the Binnacle Room of the Claridge — walnut and leather ship cabin decorations so authentic that you can almost feel the swell of the Spanish Main underfoot. Past Atlantic City is the Admiral Hotel at Cape May, under the direction of Ken Arnold, who runs the Royal Worth in Palm Beach in the Winter. Here in the attractive Marine Bar, which is tended by the Quigleys, pere and fils, the younger set and their elders gather for dining and dancing and the special Admiral cocktails. Round the outdoor salt water pool are cabanas where you can drink, swim, and get a sun tan with no trouble at all.

3 PLACES YOU'LL WANT TO ENJOY DURING YOUR WORLD'S FAIR VISIT
ASTOR ROOF

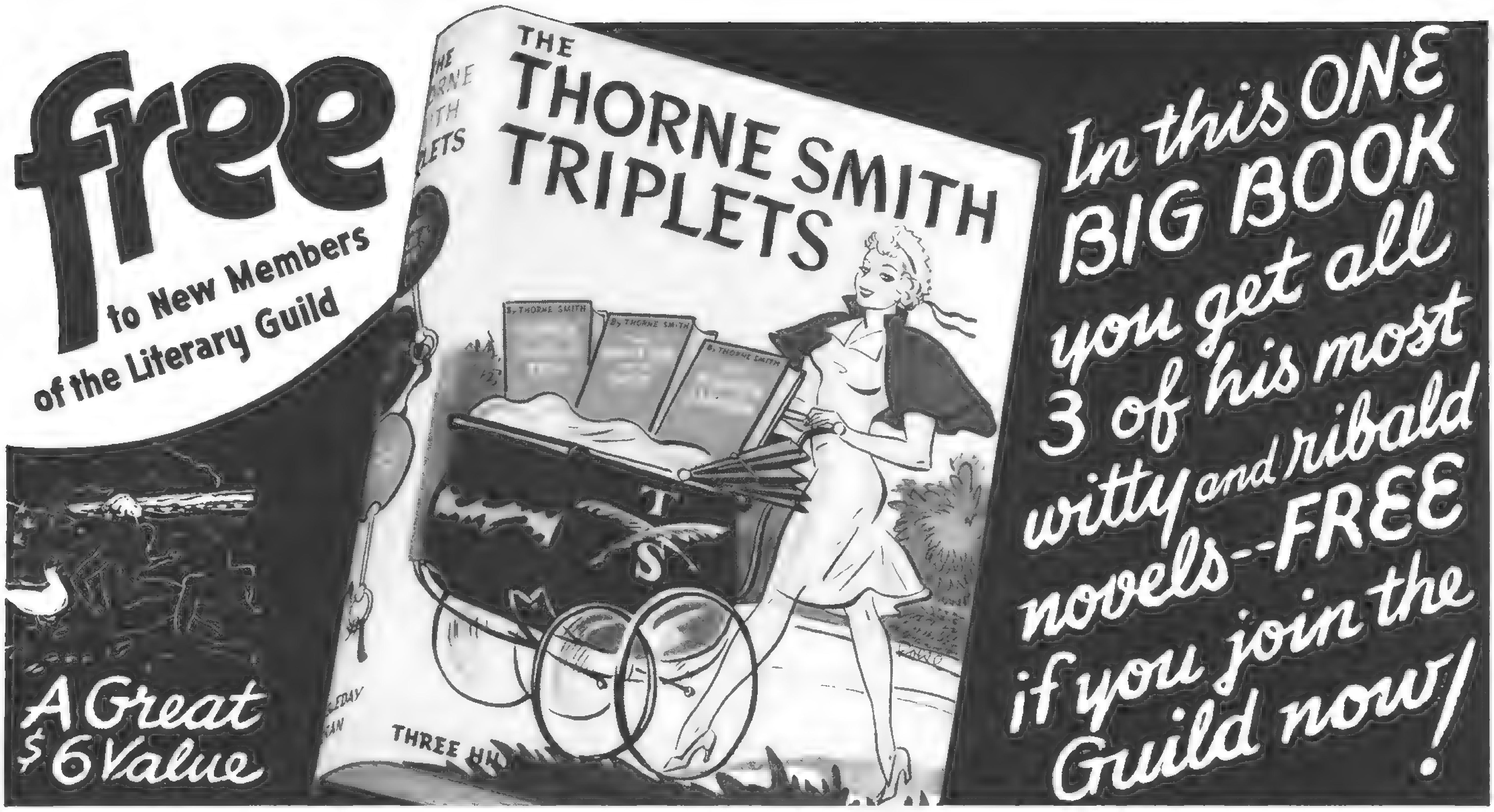
Ben Bernie
and his Lads and Lassies
•
SKYWALK CAFE
A cool garden oasis high above Times Square
ASTOR BAR
118 feet of hospitality—biggest on Broadway
HOTEL ASTOR
TIMES SQUARE • NEW YORK
F. A. Muschenheim, Pres.
R. K. Christenberry, Gen. Mgr.



DON'T SLEEP!
NŌDŌZ
"The Eye-Openers That Protect"
AWAKENERS
Keep You ALERT When
DRIVING
Especially in dangerous dark
when
WORKING
Especially on Overtime Jobs

...or whenever drowsiness is a danger or a business or social handicap. Keep NODOZ AWAKENERS in the car, in your desk, at home. Fine for 'morning after', too! At your druggist: 10c, 25c and 50c.
HARMLESS AS COFFEE!
(the active ingredient is caffeine)
SEND 10c NOW FOR A GENEROUS TRIAL PACKAGE
NODOZ AWAKENERS, INC.
309 Richfield Building • Oakland, California

World Famous Shows!
MIKE FRITZEL AND JOE JACOBSON'S
CHEZ PAREE
Chicago


free
to New Members of the Literary Guild
THE THORNE SMITH TRIPLETS
A Great $6 Value
In this ONE BIG BOOK you get all 3 of his most witty and ribald novels--FREE if you join the Guild now!

# Thorne Smith . . . America's One and Only Rabelaisian Humorist!

ONLY in the pages of Anatole France, Voltaire, and Rabelais himself can you match the lusty, zestful fun of Thorne Smith's novels! He is the *modern* master of daringly sophisticated satire. His characters are completely uninhibited in their passionate pranks; and no writer of genius has ever ventured to create such thrillingly improper situations! Such skilfully humorous skating on thin ice is unequalled in recent literature. And yet behind Thorne Smith's brilliant comedy is the deep, keen wisdom of the classic master that he really is! He punctures hypocrisy and sham modesty. It is this that marks the difference between the "frank" classic and the merely shocking book.

Glance at the brief hints of the three sparkling Thorne Smith novels included in this new volume—THE THORNE SMITH TRIPLETS—and you'll decide you MUST have it for your very own. It's a genuine $6.00 value (and spicily illustrated by *Roese!*), but we have decided to let *new* Guild Subscribers have it without cost! It is yours free if you accept the offer of Literary Guild Membership outlined below.

## Why the Guild Offers This Great Book Free

The principal reason is to encourage immediate acceptance of our offer of *free membership* in the Guild so that we can demonstrate the extraordinary book values which you get as a Guild Member. When you realize that you will have the privilege of getting many important new $2.50 to $5.00 books, fiction or non-fiction, whenever you want them, for only $2.00—we feel that you are practically sure to join the Guild at once.

### How You Save Up to 50%

The Literary Guild selects for you each month the outstanding new books from the forthcoming lists of the leading publishers. Although the publisher's edition sells for from $2.50 to $5.00, if bought individually in the stores, Guild members pay only $2.00 for these same books, in handsome Guild editions. Guild selections are delivered to members, *on approval*, the same day the publisher's edition is placed on sale.

### Magazine "Wings" Free

Guild members receive free the famous Guild magazine WINGS, which contains articles about the current selection and its author, and includes a special contribution by the author. WINGS also contains an advance description of the book to be selected the following month. If you feel you do not want that book, you merely notify the Guild not to send it when the time comes. On the other hand, if the selection sounds interesting, you may have it sent for your approval. Guild members are not required to purchase a book every month. As few as four selections within one year keeps your membership in force.

### Other Advantages of Membership

Members who purchase four Guild selections within the six-month period between January and June, or July and December, are rewarded with a free Bonus Book worth $3.00 or more. Full details of this popular plan will be sent you upon enrollment.

The Guild Service starts as soon as you mail the coupon. THE THORNE SMITH TRIPLETS will be sent to you immediately. Send no money—just the coupon. Accept your FREE Guild membership at once.

**LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA**
**Dept. 9 EM** **9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York**

## You get all 3!

***Topper Takes a Trip:*** In which the never-to-be-forgotten Topper re-encounters old and ghostly friends while sojourning abroad.

***The Night Life of The Gods:*** Which tells what happens when two mortals set out for a midnight jamboree in Manhattan, in company with such congenial fellow-celebrants as Neptune, Mercury, Perseus, Diana, Hebe and Venus.

***The Bishop's Jaegers:*** In which, among other things, a man with too much underwear and a girl with too few clothes try to strike a happy medium in a nudist camp, and which also tells of the unhappy fate of Little Arthur, the gifted pickpocket.

### FREE: THE THORNE SMITH TRIPLETS

**Literary Guild of America, Dept. 9 EM**
**9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York**

Please enroll me as a member of the Literary Guild and send me a free copy of THE THORNE SMITH TRIPLETS—including the **three** novels described. I am also to receive free each month the Guild magazine "WINGS" and all other membership privileges. It is understood that I will purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only $2.00 each (regardless of the higher retail prices) within a year, and that I may purchase, if I wish, any other books in print at the established retail prices.

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Canadian subscribers write direct to the Literary Guild of Canada, 388 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

# PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

BOOTH'S
HOUSE LORDS
FINEST
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
LONDON
Imported from England

BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
DISTILLED DRY GIN

For the
SUPER
Tom Collins
or Rickey

100% NEUTRAL GRAIN SPIRITS . . . 86 PROOF

PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Sole Distributor for
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HORACE HEIDT
and his
MUSICAL KNIGHTS
☆
A Company of Thirty Artists
featuring

LYSBETH HUGHES — LARRY COTTON
BOB McCOY — FRED LOWERY
HENRY RUSSELL — RED FERRINGTON
THE FOUR HEIDT-LIGHTS

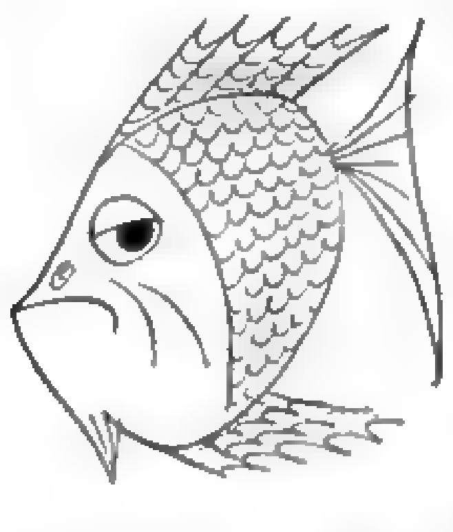
Dinner and Supper Dancing, and Continuous Entertainment from 7 P.M. until Closing.

The BILTMORE Roof
Madison Ave. at
43rd Street, N. Y.

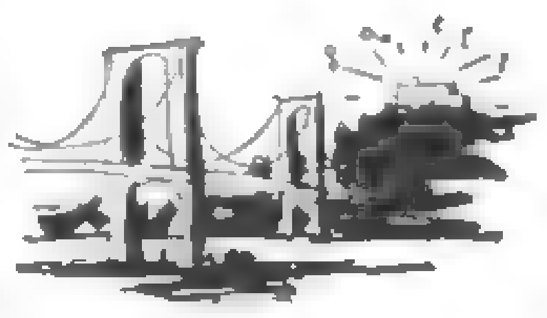
SQUARE DANCES
MUSICAL CHAIRS
VILLAGE BARN
NEW YORK'S ONLY
COUNTRY NITE CLUB
52 West 8th St. ST-9-8840

DIVAN PARISIEN
Le Restaurant Par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR CHICKEN DIVAN
& SPECIAL SALAD
FINEST VINTAGE WINES and LIQUEURS
17 EAST 45th STREET • MU 2-9223

Checking your hat at the new Colbert restaurant (12 East 49th) seems hardly an adequate entrance ceremony. By all rights, said lid should be tossed in air—such is the beauty of the place. At street level, a spiffose ebony-and-red salle de drinks leads aft into feasting quarters where *poisson* appeal is keynoted, with 65-foot bivalve bar, trick modernist plastic portraits of things to eat and imbibe, and Chartreuse and Dubonnet colorings to guide your mood. The second floor layout, reached by elevator, comprises a baroque French Room for private partying, and a vasty Beefsteak Garret, with old English paneling, a giant stone fireplace, and a general air of cheer protected by smoke-and-cooking-fume extraction devices, as is also the case downstairs. In short, Monsieur Colbert seems to have thought of all the answers to palate whims. And he's got the former chef of the Tour d'Argent of Paris as backstage helper.



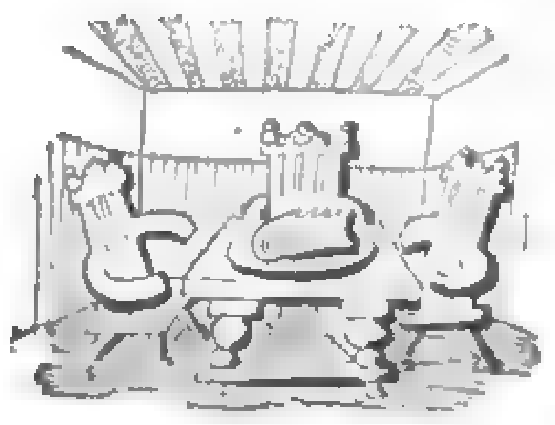
Spotted expansively in command of the Hudson, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge, Ben Marden's rotund Riviera is dining and detaining them by the hundreds, with a first-class revue as the lure. Chester Hale has assembled twenty-five sweet-and-neaties who can really ballet as well as look. Raye and Naldi sport their grace in hoist and float numbers. Ted Fio Rito and Howard Lally swap musics. Confidential Joe E. Lewis takes easy charge of the proceedings and cracks his way through likably enough. Mere food and service occur under the orderly eye of maître C. Bonardi who functioned similarly at the Central Park Casino and has brought along those standards in his bag of tricks.



Don't be alarmed if, straying into the bar of the Pani restaurant (28 East 63rd) for a quench, you suddenly find you're seeing things. It's only the television receiving set goggling its flickers at you, to mine host's great pride. First bar in town to possess one, he avers, preening his prestige as an innovator—for it was this same Joseph L. Pani who launched the now fabulously successful Colony Restaurant, castled the Castles at Long Beach, and fed America its first taste of broccoli. Now he's excited about chickens. Raises them on his farm on Long Island, where, for plumpness' sake, they aren't permitted to put foot to ground. And your tooth will agree it's a good system when you meet one of the casseroled with mushrooms, etc.

What used to be El Rio (120 East 58th) after being this, that, and the other, has now been redecorated as the Miami Room, staging the New York entry of large, bouncing "Mother" Kelly of Florida fame, who beams moon-like from the top of an open-neck white sport shirt. On the refection side, he's featuring Old Fashioned Beefsteak Tumbits, which you dunk in a sauce of secret formula. Lads Owen and Parker, who have long been with him, sing drollish selections from their private collection. Jerry Livingston and his orchestra are on duty. If the place doesn't take you by storm, maybe it's just the Miami climate.

Horse cars no longer jingle past Cavanagh's (260 West 23rd) but you'd never know they had quit as you sit in the oak-paneled dining room where spry old waiters, each a character, bring you the same brand of hearty eats that Jim Fisk, Edwin Booth, and other people of the neighborhood used to flock for. The smaller room, toward the East, still boasts its bar and oyster counter set up in 1876. Manager Moynahan has been there a scant thirty-five years, but he seems to have the hang of things wonderfully. Judging by present attendance, the early patrons must have had a lot of grandchildren.



GEE, HE SMOKES THAT AROMATIC LONDON DOCK TOBACCO

Sweetening up the breeze with aromatic London Dock, the popular upper classman wins emphatic approval. Here's a master blend of mild, mellow tobaccos that's "the thing" among knowing pipe smokers—gets the gals, too. Enroll in the long list of London Dock enthusiasts today or send 10¢ for a generous sample to . . .

128 Delmar Bl.
St. Louis, Mo.

London Dock
SMOKING MIXTURE

Export Foil Package 40¢
POUND PACKAGE $3.00

Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

No advance in rates during the World's Fair

The Plaza has advised its patrons throughout the World that its rates will remain the same during the World's Fair.

Single from $7 . . . Double from $9
Suites from $15
*Air-Conditioned Rooms Available*
*Subway at Hotel to World's Fair*

Henry A. Rost
President and Managing Director

The PLAZA New York
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET

# What's in a Name?

Your grandfather, perhaps your great-grandfather, will tell you that once it was barter and trade. Buying in a store, then, was a kind of tug-of-war—an outgrowth of the fur trading posts. You rarely paid the same price twice. You might never have received the same quality on successive occasions. It always depended on your cleverness—or on your luck. No shoddier than his merchandise were the storekeeper's methods. It was a case of every man for himself.

All that is changed today. The stores protect you. The manufacturers guide you. The publications guard you. And behind it all, protecting you and *your* protectors is the great force of national advertising. National advertising, in effect, is a sort of "society for the prevention of the plundering of the consumer" —the severest of all custodians of the ethics of the trade.

For, a product *must* be good to stand up under the great white searchlight of national publicity. It's *got to be* good to be worth the maker's investment; it's *got to be* fairly priced; it's *got to be* honestly made. Thus, the greatest leveler of deception, the greatest ferreter-outer of fraud is the force that speeds the sales of the nation's leading products. National advertising, of necessity itself, is honesty's police force.

You depend on branded names, just as you deal with confidence with those intimate friends whom you know to be responsible. Branded names, after all, are but good reputations and confidence in a good reputation is wisdom's emotion.

What's in a *name?* Pretty nearly all that's fine.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

*The above advertisement originally appeared in the June 1937 issue of Esquire and newspapers nationally. It is reprinted in this issue by request.*

# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born in New York City in 1909, the son of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. and Anna Beth Sully Fairbanks. At fourteen, a tall lad for his age, he began his film career and his first success was in *Stella Dallas*. After talkies came in he shuttled back and forth across the Atlantic, playing on the London stage and making pictures both in Hollywood and in London. He spent his recent honeymoon with Mary Lee Hartford "on location" at Catalina Island.

•

Tibor Koeves came over from Hungary about a year ago, as correspondent for the *Pesti Hirlap*, biggest Hungarian daily. He is thirty-six, holds a Doctor's degree from the University of Paris. He has written several novels and a history of art, and recently completed *Time-Table for Tramps* which Houghton Mifflin is publishing.

•

James V. Williams says: "I'm twenty-nine years old and a graduate of Ohio State. What is laughingly alluded to as my career began teaching Latin and English to hordes of orphans in a soldiers' and sailors' orphans' home. Nobody knows better than I what a lousy teacher I was. I'm now associated with a publishing company editing a weekly news magazine used in classes in adult education for semi-illiterates. I'm in the paradoxical position of writing for people who can't read. I'm trying to figure out how that qualifies me for Esquire."

*James V. Williams*

•

The first money Dee Brown ever earned was by picking cotton and he managed to save enough to buy an old printing press. He printed a story in handset type, but as the only font he owned was Old English caps, the story remained unintelligible. He has lived mostly in Louisiana and Arkansas, worked on a country newspaper and been to college. At the moment he's in Washington.

•

Edward Parrish Ware, who contributed *One Man in His Time*, has written fiction for several years, mostly adventure. He was born and reared in Arkansas, educated for law, which he deserted for the stage. After ten years in the theatre, he decided to tramp around the world a bit. Then he did newspaper reporting on various papers in the South and Midwest. Just now he is living in the Arizona desert north of Phoenix, where he gets along nicely with the rattlesnakes and mosquitoes.

*Edward Parrish Ware*

•

R. H. Newman (*America's Grandson*, page 68) is in the South of France, whipping up his first novel. Out of a New England prep school he worked with Orson Welles in little theatricals in Woodstock, Illinois. Then he moved on to New York, getting a job as associate editor of a magazine. He's twenty-three.

•

On a fine sunny day in October, 1929, Samuel Grafton, twenty-two years old and fresh out of the University of Pennsylvania, sat down and wrote his first newspaper editorial. It discussed certain disturbing trends but expressed optimism over the general situation. The caption was "Business as Usual." Next day was Black Tuesday on the New York Stock Exchange. Unabashed, he has been writing editorials on the depression ever since, and at present he is chief editorial writer for the *New York Post*. He raises corn and tomatoes on a terrace in Manhattan and writes light fiction after listening to Haydn on the phonograph, because he believes light fiction is also a way of "praising God with a merry heart." He is doing an idiotic novel about a girl who is a coroner's assistant. *The Man Who Was Convertible*, page 33, shows a nice flair for the idiotic.

•

Stewart Holbrook's piece about Cassie Chadwick is from *Iron Brew*, which Macmillan will publish next month. The author was born in Vermont, worked in logging camps, edited a lumber journal, and, for the last five years, has been a free-lance writer. He has written a best seller, *Holy Old Mackinaw*, and *Let Them Live*. And his stories have been appearing in such magazines as the *Post*, *Collier's*, and the *American Mercury*.

*Bradford Smith*

Bradford Smith's life has been governed by casual circumstances. He met his wife by taking a jaunt to Europe. And he got a job as professor of English at St. Paul's University, Tokyo, because a fellow from the school turned up in his home town with hay fever, and he introduced him to a doctor. After five years in Tokyo, he returned to America and fell into his present job at Columbia, his Alma Mater. While in Tokyo he published a Handbook of English and American Literature, and a best-selling novel about Japan, *To the Mountain. This Solid Flesh* came out in 1937, and last year, *American Quest*.

•

K. N. A. Taylor lives on a ranch in California, mixing writing with prune farming. He did a fishing column for awhile, has appeared in several outdoor magazines. He's been a laborer, newspaper agent, door-to-door salesman and even had a fling with a movie syndicate in Hollywood.

*Roger Treat*

After graduating from Williams, Roger Treat became successively a poultry farmer, a transport pilot and aircraft instructor, and (currently) manager of a floor coverings department. He's been building up to *A Bellyful of Bums* by going to prize fights ever since he was tall enough to reach the ticket window. He is thirty-three, has a wife, two sons and several cocker spaniels.

•

William L. Hopson, who writes about flying on page 13, has been a parachute jumper, wing walker, two-bit pilot, carnival sideshow clown, barker and grifter. He was born in Texas, quit school at fourteen because of trouble with the square root. His first parachute jump landed him in an insane asylum treetop and in his second, he lost the seat of his pants and most of his shirt. He's been writing for the last few years, lives in New York, is still unwed.

•

Howard Wolf is the author of three published books, but *The Old Man's Odyssey* is his first fiction to be printed. He is taking a year's leave of absence from his job as associate editor of the *Cleveland News* to write a history of American news services, aided by a Guggenheim Fellowship.

*Howard Wolf*

# *Where you find this Famous Signature*

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

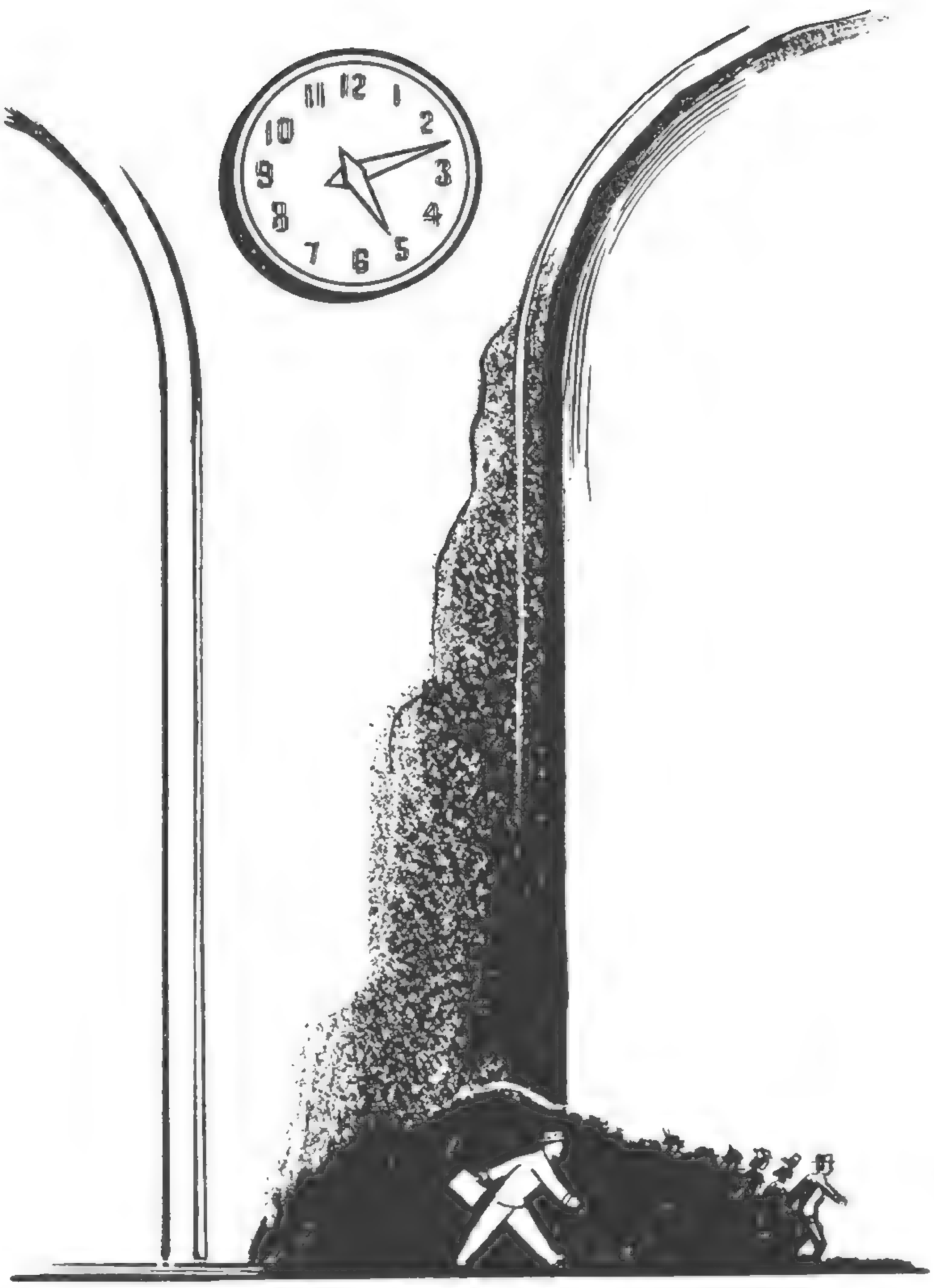
# *you'll find* Kentucky Bourbon at its best...

*Whiskey history was written over fifty years ago when the late Colonel E. H. Taylor Jr. signed his name to Old Taylor whiskey. For he thus identified a rare Kentucky bourbon that was destined to perpetuate his fame as a master-distiller. Today, as then, you can buy no finer bourbon whiskey than that on whose label you'll still find his honored name.*

Copyright 1939, National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)

**U. S. bottled in bond**
*"Taylored" to good taste*



WHAT TO READ ON THE 5:15 . . .

Five nights each week . . . 50 weeks each year . . . you board the "5:15" after a hard day at the office . . . headed for home and relaxation! And each morning, after a good night's sleep, you hop a morning train to town for another day of business!

Like the rest of us, my friend, you are a commuter. And like the rest of us, naturally, you wish your rides to and from work to be as pleasant . . . as entertaining . . . as interesting and as free from boredom as possible. The best way to accomplish this is by reading. Reading will make the time pass more quickly, free your mind from the rush of business, allow you to relax!

And CORONET is the perfect solution to "what to read on the 5:15." CORONET is both entertaining and educational . . . interesting and amusing . . . inspirational and thought-provoking. Above all, CORONET is exactly the right size! It fits easily into a man's coat pocket or a woman's handbag . . . it can be handled with facility without danger of pages flopping and tearing . . . and CORONET'S lively stories, articles and breathtaking reproductions, like the book itself, are streamlined for convenience. That is what makes CORONET the favorite of many thousands of commuters all over the country!

Before you board the "5:15" tomorrow, ask your newsstand dealer for CORONET!

CORONET

*"Infinite Riches in a Little Room"*

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

# Just a Few *Smarties*

This secretary to a key automobile executive earned a vacation bonus after she suggested more advertising in The Sun and New York sales took a new spurt.

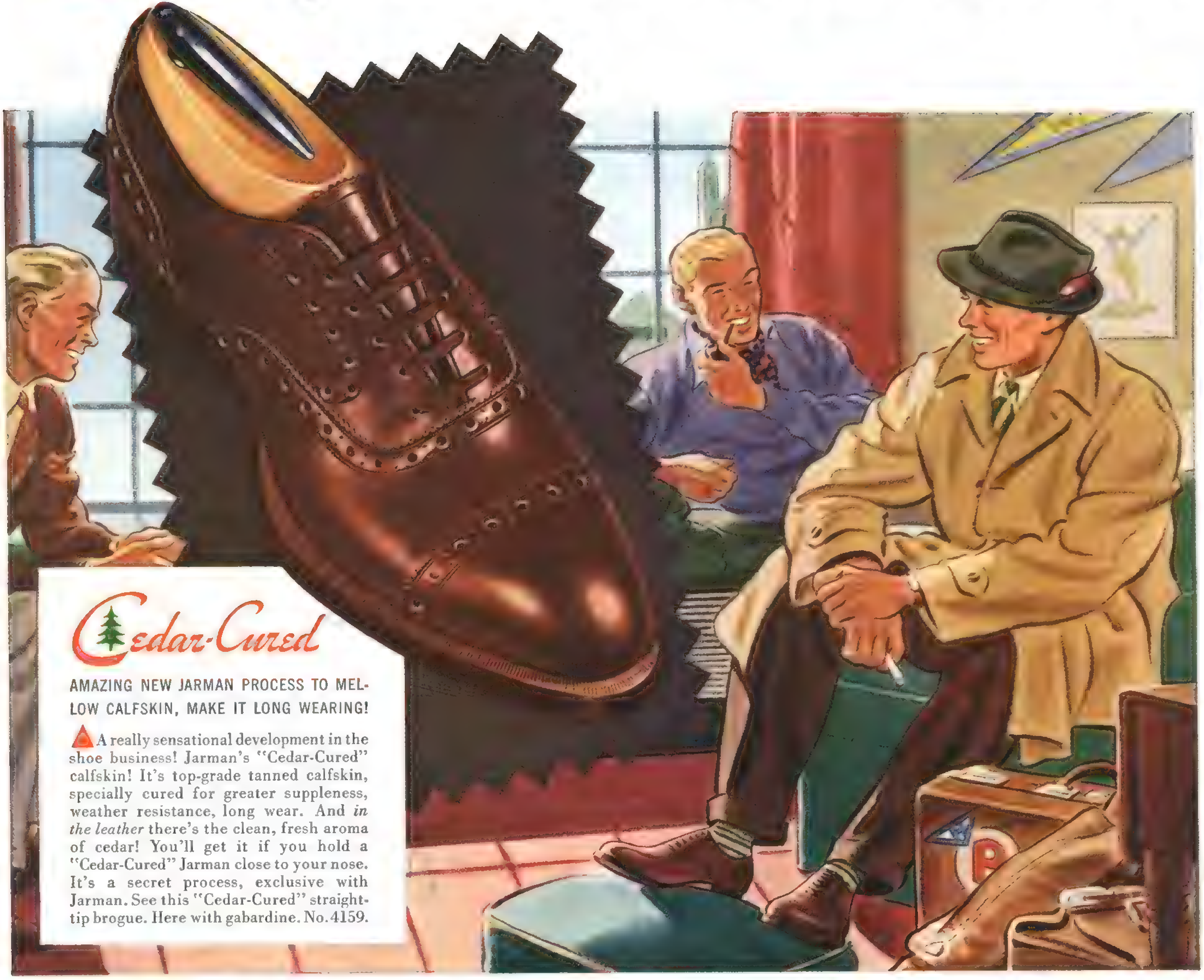
This is the advertising manager of a men's wear concern who catches more fish and sells more merchandise in New York now that The Sun has a major place on his schedule.

Reading from left to right, these are the sales and advertising managers of a distillery who get a lot more time for golf by concentrating their advertising in The Sun to keep their brands pouring fast in New York.

ADVERTISERS who rely on The Sun to boost their sales in New York find more time for fun. The Sun solves that perplexing but all-important problem of reaching the right families in this rich and concentrated market—the people who have modern ideas about their standard of living and earn enough money to maintain comfortable homes.

**The Sun**
NEW YORK

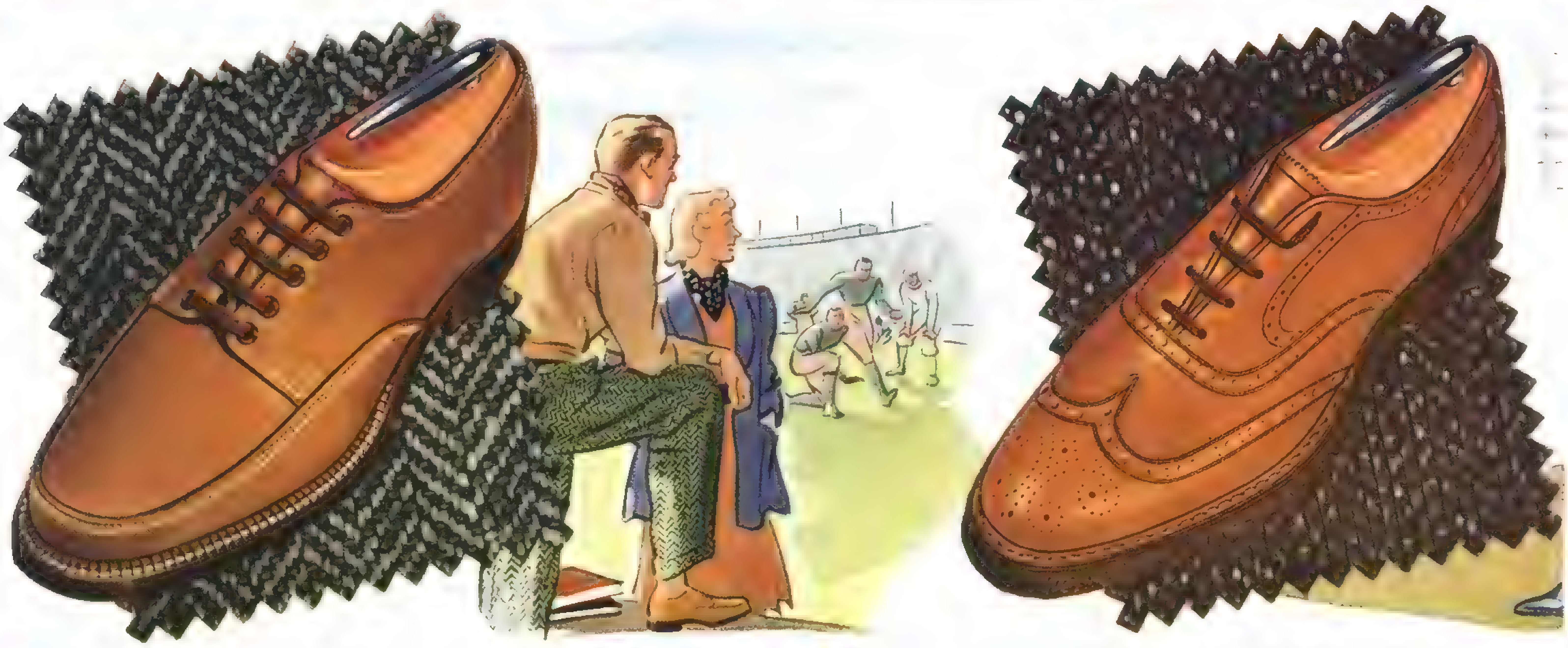
# Campus cues from the



**Cedar-Cured**

AMAZING NEW JARMAN PROCESS TO MELLOW CALFSKIN, MAKE IT LONG WEARING!

▲ A really sensational development in the shoe business! Jarman's "Cedar-Cured" calfskin! It's top-grade tanned calfskin, specially cured for greater suppleness, weather resistance, long wear. And *in the leather* there's the clean, fresh aroma of cedar! You'll get it if you hold a "Cedar-Cured" Jarman close to your nose. It's a secret process, exclusive with Jarman. See this "Cedar-Cured" straight-tip brogue. Here with gabardine. No. 4159.



● Chilly fall days, watching football practice, you'll want a shoe that's not only good looking, but sturdy and weather resisting. This Norwegian-type veal is just the thing for campus spectator wear. It's a really distinctive masculine shoe, in every respect. Shown here with tweed. No. 1753.

● For classroom wear, with almost any sports clothing, you'll appreciate this Jarman wing-tip brogue. In a warm, autumn shade of tan, and super-comfortable with its springy crepe sole, it's got the *looks* and the *feel* to make it a favorite with college men everywhere. Shown here with corduroy. No. 1759.

# "Style Reporters"

## Authoritatively they point out "Which shoes to wear with what"

ABOARD THE "College Special" you'll likely be wearing your new gabardine suit. In class it'll be something less formal, and at your fraternity dances still another outfit. For each of these occasions, and others during the college year, there's a particular shoe style that's exactly *right*, that *clicks* with the clothes you are wearing.

"The Style Reporters" have gathered information on this phase of correct dress from the country's leading style centers, and Jarman presents it in a series of colorful, authentic Style Charts.

Quickly and surely, with a glance at the Jarman Style Charts, you can know just the right type shoe for every suiting fabric in your entire wardrobe . . . for every activity, for every *season*.

See them at your local Jarman dealer's. And learn, too, how easily and economically you can carry out this accepted style idea with selections from his new autumn line of famous Jarman Shoes.

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MOST STYLES \$5.00-\$6.85-\$7.50

**Jarman**

**SHOES FOR MEN**

SEE JARMAN STYLE CHART H-8 AT YOUR LOCAL JARMAN DEALER'S

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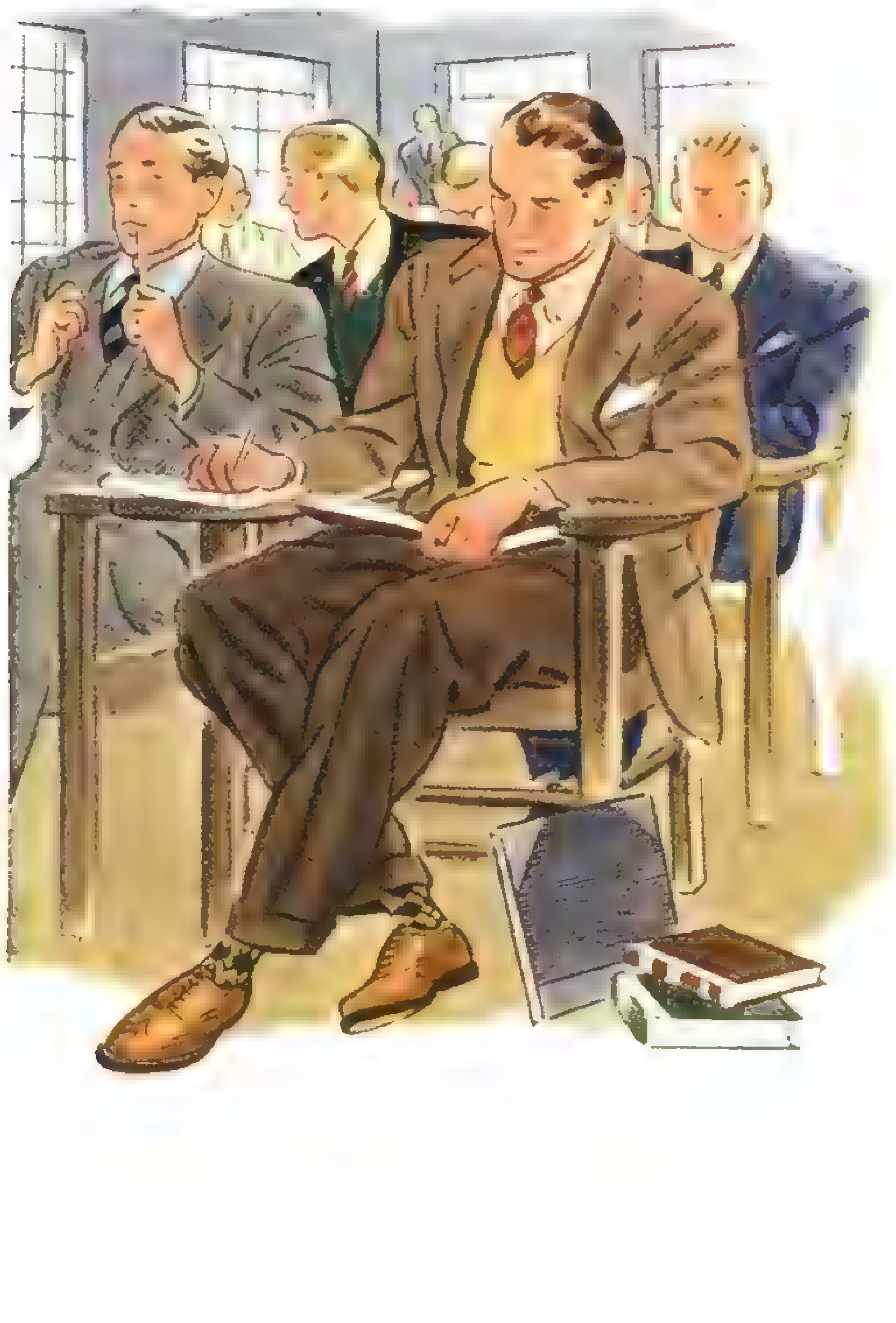
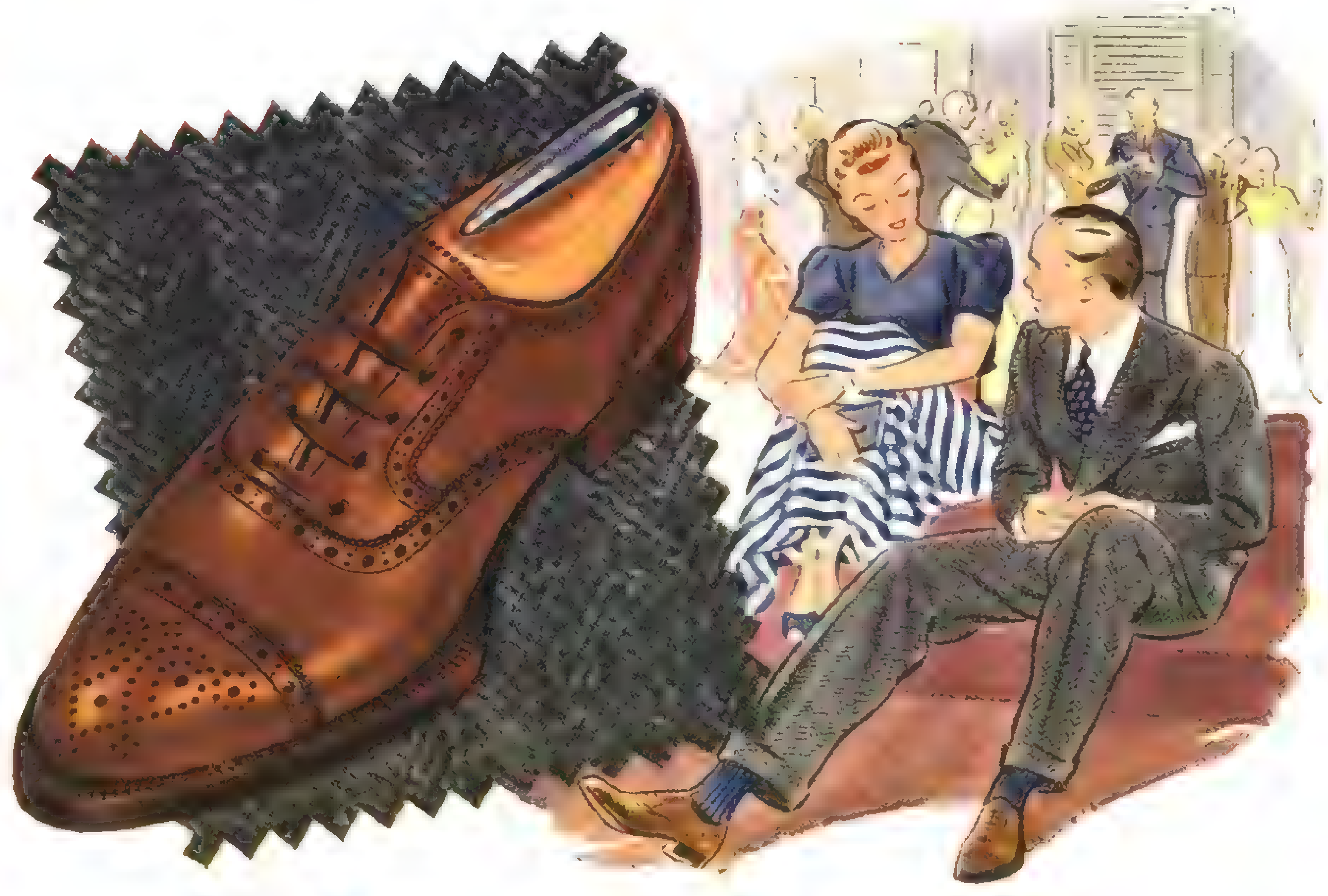




● Collegians endorse highly informal clothing for most evening occasions during the school year. This ultra smart Jarman straight-tip brogue, with its rich Antique Finish has a stylish class that's a real complement for double breasted greys and tans. Shown with cheviot. No. 4160. It's Cedar-Cured!

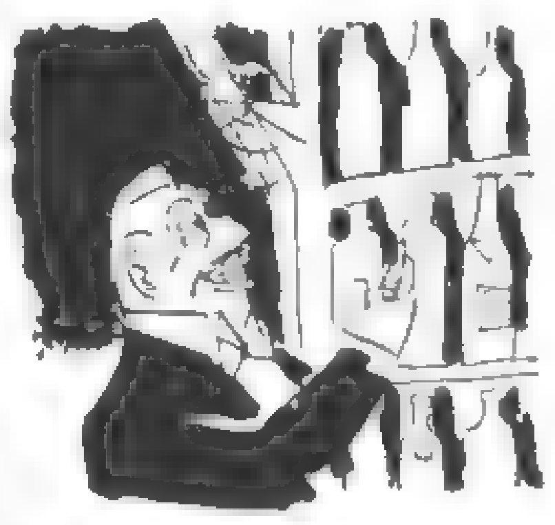
# PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Five wicked daggers, spread fanwise, with hilts aflame, are a neat mouthful—*bonne bouche,* as the French say—for Yasha Nikagosoff, new Cossack dancer and dollar-bill-spiker at the Russian Kretchma, 244 East 14th. "Now make a speech", advises m.c. Simeon Karavaef, who on his own account does some mighty tricky tapping in the manner of a moujik Bill Robinson. In other words, this colorful basement establishment, now in its fifteenth year, is as lively as ever. If not more so—with Gypsy carryings on, Vodka boatmen in full throat, and a new leading looker, Nadia Mirova. The Slavic food is a saga in itself.

At the Glass Hat (Belmont Plaza Hotel) it isn't just soup to nuts, it's Ramos Fizz to Crêpe Suzette—the latter sauced and sizzled for you by a special functionary who does nothing else, the demand for his artistry is so insistent. Ernie Holst and his Holsters do as much for your feet. The waiters put shoulders together in song, and pauses in the dancing are plugged with magic, balladry, and comedy by various and sundry performers so that dinner and supper don't run short on fixin's.

Ability to sing while standing on one's head happens to be fairly rare in this town, hence friend Tony of Tony's (57 West 52nd) must be accounted an unusual sort of host. Indeed, even right side up he's got something. Numbers of the least dumb people put in appearance nightly to claim their regular pews and swap conversation with him. If the person you have invited to join you there arrives before you do, or vice versa, Tony will prove himself a congenial pinch-hitter in the interim. Later in the evening saucy Spivy undoes her repertory at the piano in the side room, and a sense of solidarity creeps over the place.

Time has stolen quite a march on New York since the name Henri first got itself famous apropos of authentic French crescents, the size and shape of firemen's moustaches, and brioches beautifully bulgy—not to mention bon bons, babas, and sweet structures of the Napoleonic sort. For a generation the place in West 46th Street sufficed. Since migration to the modernity of 15 East 52nd, where space and color are greater, nourishment of the Henri brand has continued conscientiously French, from hors d'oeuvres up. There's hardly a dish you fell for in Paris that can't be re-met here. And on the way out you can shop at the brioche counter for tomorrow's breakfast.



Sophisticated palates are in clover at the Crillon, villaed upstairs and down at 277 Park Avenue. Any dish the chef tosses together comes out noble, whether it be a mere steak of the minute, or a brace of soft-shelled crabs, or a Suprême of Capon à la Madras. And the 14-page Carte of Vins offers a hand-picked collection to cull from. One item in it, a rose-hued semi-sparkler of Anjou, might be mentioned if you could be trusted not to drink it all up before we get back.

Rhumba rumbles emanating from the vicinity of the southeast corner of Broadway and 51st Street come from the cellarful of Hispanic gusto by the name of Havana-Madrid. Even the Bar has a sombrero on. Nowanights singing m.c. Arturo Cortez is happy to present Rosita Rios, Porto Rican honey, who makes that felicity general. Castanetrix Rosita Ortega stomps and twirls vividly, with Cesar Tapia doing the tight-pants terpsichore. Cuban sepians René and Stella put more vim and tremolo into native frillwork than Broadway has boggled at before. The lady of the team has background and knows what to do with it. For that matter, Havana-Madrid patrons are no timid beginners when it comes to dancing, especially with Nano Rodrigo stirring them up.

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Air-conditioned
XAVIER CUGAT
and His Famous Orchestra
Sparkling Entertainment
Informal Dinner Dancing
Selective Dinners
Entrées from $1.75 determine cost
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STARLIGHT ROOF
GUY LOMBARDO
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Dinner and Supper Dancing
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XAVIER CUGAT and his Orchestra
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*No Couvert for Dinner Guests Remaining for Supper*
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An ancient beer
*in a* MODERN SETTING
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A PALE DRY BEER
*like the creations of a great chef, this unusual beer is of necessity limited in output--and quite expensive*
YOU WILL FIND IT IN THE IMPORTANT SPOTS FROM COAST TO COAST
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Enjoy living at the Savoy-Plaza with its spacious tastefully furnished rooms, outstanding service, delicious cuisine and unequalled location overlooking Central Park.
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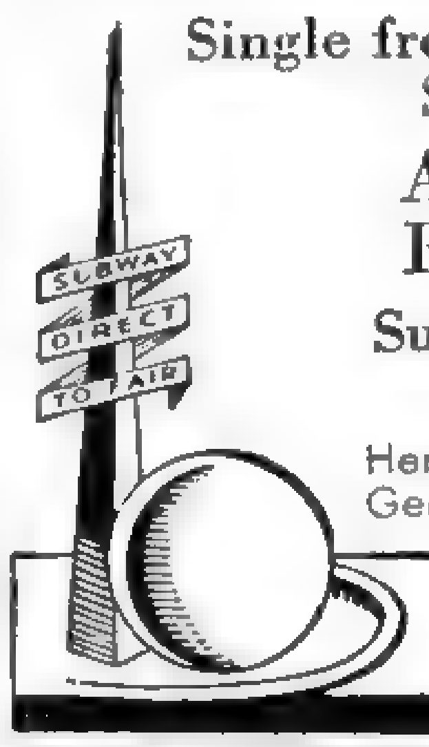

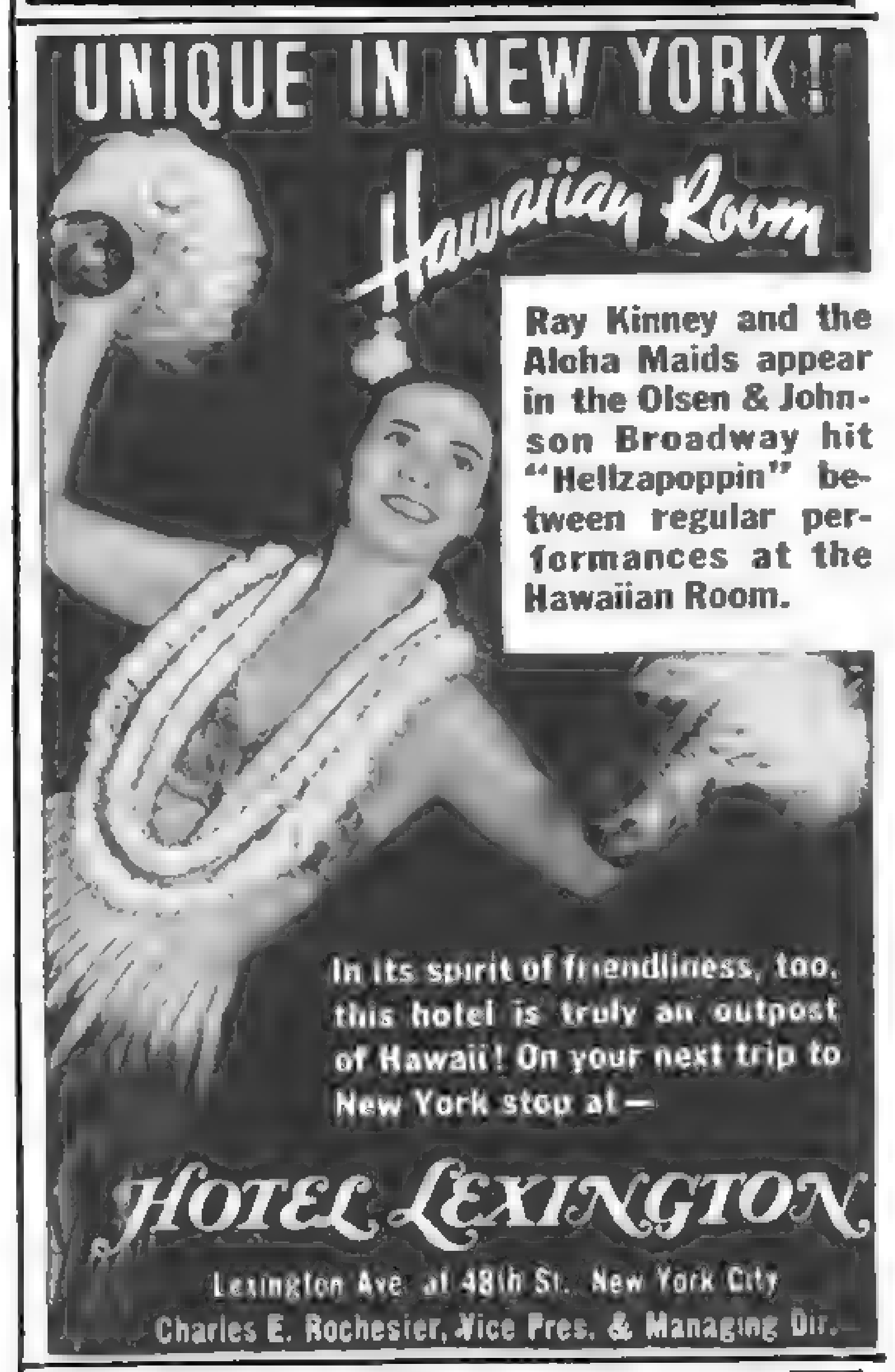

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Hawaiian Room
Ray Kinney and the Aloha Maids appear in the Olsen & Johnson Broadway hit "Hellzapoppin" between regular performances at the Hawaiian Room.
In its spirit of friendliness, too, this hotel is truly an outpost of Hawaii! On your next trip to New York stop at—
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Lexington Ave. at 48th St. New York City
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Netherland Bar
OF THE AIR-CONDITIONED
SHERRY NETHERLAND
59th St. and 5th Ave., N. Y. C. "Where the Park begins"
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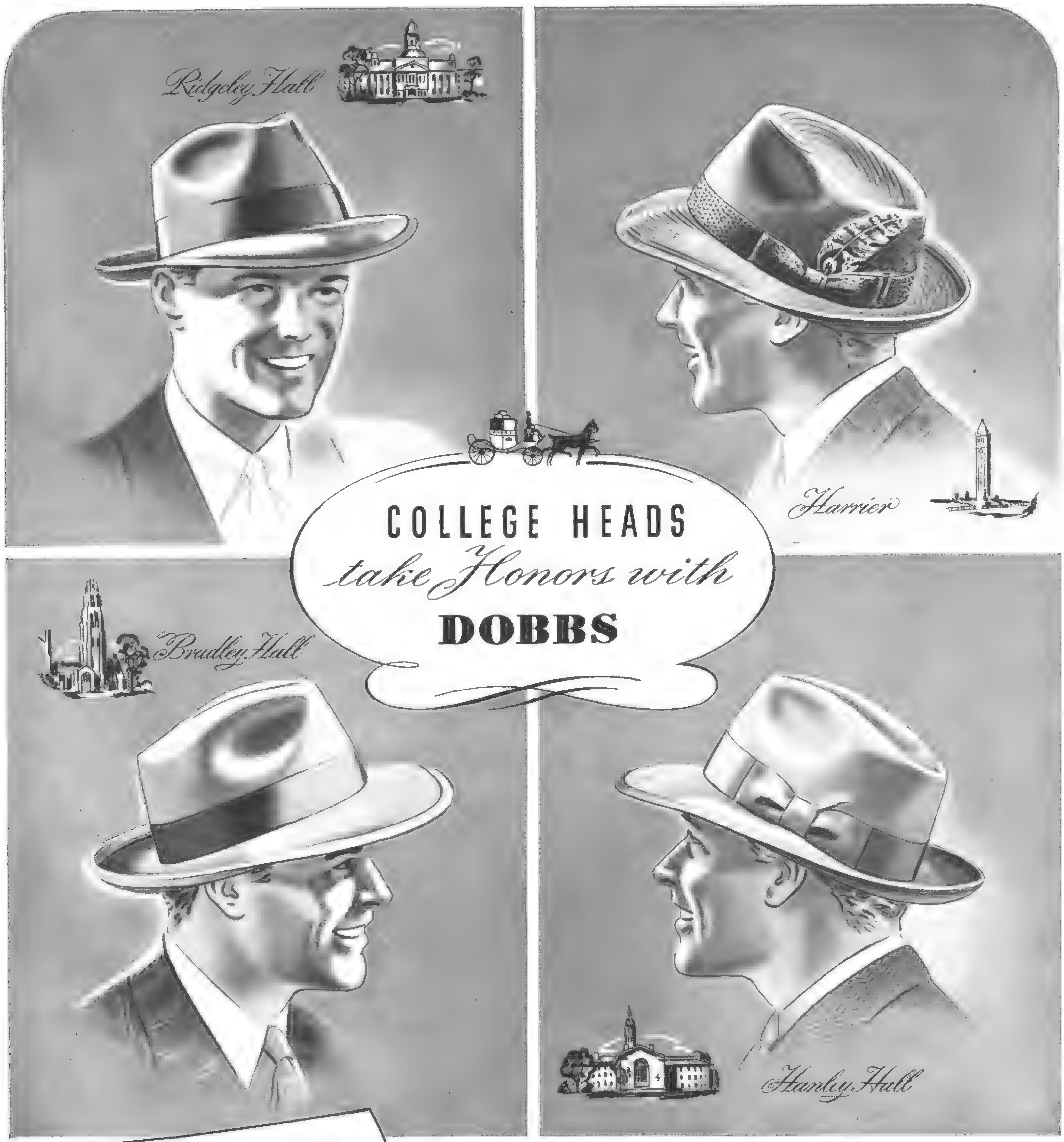

*Bradley Hall* Heads all classes at Yale. New light-tone felt binding, over and under brim — an exclusive tailored touch designed to appeal to smart dressers.

*Harrier* Springy stitched crown and brim take whatever crushing and creasing your whims dictate . . . California Bears acclaim its stamina and virile good looks!

*Hanley Hall* A standby at Princeton and the best known Dobbs University felt. Sons of Nassau approve its slightly widened brim — prefer its perfect tailoring for dress-up wear.

*Ridgeley Hall* Lower crown . . . wide welt edge with three rows of stitching · dashing new Cuba Tan color with dark band. Michigan men slate these smart style ideas for top honors.

"Tomorrow's leaders" are *today's* leaders when it comes to current hat styles . . . So Dobbs bows to the dictates of the campus in creating these widely accepted university hats for fall. With representatives in college towns across the land, Dobbs gets the low-down — catches the style-pulse of the campus. And interprets it with the hairline precision and dash collegians demand.

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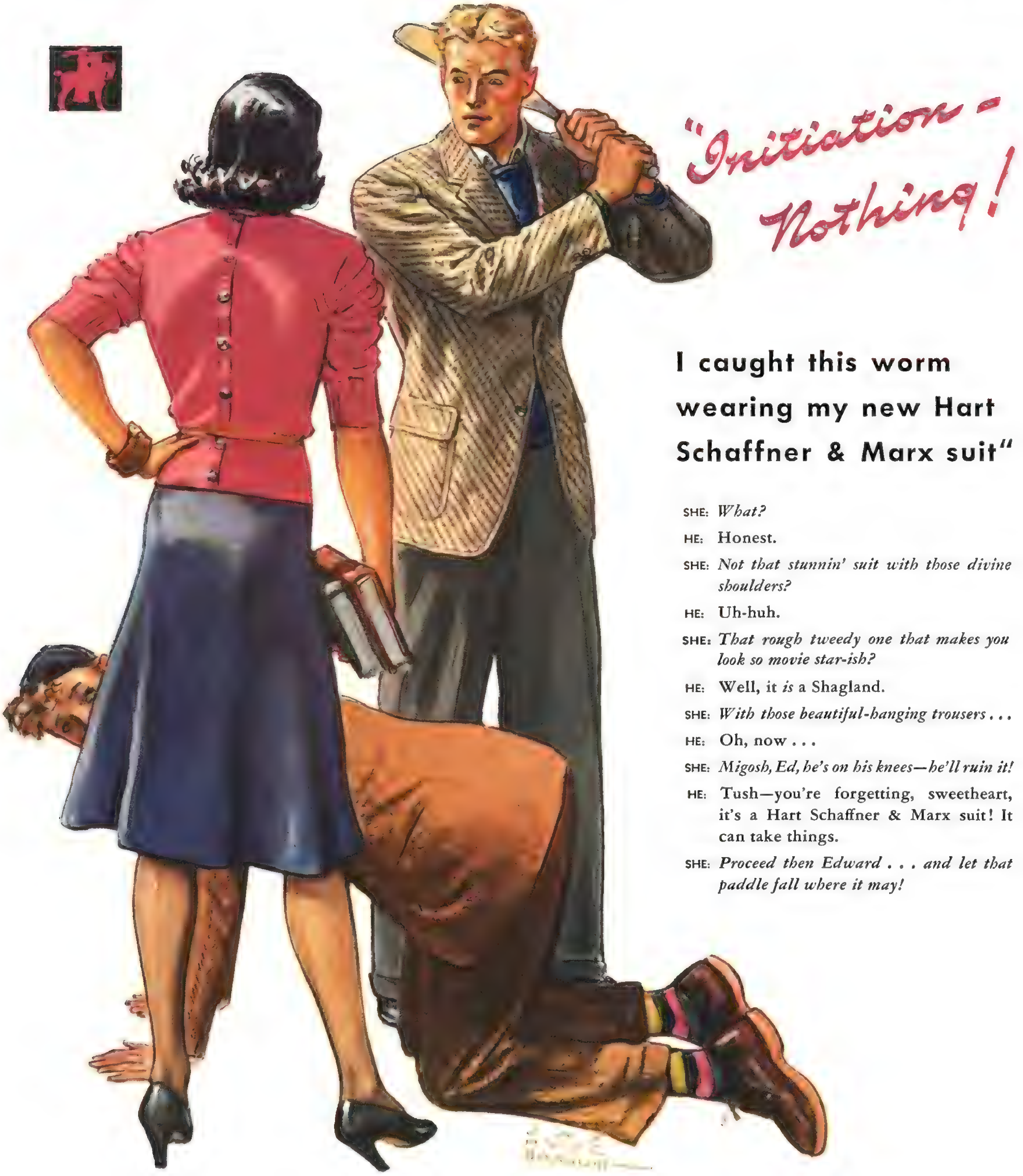

"Initiation - Nothing!

## I caught this worm wearing my new Hart Schaffner & Marx suit"

**SHE:** *What?*

**HE:** Honest.

**SHE:** *Not that stunnin' suit with those divine shoulders?*

**HE:** Uh-huh.

**SHE:** *That rough tweedy one that makes you look so movie star-ish?*

**HE:** Well, it *is* a Shagland.

**SHE:** *With those beautiful-hanging trousers . . .*

**HE:** Oh, now . . .

**SHE:** *Migosh, Ed, he's on his knees—he'll ruin it!*

**HE:** Tush—you're forgetting, sweetheart, it's a Hart Schaffner & Marx suit! It can take things.

**SHE:** *Proceed then Edward . . . and let that paddle fall where it may!*

It's too bad the suit all the excitement's about is on the paddle-ee rather than on the paddler—for if the situation were reversed you'd be able to see what a swell looker it (the suit) really is. We mentioned this to Mr. Barnum (the artist who drew the picture) but he just leered and muttered something about commercialism, so we let the matter drop.

Anyway, if you're getting ready to G.B.T.S.*, darken the door of that Hart Schaffner & Marx store near you and ask to see one of these new "Shagland" suits. It's the kind of rough stuff you'll like—and you'll be seeing a lot of Shagland Herringbones, Shetlands, Cheviots and Tweeds like these on campus this fall! Incidentally—Shagland's price won't strain your allowance or dad's charge account a bit!

**Esquire says: G.B.T.S. means "Going Back to School"*

# HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

# What People Talk About

### Murder gets the biggest play in off-the-record speech, robbery and tennis follow and golf and rape rank third

### by JAMES V. WILLIAMS

• ARTICLE •

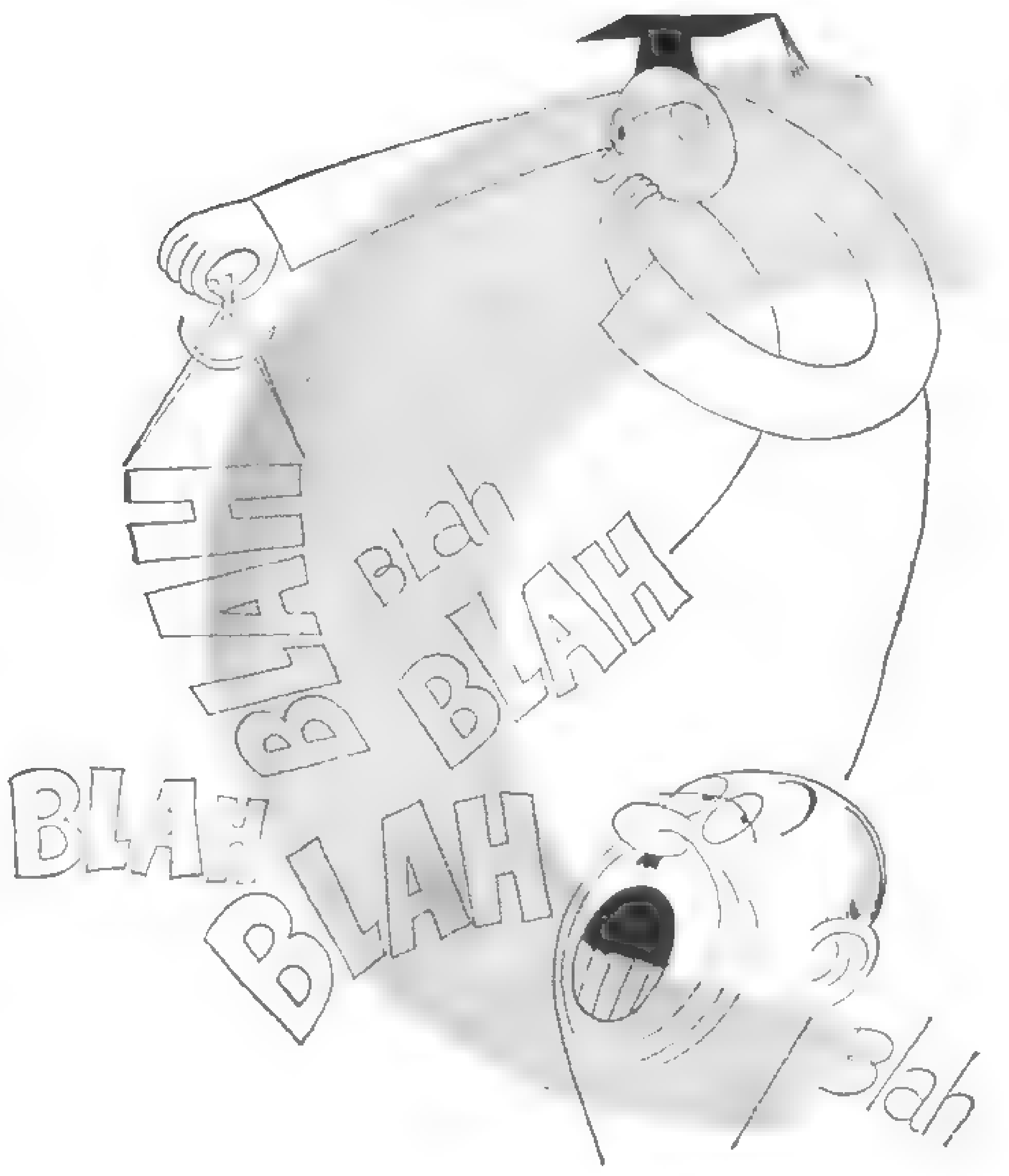
It's easy to discover what Americans, in general, talk about. All it takes to do the job are: several linear yards of pencil graphite; about four acres of scratch paper; perfection in the art of discreet eavesdropping. We lost three of our best friends before we had acquired the last essential. Now, however, we think we have developed it to the point where we could sit in on a plot to blow up our own house and never be suspected of anything but the most friendly interest.

Eighty-five per cent of Americans' conversational energies are used in the discussion of five main topics. These are, in the order of their frequency of occurrence, weather, general health and specific ailments, amusements, other people, and clothes.

The direction a conversation takes seems to be a fairly reliable index to the degree of intimacy existing between the talkers. Unless there is something currently phenomenal about it, mention of the weather shows that people have either just been introduced for the first time, or that they are polite but merely passing acquaintances. Play-backs of surgical adventures are by no means reserved for bosom pals, but they do indicate that friendship is taking root. They are confided to fellow club members, classmates, and neighbors up the street. The movie you simply must see, the book you must read, are conversational signals that real friends have met.

The subject of the weather comes up so often when people meet that weather is one of our thousand most-used words. Its specific qualities commented upon most often are the heat, cold, rain, sun, and wind, all with about the same frequency. *Snow* and *storm* are mentioned a little less often, *hail* and *thunder* still less often, and *lightning* trails just behind these two in the count. *Sleet* is mentioned so rarely that it's hardly even an also-ran. Obviously, it's the usual weather that gets talked about most.

*Health* is also one of our hardest-worked words. Curiously, doctors are talked about more often than are any ailments. Operations, if we can believe the tabulation, are a subject of conversation as often as soreness in general, or automobiles. Surgeons, however, are mentioned only about as often as Achilles is. The deed is evidently more important than the doer, as far as such anatomical whittling is concerned. An enlightening hierarchy of physical afflictions can be set up from a record of the frequency of their mention in ordinary lay conversation. A person who has ambitions to be a pathological aristocrat should arrange to suffer chilblains, tonsillitis, or fistula. Of all diseases, they are the least conversationally bandied about.



No distinction can be gained, any more, from the mention of one's cancer, appendicitis, diabetes, or even erysipelas; they've become too commonly talked about. Cancer occurs as frequently in conversation as stomach-ache, appendicitis as toothache, diabetes as sprains, and erysipelas as pimples. Even anemia can hardly be considered fashionable, ranking no higher than does the very plebeian mumps. Measles are mentioned less often than influenza, and tapeworm, while fairly rare, somehow lacks the social standing required to make its possession a matter of pride. Our best families just don't have it. Colds, sores, boils, bruises, blisters, and headaches are little better than filler material for conversations. They're so commonly mentioned that strangers are never impressed by them.

Parts of the body talked about most often are the head, hair, face, eye, ear, heart, and foot. Runners-up for conversational honors are the nose, neck, leg, and knee. Far behind them as topics come the brain and stomach.

American national amusements, judging from the relative number of comments made, are dancing, indoor games, hunting, and fishing. Music, in general, is quite often mentioned, but particular forms of music, not so often. The word *orchestra* usually means a dance orchestra. *Opera* occurs fairly seldom, *symphony* is much rarer, and utterance of the word *oratorio* practically stops the conversation. *Church* is mentioned as often as any amusement; cards and swimming seem to rank about equally in favor, followed at a considerable distance by movies, lectures, concerts, tennis, and golf. Football receives a little more comment than does baseball, and umpires and referees are spoken of much more often than are pianists and violinists. The amount of conversational notice it receives shows that the drum is people's favorite musical instrument. Its closest competitor—but not dangerously close—is the piano. American amusements arranged in the order of their frequency of mention, then, are: dancing, indoor games, church, hunting, and fishing; cars and swimming; movies, lectures, and concerts; football, baseball, tennis, and golf; operas, symphonies, and oratorios. It is a little startling to note that *hiking* ranks with oratorio as to infrequency of mention.

We seem to concentrate generally upon four forms of dissipation. Ranked in the order of their popularity, as indicated by the tabulation of spoken references to each, they are: tobacco, liquor, gambling, and dope. *Tobacco* is spoken of as often as soup. It is referred to most often in connection with its use in a pipe; *cigar* is still a commoner word than *cigarette*, and *snuff* is comparatively seldom heard.

We are not a nation of hard liquor drinkers, if the potables we mention are any indication. The word *wine* is by far the most common reference to alcoholic beverages. It occurs quite as often as does *tea* or *coffee*, and leads its field 3 to 1. *Beer* and *gin* come next, then *whisky*, and *cocktail* enters general conversation about as frequently as Aesop does, which is very rarely.

We talk about gambling as often as we do about golf, and about addiction to dope in any form, very seldom.

Perhaps our major crimes should be listed with amusements and dissipations. At least it is true that as much of our off-the-record talking is devoted to the discussion of crimes, as to the more frequently mentioned amusements. Murder is our conversationally most important crime. Robbery comes next, with one-third as much notice given it. Rape follows it, and in order of descending importance to talkers, forgery,

Continued on page 131

# The Floorwalker Attends a Slide Lecture on Gauguin

### by PETER DE VRIES

DRAWINGS by ERIC LUNDGREN

> *"In 1891 Gauguin, revolting against the artificialities and corruptions of civilization, abandoned his wife and family and went to Tahiti and lived in the manner of the natives. Here he painted some of his most famous and brilliant canvases."*

Down the miles and miles of department
store aisles
I dream of the graces of primitive places
The paradise isles enhanced by the wiles
Of women with cinnamon figures and faces.
The blood-remembered things that ravage
Me the dark essential savage!
Cinnamon women in kerchiefs and cloths
Among the exotic flowers and moths
O cinnamon women in swimmin' in cloths!
Three chestnut colored daughters
Of the island goddess in the waters
Laving . . .
Waving . . .

Among the kitchenware and ribbons
I dream of cockatoos and gibbons;
Something in my brain goes zoom
At the thought of mango bloom,
O I am obsessed with mango bloom.
Such racial memories as ravage
Me the squashed essential savage;
Sometimes I think that I shall go insane;
Often eating lunch at Gimbels
With office girls I feel the cymbals
Crashing in my atavistic brain.

I shall quit work. . .
I shall go berserk. . .

I shall ravish lavish bowers
Of their spring and summer flowers;
O the leisures and the seizures
Of my fragrant vagrant hours.
In the tidy sterile gloom
Of my Tudor living room
I dream of peach and mango bloom,
Pagan sons in less than breeches
Tearing blithely down the beaches.

I shall quit work. . .
And go berserk. . .
Roam through climates lush and fertile
And for supper stew a turtle.

Matrimony's dampened
All my spirit one time rampant
And when Mother Dear beside me
(My mother-in-law to guide me)
Calls me model husband I confess
More extinguished than distinguished do
I feel
By all the social standing we possess.
Badgered husband never saw
Such a beastly mother-in-law.
Married,
I am harried.
I shall flee to latitudes
Unspoiled by platitudes,
Roam through islands lush and fertile,
I shall sleep beneath the myrtle
And for supper stew a turtle.
I'm neurotic, I'm neuralgic
And my crimson blood's nostalgic
For a windy freedom and the pulps of
paradise;
Girls exotic, girls erotic, laving in the
waves . . .
I shall cool my mortal haunches in green
caves.
There are virgins brown and svelte
Whose bodies I shall pelt
With flowers plucked from bushes as I run.
Fed on nectarines and peaches
I'll go burning down the beaches
Or loll in languor in the morning sun.

The girls will dance when night commences,
With sensuous incenses drench my senses.

And disheveled, having reveled,
Wild with island wine I'll ride
Among green woodbirds with electric eyes,
Weave blossoms where the lemon moonlight
lies.
They'll find me blotto in the grotto (and not
playing lotto
With mother underneath the parlor motto).
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Spring!
Wild and winsome wondrous woozy thing!
To feel at all the April weather
Is to strain the marriage tether.
The first coatless girls at Gimbels
Crash and crash those deep dark cymbals;
Something echoes when I see
Wet blossoms on a tree
Or wet women carry peaches in the rain;
I can conjure it by dint
Of a whiff of peppermint
Or Leola's Easter bonnet
With the bloody blossoms on it . . .
. . . Something that sometimes lingers
In the way of Harlem singers
Or the red nails of women's fingers . . .
But that never even flickers
When they walk around in knickers.

Spring Spring, from west to east,
The immemorial mystic yeast:
What is that secret ferment makes me mess
My floor directions, makes me effervesce
All day with banyan trees and honey dancers—
Till I garble all the answers.

I dream of pagan
Places and races
Of paradise isles
Enhanced by the wiles
Of primitive graces
And primitive faces
Down the miles and miles
Of department store aisles. . . .

If I don't quit work
I'll go berserk.

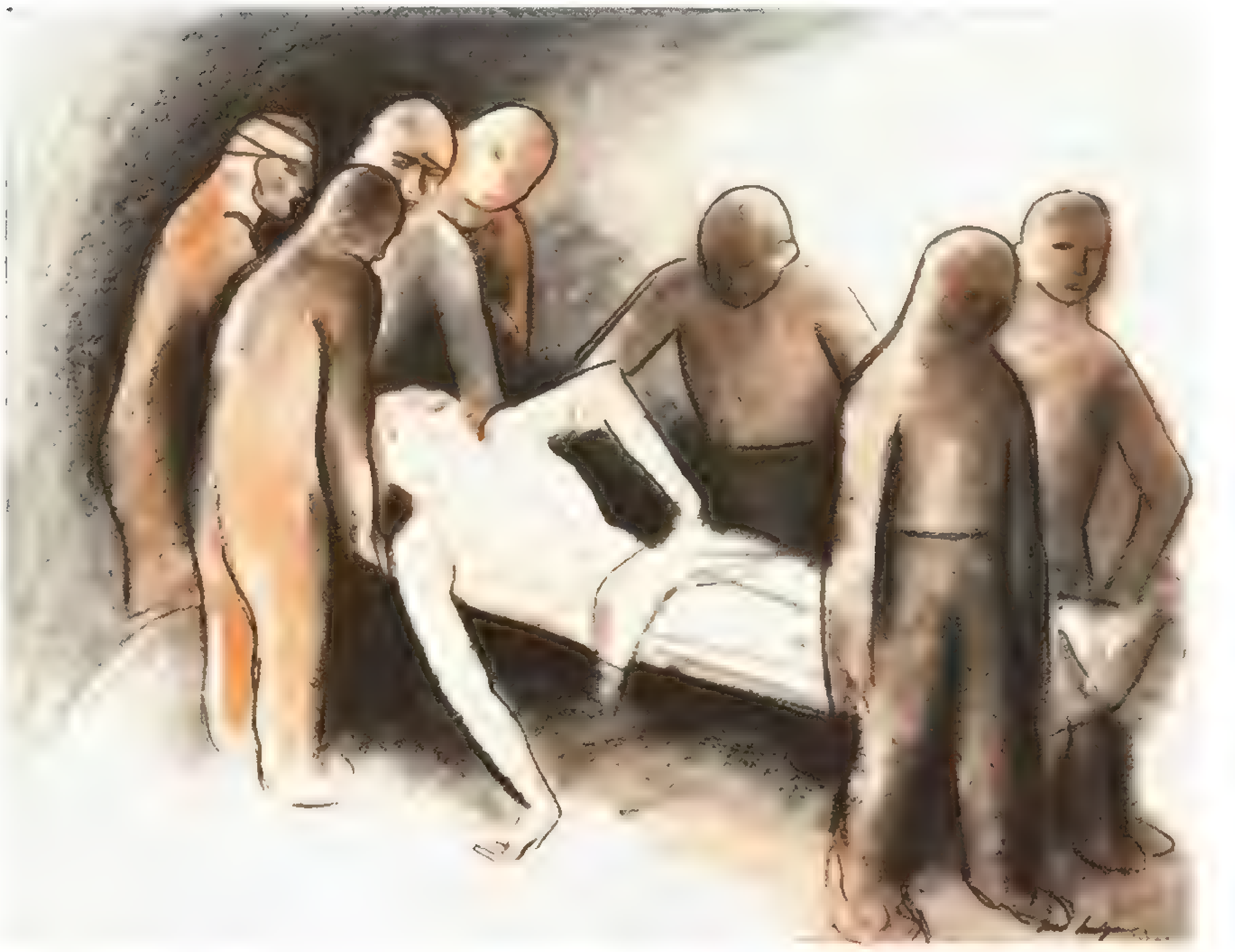
*Dimmed the pulses, the impulses*
*Of our weak denatured nature*
*Here among the trains and motors*
*And the ten-cent bottled odors.*
*Thin our blood O nutmeg daughter*
*Thin our blood, as thin as water.*
*It fades as his bright crimson there,*
*Pales as that blood red upon*
*The last slide when the lights go on.*

# Little Forces of Nature

### There was that rich jungle land going to waste in Africa for the want of go-getters with dynamite

### by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •



"It is the little forces of nature that are important." These words he repeated to me several times and he gave them an air of great mystery.

"Here, look at this map of the world! Why is it cold in one place and warm in another? Why is one whole stretch a barren desert and another section thick green jungle? And here," he pointed to a spot on the map, "the people are so thick they get in each other's way. And what is the result? War! And do you know what is the real trouble with the world? Overpopulation! And what is the cure? A new continent that is green, fertile and can support ten million people. Why, ten million is nothing. This new continent could support fifty million, the whole of Germany and even more."

"You mean to say that all we need do is to move the Gulf Stream across the North Pole or something like that, and then . . ."

"No. Nothing of the sort. The little forces of nature cannot be altered or diverted from their courses. Here the sun will shine and things grow: here no rain will fall and things won't grow. But the continent is already on the map—all we need do is to open it up. You've heard of Rhodes and how he opened up South Africa? Well, why not use some imagination? Do you know what rewards await the man who can open up a new continent? Have you any idea of the millions in the bag? Rockefeller and Morgan and Ford all together would be as paupers compared to the man who can open up the new continent. And you know," he leaned forward and whispered confidentially, "I've found it."

"A whole continent?"

"Well, a spot as big as your fist on this small map."

"Funny nobody ever discovered it before."

"It takes imagination, my boy. And that is what I want to see you about. If you are willing to start on the ground floor with us and play ball and bat them out hard, then when we come through we are certainly not going to overlook you."

Well, this sounded like a job and as I had been out of work for some time I was glad of anything at all. His words seemed to indicate that the wages, for the start anyway, would be low. But I had worked for Harrison before, he had paid me, and I did not mind working for him again. Of course I am a draughtsman by profession and my real work is architectural renderings, but Harrison once employed me to do some maps of Texas oil fields and mark the spots where the wells were already drilled. He paid me ten dollars each for these drawings and I delivered them to his office, Room 505 in the Western Building. In gold letters on the door is printed: Harrison and Holt, Texas Real Estate.

Because of the previous work I had done for Harrison I said, "Well, if you are going to open up a whole continent in Texas you will be needing quite a few maps."

"Wait a minute young fellow, nobody said anything about Texas. Don't try to be a guess boy. We want a draughtsman to work right here in this office on plans for model bungalows, for tool sheds, for railroad terminals, bridges, factories, city planning, freight yards, post offices, office buildings . . . In fact once we get started we will need everything, everything!" His face grew red as he shouted these last words.

"That's fine," I said. "When can I start?"

"If you have faith in us and the plan for the new continent and are willing to work hard for just a white chip in the pot, say fifteen dollars a week, then . . ."

"I accept," I said.

"Well, I say, fifteen dollars a week while you are here in the office and as soon as you come out to the continent you will draw fifty dollars a week and have free lodging. But before you accept this position I want you to know our plans so you can put your whole heart and soul into it. Otherwise we don't want anyone coming in on the ground floor with us. Now, all this is confidential and until the publicity is released and the literature mailed out to our clients not a word is to escape your lips."

I nodded to indicate that I agreed to keep my mouth shut.

Then he unrolled a big map. This was no map of population densities. It was simply a colored map of Africa. He pointed to a large green area.

"Why that," I exclaimed, "is the Belgian Congo!"

"Exactly. But it matters not what flag flies over the post office. The land is green, it is fertile, it has no population to speak of, it has rivers, mountains, ores, valuable timber, everything. And when the timber is sold there will be fields for corn and grain, lands for pasture and towns and cities. We could sell land for a dollar an acre. We will provide irrigation and a railroad line through to the ship harbor and roads and electric power and everything, everything!" His face grew red with excitement. "Think of it!" he cried. "A million square miles of rich territory just going to waste, just overgrown useless jungle, and here the world is crying for a spot of land. In Europe they are killing each other for the smallest plot of soil and here . . ." Words failed him. "Here is everything. But it takes imagination to harness and direct the little forces of nature. Imagination and dynamite!"

He could see that I did not understand his last remark and he attempted an explanation.

"You see all this land is thick jungle, overgrown, neglected. People have gone there and with little boy-scout hatchets have cut down a bush or two, but that is no way. Give me some good U. S. A. steam shovels, tractors, power drills and a couple of tons of dynamite and we will blast the damn place into a paradise. You've heard of digging ditches with dynamite, but you've never heard of building roads with dynamite, have you? Well, Mr. Holt and I have done it in Texas. And as

Continued on page 119

# Chronic Shortstoriosis

## What happens when a bright young man with a retentive memory sets out to compose an original story

### by DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

• ARTICLE •

I WANTED to write a short story. And here it is.

It's about a certain lady, whom we shall call (because this has a Continental setting) Madame D'A—.

Now, Madame D'A— enjoyed not only the security of a fairly well-to-do marriage, but the added luxury of an indulgent lover. She had not yet reached the state of civilized decadence whereby she could be outspoken in her relationship, therefore, when her lover (whom, for reasons of consistency, we shall call Monsieur B—) presented her with a beautiful mink wrap, her gratitude was compromised by the fear of how such a luxurious gift could be explained. Monsieur B— was more resourceful. He had foreseen her qualms and had devised a scheme whereby the transaction assumed an air of absolute innocence. The suggestion was that they should take the wrap to a pawn shop, accept a pawn ticket in exchange and, presenting the receipt to her husband, claim that she had found it on the street; adding a recommendation that it might be fun to see what the ticket brought when offered to the broker.

The plan was decided upon and carried out to the letter.

As the next day was drawing to a close, Madame D'A—, impatient and curious, decided to go to her husband's office, ostensibly to pick him up and come home with him. She arrived, she found, just in time, as the office staff was preparing to leave. Only the efficient young secretary who opened the door to her husband's *sanctum sanctorum* remained behind, as clear evidence that Monsieur D'A— had not yet finished *his* day. She greeted her husband with affection. Was he well? Never better. Was he tired? A little, he supposed. Oh, and by the way, had he stopped by the pawn shop that morning? Indeed he had. And did he have a surprise for her? If she'd only wait until he dismissed his secretary and put his papers away, he'd show her—and would she be pleased!

Mademoiselle C— (that was the secretary's name) was told she could go home, and Monsieur D'A—, after putting on his coat, pointed with proud enthusiasm to a table on which stood two antique candelabra—and now, he asked, how was that? Weren't they beautiful old things? Madame D'A— did not react quite as quickly as she might, although her surprise was undeniable. There is no need to describe her confusion, to which, under the circumstances, she could give no voice—instead, she managed to mumble something which she hoped sounded appropriate to the occasion. Uninspiringly holding the candelabra, she accompanied her husband to the outer office, en route to the street. It was only when she had automatically wished the secretary, Mademoiselle C—, a good night, and had noticed that whilst acknowledging the wish, she (Mademoiselle C—) was slipping into a startlingly reminiscent mink coat, that the mystery began to clear itself up.

* * *

Now, I thought that little episode, with some application, might be made into an acceptable short story. There were moments when I thought how ingenious I was to think up a situation as neat as that would appear—if properly written. But, unfortunately, it is not my story. I suddenly remembered that I had heard it from a scenarist friend of mine. Instantly, I dismissed it.

I then proceeded to pinch, squeeze, bully and otherwise forcibly pry out of my head a few more plots. The complication was not that they had no shape, nor was it that they lacked dramatic interest. Indeed they were undeniably dramatic and their construction unquestionably superior. No, the trouble was that in the late hours of the night, after long contemplation of scribbled notes on possible plots, a little man would rise out of the paper and, wagging a disturbingly accusative finger, shout "Plagiarist" at me. Such phenomena do have a tendency to throw one off one's stride.

There were lapses however, when I would be convinced that all was well and that I was the muse's pet. For instance, after searching for a drama of the soil—some saga of real, earthy people—I hot-headedly proceeded with enthusiasm to set down a story which might fill the bill. I sought for a likely background and remembered the ingenuous peasants of Europe—their myopic lives, their limited wants but stern standards. Switzerland was a pleasant locale for such people. I remembered a Swiss friend of mine, called Josef Noelli, and decided to use his name (hoping, of course, not to implicate him personally).

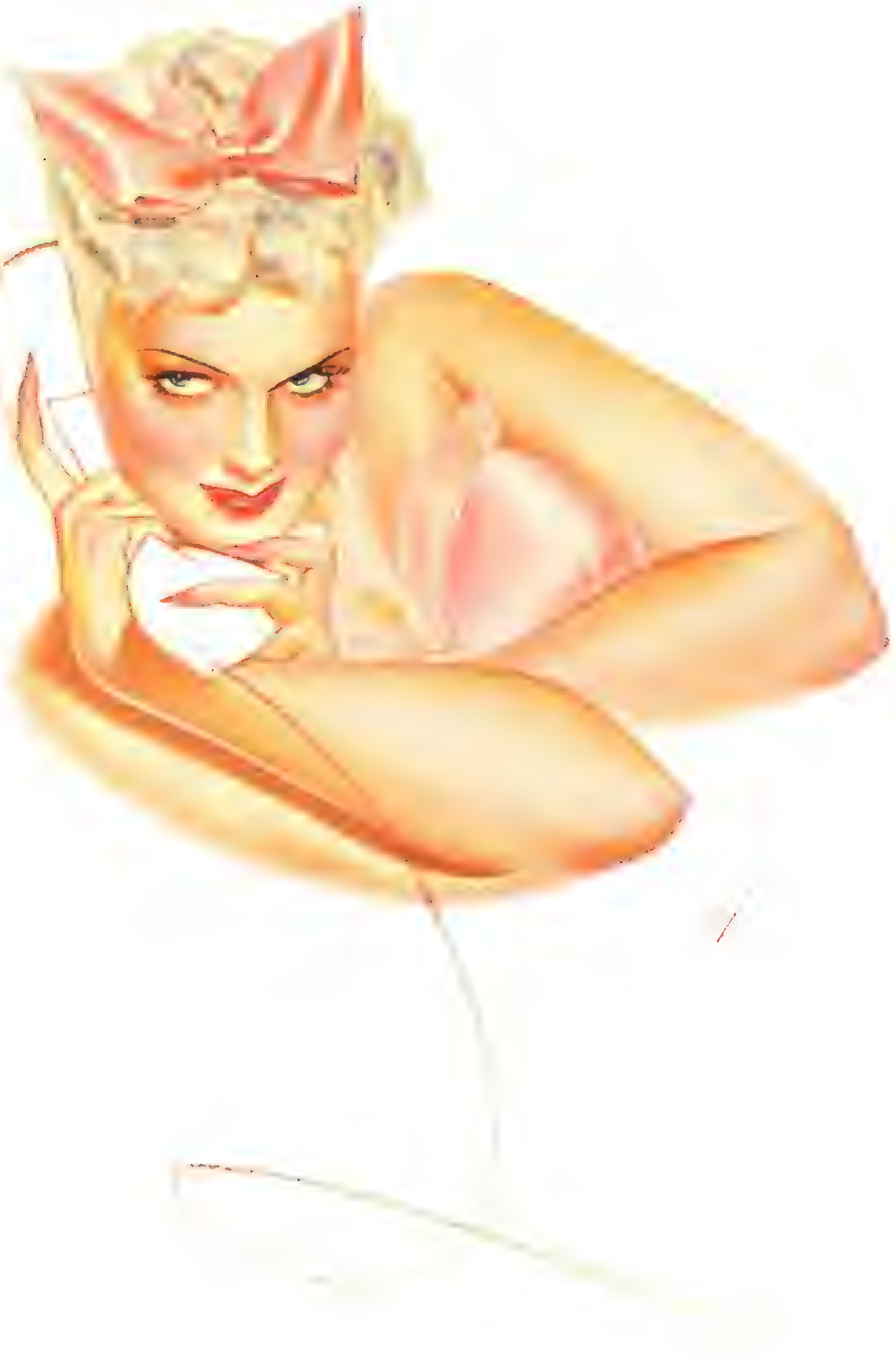
The story I wanted to tell took form quickly and I pictured a man named Josef saying farewell to his family, which lived in the hills behind Zurich. The time was just after the War, and Josef had been persuaded that America was the place where he could find a fortune. His wife could manage the farm, and as his small daughter grew, she would be of ever-increasing help. Anyway, the farm succeeded so well that they were often able to employ as many as three extra men to lighten their burden.

With satchel in hand, and rifle slung over his shoulder, Josef made his way to the town. It was a good hour before train time, so he steered himself in the direction of a café well known thereabouts as the *Swarze Adler*, where he planned to have a last beer with his friends.

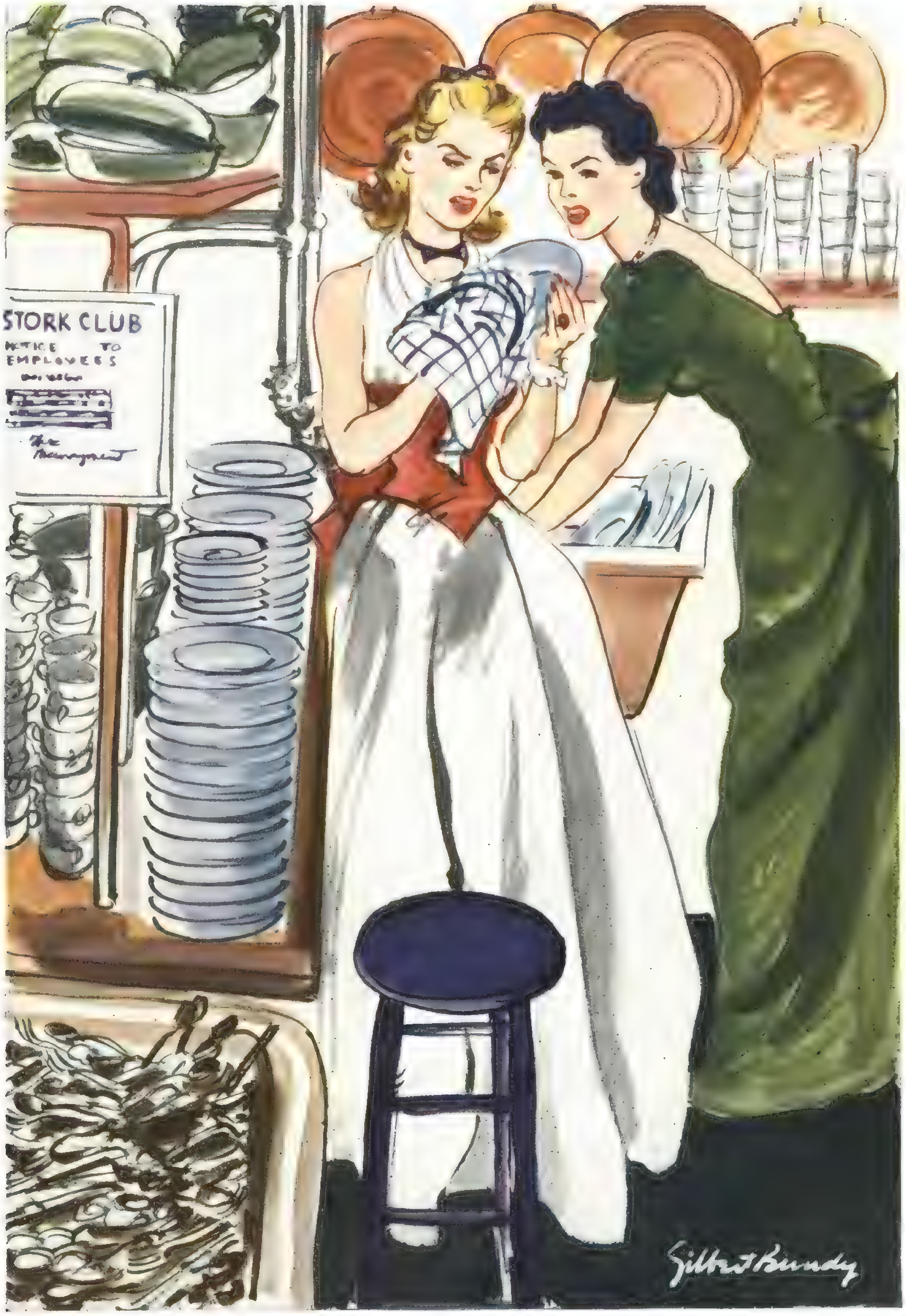
When nearly three-quarters of the allotted hour had passed, Josef realized he had had too many last beers and that he must hurry, if he was not to miss his train. Jesting voices shouted warnings and wishes to him as he made for the door. One voice, more emphatic than the others, told him that he better leave his rifle behind—other countries were not like Switzerland, and the authorities might take it away from him. But Josef's rifle was his dearest possession, and to part with it was almost as intolerable as parting with his family. It was only after the strongest arguments from one or two of his more traveled friends, that Josef was dissuaded. They promised to keep it for him—to put it in a place of honor beneath the clock, until he should return in triumph to claim it. Josef, looking at the clock, was reminded again of the time, and, giving his friends his rifle, he hurried out.

He ran across the bridge into the new part of town, and on into the station. Breathlessly, he caught his train just as it was chuffing out on its way to Boulogne. As the green and white mountains and valleys cycloramaed past the window, Josef Noelli lay his head back and thought of the future—and despite the

Continued in center of page 172



*"He got married while I was out of town, but we've got that all patched up"*


STORK CLUB
NOTICE TO
EMPLOYEES
The Management
Gilbert Bundy

*"I suspected something when he excused himself to make a 'phone' call!"*

# The Man Who Was Convertible

### He told the blonde it was a trick he learned in India, but it wasn't a trick, it was the genuine article

### by SAMUEL GRAFTON

▪ SATIRE ▪

ONCE there was a man who could turn himself inside out. This was not anatomically sound, but it afforded him a great deal of pleasure. He would do it to scare nice old ladies (he liked nasty old ladies fine) and things went on in this way until one morning a girl said to him that he was wasting his talent; perhaps there was something good and fine he could do with his gift.

The girl had come to New York to do something pretty important in business and she had a spiritual cast in one eye. She lived with another girl who was in the family way, but she herself was in the handbag line. She pointed out to him that he couldn't go on, day after day, turning himself inside out just for amusement. It was like being an Edison and playing with matches.

So this man wondered what to do. He never had thought of himself as a public figure, especially an inside-out public figure. He went to a booking agent in the RKO Building. The elevator operator was nasty to him. As he left the car he turned himself inside out, and the elevator operator dropped dead. This created a scandal in the building for days, because it was an express elevator.

The booking agent was inclined to be skeptical.

"They won't see it from the galleries," he pointed out. "And you ain't a girl."

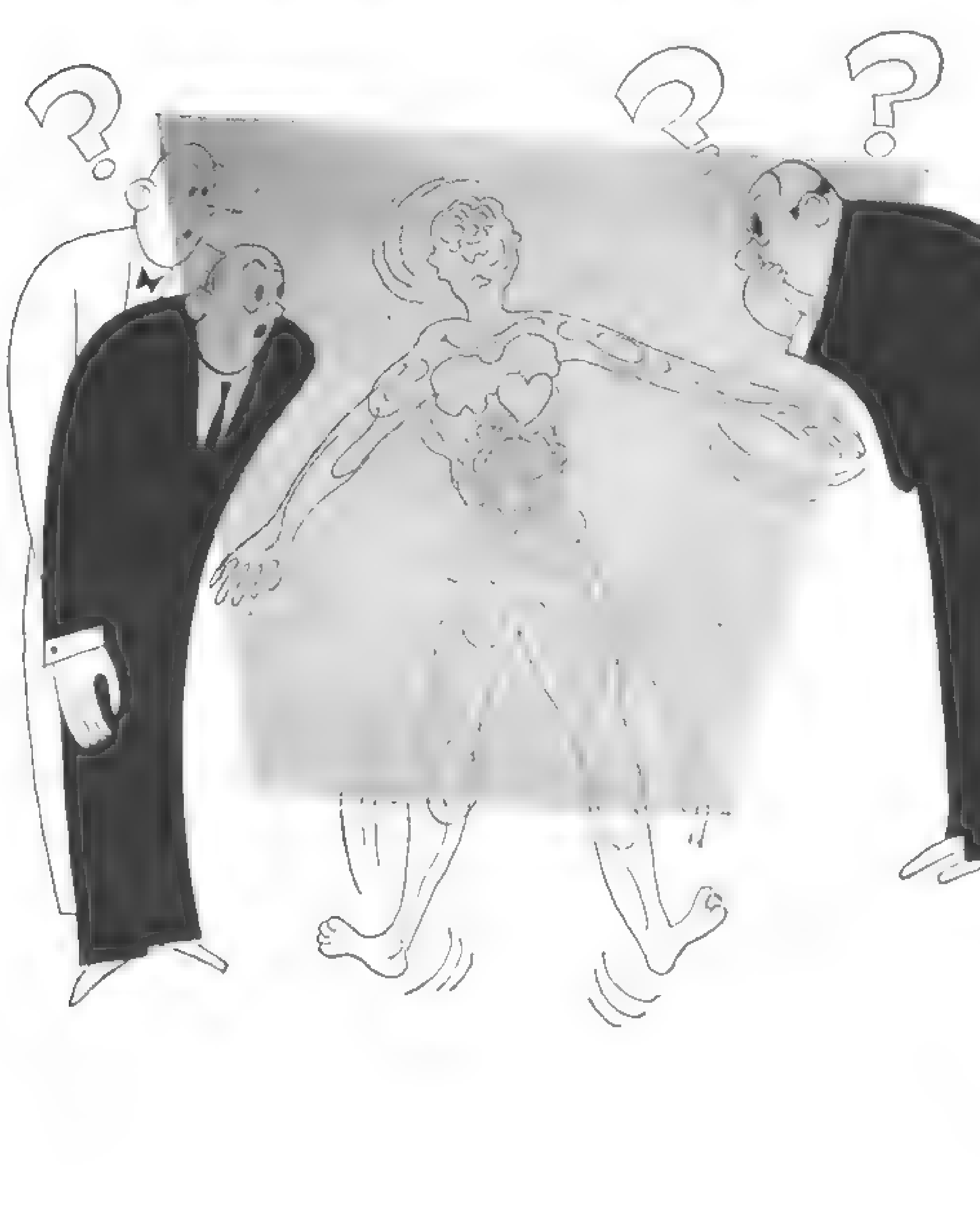
"But in an intimate little night club," said the man.

"You still ain't a girl," said the booking agent.

"Suppose I do a demonstration at a doctors' banquet," suggested the man.

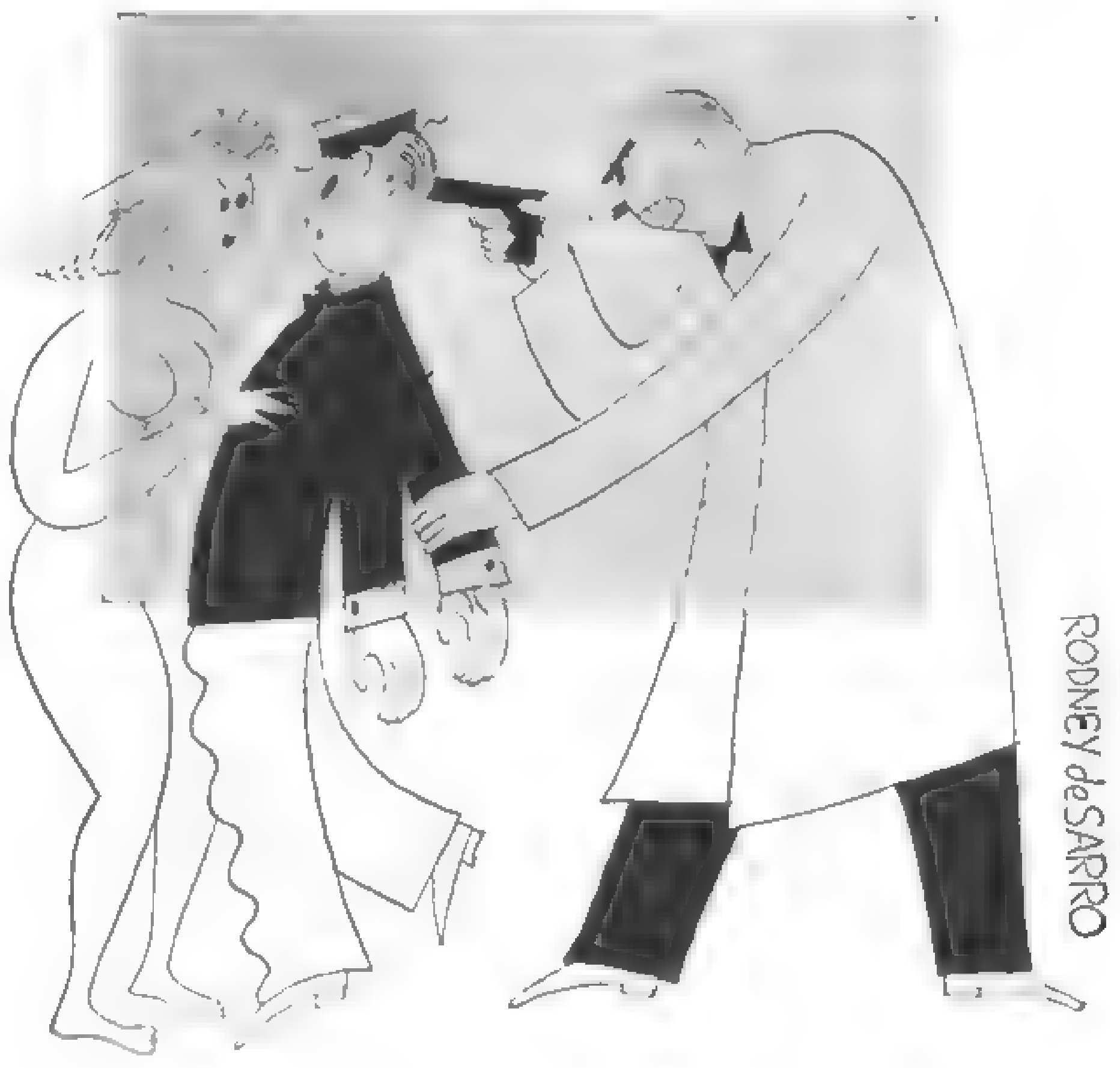
"Money in that there ain't," remarked the booking agent. "Could I live on ten per cent from a handshake? One finger!" He laughed very loud in a gross way that comported ill with the modern decor of his office.

Now the man had become an unemployed actor and his point of view about things changed.



He went into a bar where he sat in a corner. There were several other people in the place. One was a little blonde girl who chewed her whiskey three times before swallowing it, in the daintiest fashion. Then she would make a *moue*, and spit.

She happened to glance at the man and he turned himself inside out. She screamed.



He turned himself back again, with a flip of his coattails.

"Don't be alarmed," he said gently. "We all express ourselves in the best way we can."

"Oh," she said, "it's a fake. That's wonderful. You ought to make money with it. How do you do it?"

The man did not know of course, but he rose to the occasion, reflecting sadly and earnestly that the world of today commanded such deceit.

"It's a trick," he said. "I learned it while traveling in India. First you sit and stare at your navel for a goodish time."

"I'll be damned," said the little blonde girl. "Hey, Joe," she called to the proprietor, "here's a fellow's got a trick for you. He makes you think he turns himself inside out."

Joe came over. He was a man who had served time and could count up to four years by weeks in his head. This gave him an abstracted expression.

"Lessee," he said.

By now the man had repented of his deceit, for it seemed to him that he would never achieve anything worth while in life on the basis of a lie; it was all right to tell a girl a lie, but to tell a man a lie was to enter upon dubious moral ground.

"It's not a trick," said the man. "I really do turn myself inside out."

"Lissen to the ballyhoo," said the girl. "Looka the wonderful dead pan."

"So okay," said Joe. "Do the trick, do the trick."

So the man turned himself inside out, slowly.

"Awright, so you're hired," said Joe. "You do it with trumpets, right on the dance floor, and we'll get a guy in a white coat, he'll stand beside you, he'll make out like he's a doctor, in case you get stuck halfway. What a ballyhoo! Yeh, maybe I'm interested. How much do you want?

"A grand," said the man.

"Okay, okay, don't fight with me. Two hundred bucks and liquor."

"Five hundred," said the man.

"Awright, you're hired, three-fifty," said Joe, walking away fast. "You start tonight."

During all this conversation two sinister figures had been lurking in the background, plastered.

They were a man and a woman, circus performers who had been doing acrobatics in this here bar (which was also a night club, that's how they could hire performers for the night shows, see). Now they faced ruin and they did not like its face.

The man was sardonic and the woman buxom if not comely.

They dropped into seats beside the man who could turn himself inside out.

"It's a tough life for a guy with one trick," said the woman.

"Yeh," said the man, "if you shoot a guy with one trick the world don't lose much."

The man reflected upon these sentences. They indicated hostility. Hostility welled up out of life like a fresh mountain stream, bright and cold; make a better mousetrap than your neighbor and your neighbor gets sore as hell.

"If you sell us the act for five hundred bucks," said the woman, who was the star of the act, "you don't get hurt."

"It is nice not to get hurt," said the sardonic acrobat, "it is nice not to get hurt," as if he were practicing French verbs.

They seemed to be an ordinary married couple, the difference was that the man threw his wife over his left shoulder three times a night, which lent a certain fillip to their relationship.

"It is no trick," said the man who could turn himself inside out. "It is the genuine article. I really do turn myself inside out. I was born that way."

"What way?" demanded the circus lady.

"Or else," said the acrobat.

The little blonde girl, who had wandered away, now came back to the table, weaving. She wove with her hips, a folk art.

"What do these two want from me?" the man asked the blonde girl anxiously.

"They want the act," she said. She seemed to take it very matter-of-factly; a jealous circus performer to her was like the tides. "You

Continued at top of page 132

# The Rubaiyat

**Shunned as a violent and secretive man, Bard was as lonely in companionship as when he'd been in solitary confinement**

### by ROY YONGE

• FICTION •

JEROME BARD had his full growth when he was sixteen. In that year he ran away from the poor farm worked by his father and mother and older brother and hitchhiked and walked his way to a Southern sea coast city, where on sudden impulse he joined the navy. The idea occurred to him as, hungry and penniless, he passed a recruiting sign. He was accepted as twenty-one, for he was tall and raw-boned, with strong sloping shoulders, narrow waist and long tough legs. He was almost inarticulate, but he did not have to say much to join the navy and he could read enough to read with labor what they put in front of him.

He enjoyed the life that followed. For the first time he had enough to eat. The work to him seemed easy; he was amenable and willing in gratitude for what he considered to be the generosity of whoever it was that owned the navy. The food was better than any he could remember, and he had a strong stomach and was not seasick as were most of the other newcomers. He served on a gunboat that was detailed to coast patrol work. It put into port at regular intervals, and with money in his pocket Bard was free to go ashore to do as he cared. He could never remember at first to use the prophylactic tube that was issued according to regulations to enlisted men on shore leave and so he contracted gonorrhea, to be cured of which was painful in the restrictions that it entailed but otherwise not unpleasant.

One day ashore in a Southern port he was drugged in a whore house and awakened to find himself lying in an alleyway, his clothing ripped, the pocket purse he carried gone, his head aching violently. As he came to himself he fell into a rage. He returned to the house in which he had been drugged and robbed, pushed in the door and when the madame came running to him swung at her with the full power of his arm. The blow split her lips and knocked out some of her front teeth. She fell screaming to the floor and the other women ran down. One of them cut Bard's cheek with a knife, but this did not stay him from wrecking the furniture, the mirrors, the bar and the bottles behind it. A petty officer passing the house heard the uproar, entered and commanded Bard to return to order. Bard turned upon him and with one blow broke his nose. The police now arrived and he, struggling, was carried away.

It was admitted when he came to trial that there was some reason for his anger, but the officers of the court could not countenance the method he had taken to express it. There was the matter of his assault on the petty officer and the injuries sustained by the latter, and into the bargain there had been complaints from the citizens of this town of the behavior of men on leave. It was decided to make an example of Bard. He was sentenced to a navy prison for four years.

He did not comprehend what was to be done to him until he was locked into a cell at the prison. He had been robbed and had justly paid his robbers, that was all he knew. He spent the better part of the first day and night hammering on the wall, shaking the bars and yelling. As an incorrigible, he was put in solitary confinement for a month.

A good-natured guard, seeing the effect of the confinement on the prisoner, one afternoon pushed a book through the bars into the cell. Bard picked it up and read it during the last week of solitary. It was a cheap worn copy of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* The words were difficult to learn but, once learned, they gave him pleasure to repeat. When he left the cell they were fastened in his mind.

He thanked the guard who had given the book to him.

"I figured you'd need something down in there. I'd a given you a magazine but they ain't none where I could lay my hands on 'em without it been noticed. I figured it'd be better an none at all."

"It's a poem. I sho' enjoyed it."

"I guess you can find plenty more like it if you want. They's four five rows there in the library."

"They let me read 'em?"

"They ain't no one to stop you, now you out of solitary."

The men worked in the fields from sun up to sun down. The weather was oppressive, the food was coarse and for periods rank; it was thought that someone in the commissary sold the regulation supplies and purchased the cheapest he could find. Bard however could have endured more than he had to endure, not only because he had been brought up in privation but because of the few hours at the end of each day when he could read. And the sun burned his body to the color of leather and the days in the fields added to the considerable strength of his muscles.

It was intensely hard for him to read, it had been necessary to spell out and pronounce the words of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* one by one. But this added to the enjoyment of his reading. Each word was a conquest, and, conquered, it was, he felt, forever his own. His sense of elation increased with his ability to read.

When a sentence was completed and fitted together he would say it aloud, once slowly, then again more rapidly; and as its meaning spread in his mind, beautifully as a flower might unfold, his wide mouth would relax from its concentration with a pleased smile. He pronounced the words in a harsh, unchanging tone.

"This-great-and-beau-ti-ful-land-said-Kim-wa-ving-his-paw-a-round-the-lit-tle-clay-wal-led-room — —"

And with pride he would repeat the sentence a third time.

The objections of the other man in the long barracks-like cell to this unwearying voice did not deter him, and the efforts that were made to stop him forcibly were without success. Bard was savage in defense of his reading and soon he was left to himself.

After six months it was not necessary to read aloud syllable by syllable to get sound and meaning from a line. He could now read, if slowly, in silence. There was a dictionary at the end of the topmost row of books in the library. Bard detected its value and kept it for constant reference beside him.

The assortment of books, a hundred more or less, had been contributed by a benevolent person of a near-by town; purchased in a batch, the range of the library was catholic. There were the *Knights of the Round Table*, Grimm's *Fairy Tales*, *Robin Hood and His Merry Men*, and novels by George Agnew Chamberlain, Rex Beach, Arthur Somers Roche, Owen Johnson, Richard Washburn Child, Robert W. Chambers and Winston Churchill. There were novels by Robert Louis Stevenson, the poems of Longfellow, Whittier, James Whitcomb Riley. There were books about the Rover Boys, the Wanderwell Boys, the Navy Boys and the Army Boys, and Dick Merrifield. There were five volumes of an encyclopedia, a book called *Great Cities of the World*, *Kim* by Rudyard Kipling, *French in Twenty Easy Lessons*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and the First, Second and Third Grade Readers.

Bard proceeded from right to left across the four shelves, reading the books as he came to them. He was aware slowly of a difference between books, in the length of time necessary to read one in comparison with another and in his use of the dictionary. He read the Rover Boys after he had read *Kim*, and the popular novels after *A Tale of Two Cities;* but he would not change the course of his reading, for he had discovered so much through taking down one after another that if he had skipped or gone back he was afraid that he might miss treasures great as those he had found.

A change was noticed in him.

"All right you, here's the water, take a drink if you want it," a guard said to him.

"Mercy."

The man looked at him.

"What you saying, mercy?"

"That's French for thank you."

"Well, God's sake, where'd you learn that?"

"I been reading it."

"That's a hell of a way for you to say

thank you. Leave your bloody French out of here."

One of Bard's rare smiles came to his lips. "Oo-ee," he said.

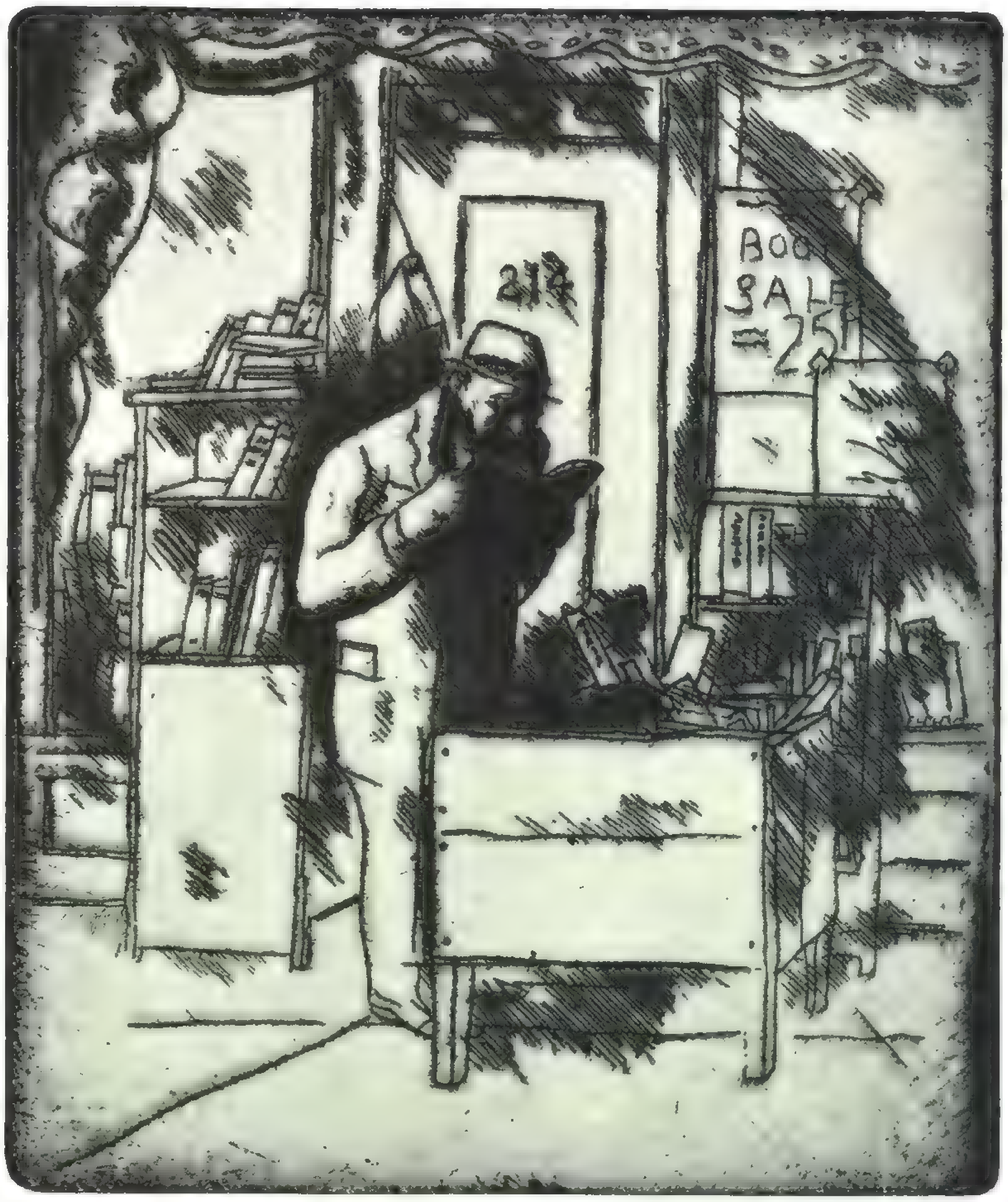
He was in companionship as solitary as when he had been in solitary confinement, left alone as a violent and secretive man. But in the hours after work and in the hours even of the weary days he felt himself to be moving in a world of wonder as he repeated to himself the words of books that told of brave men and beautiful women, of plot and counterplot, of death and love and high endeavor, of kings and warriors and statesmen, of good and of evil. Unashamed before the stare of the others, once on finishing a book he clasped it to him; he pressed the cover to his lips.

His reading became slower as he reached the last shelf. Several months before he was released from the prison he had asked for paper and pencil. He could not resist the impulse that had come to birth and was driving inside him. He wanted to write.

Bard was a young man of twenty-two when he left the prison. He was given a blue suit, a few dollars, a dishonorable discharge from the navy. He had learned from the guard who had given him the copy of the *Rubaiyat* that there was road work being done not far away. It did not matter to him where he worked nor what job he found so long as he could make enough to eat, so long as he could obtain somewhere books to read and paper on which to write. He walked along the dusty road, not looking back to where he had spent almost four years of his youth, his new boots sluffing in the dirt, the bundle containing all he owned swinging from his hand—a safety razor, a cake of soap, a toothbrush, a brown shirt, a pair of socks. He walked fifteen miles that day in a slouching tireless stride, his high-domed head sunk between the sloping shoulders, his bright deep eyes staring at the dirt of the road before him.

He worked with the road gang for five months, at pay of a dollar and a half a day, sleeping in the bunk wagon that was dragged in the wake of the crew's work. He had much to think about, and for that matter speech never came easily to him, and so as in the prison he was left alone. He worked on the grades, stripped to the waist, the muscles of his leathery back corded and gleaming in sweat as he swung pickax or shovel. He ate rapidly at the end of the day, cramming down the food and reading from a book spread beside him as he ate. It was hard to get enough to read as work advanced through that barren country; it was necessary to walk fifteen or twenty miles to come to a town where there might be a store that sold books, a second hand store or a junk shop. The road gang worked until there was no light to see; late, when the others were asleep, in the light of an oil lamp Bard took out his pages of paper, and frowning, his head bent close and his lips parted, he strove to write.

He did not write of what he knew, for to his mind the things that he had known through seeing and living were ugly. He might live in sweat and dirt, but this was not in his books nor would it be in what he wrote. He must write of people such as those that lived in the books, and of the places in which they lived; thus, he thought, he might make such people and such places his own.



ETCHING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

He thought with scorn of the days and months and years before he had been sentenced to the prison, a time in which he had been exactly as the other men of the road gang were. It agonized him when he would go with several of these twice or three times a month to the nearest town for liquor and women. No matter how intense his scorn, how bitter his self-accusation, how strong his shame before the vision his books had formed, he could seldom stay back when on a Saturday night the others left, paid off, a week's wages in pocket. One Saturday he might resist it, staring at the group striding briskly through the dust of their own making down the new path of the road—a tall stooped figure, the sharp face bent forward, the little blue eyes narrowed as keenly they saw past the men to what awaited them. All that was bound in his mind to what he had been and he feared desperately that, yielding to it, it would make him so again.

He would go to his lantern and the bunk wagon, open a book and stare at the pages, or take out the folded sheets of his writing and wet the pencil in his lips. He would be so restless a board's creaking or a night bird's cry would make him jump. He would slam the book to the floor or tear in two the page of writing, and run from the wagon, run down the road, run hard as if in speed of running his mind might be made to think no more. And so, hating himself, and hating himself trying to hurt himself the more, this inevitable coming to town, powerful and sullen, was an experience bound to figure prominently in the reminiscences of the woman fortunate or unfortunate enough, depending upon her constitution and enjoyment or lack of it in her trade, that received him.

He drank enough for two, and looked for fights, as if in the savageness of his blows he might smother the self-accusation continually with him. But the raw liquor he drank and the man or men he fought could not kill it, and as the night advanced he would grow more formidable, the muscles tight in his lean cheeks, his eyes red-ringed and wicked. He would speak more foully than the foulest that he scorned through the week, cover the woman with contempt and attempt to degrade her beyond her degradation.

Soiled and torn, Bard would return the next day over the dusty road to the camp of the gang, long legs swinging in their hitching stride, head bent and eyes unseeing. He would go off some distance from the camp and sit for hours brooding.

He would stir the hurt deliberately. With that money, what books might he not have bought, even perhaps that one for which he prayed, the key that would unlock the words and end the terrible labor of writing.

But he had thrown money and so books away, he was from the dirt and fit only for dirt; and in this condemnation and remorse his eyes would fill and he would rise and seize a stone and hurl it with all his power, and another and another, stooping and flinging until his arm ached. He would stand alone in the night's darkness and vow a resolution to himself and say it aloud and shout it, yell it to the silent fields.

Relieved to some extent he would return to lantern and book and by the next night he could again with pride and hope unfold the crumpled pages, lick the pencil, study what he had written and goad himself to form letter by letter the hard words, syllable by syllable, painfully and slowly to the end of the sentence and the vast end of a page.

One more daring than most approached

***Continued in center of page 103***

# Why Be a Badger?

### Analyzing those slightly infantile business men who become high priests of tennis and golf and the A. A. U.

### by JOHN R. TUNIS

▪ SPORTS ▪

The crowd was milling round the first tee of the Philadelphia Country Club near Philadelphia, scattering slowly along the fairway as the man with the honor jabbed his wooden tee into the ground and stepped back beside his caddie to wait. A tall, blue-eyed, square-jawed figure with grey-black hair came to the front of the tee, and looking at the crowd ahead shouted in a voice that carried far down the slopes.

"Forrre, please . . ."

That's enough. The gallery was all attention. They turned and paused. Round the tee itself the ring stood motionless as Horton Smith or Sam Snead or Johnny Revolta smacked the ball into the distance. The annual Open Golf Championships of the United States had begun. Days of worry for that man with the iron-grey hair have just begun, also.

Archibald M. Reid, president of the U. S. Golf Association, has spent $3,000 of his own cash, a considerable amount of time and much energy all this season, and indeed through other seasons, for the success of this tournament. Why?

What makes him do it? Why does Holcombe Ward, president of the U. S. Tennis Association, or Avery Brundage, overlord of the A. A. U., take the punishment that goes with leadership in amateur sports today? What makes a badger? Why?

For punishment they must absorb. To head an organization like the Golf or the Polo Association means having a separate office to which one must repair several evenings a week merely to keep up with correspondence and current happenings. It means traveling, giving up a summer vacation, staying away from one's family, besides being the butt of every jokester and sports columnist in the country. All for what? Money?

No. Nobody has ever suspected any high official of any amateur sports organization of actual graft. They'd have to be fast workers which they usually are not. Nor would money interest them. For they are men of wealth and position who wouldn't care to chisel. They have to have cash. It probably costs all of them the same amount it does Mr. Reid in his capacity as head of amateur golf in the United States. Mr. Ward gave up his cotton brokerage business last year and now devotes his entire time to the game, coming daily to the offices of the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association in lower Broadway. Here's a $15,000 man donating his services to a sport as he has done now to a less extent for several years.

Even to be on the Executive Committee of the Golf Association is expensive, costing the average member about $1,500 yearly in traveling and incidentals. Why on earth do these men do it? Because they get a kick out of appearing in public with badges on their chests? Because they enjoy getting up front-and-center and presenting cups, because they like to see their names in the newspapers? A few do, but it isn't as easy as that. If some badgers have been avid for publicity and used the game for their own ends, many are retiring men and don't like the public part of the job. They do it, most of them, partly for the power that goes with the position, but mainly because they sincerely love the sport over which they preside. The truth is that badgers are adolescent athletes who've never grown up.

Each sport has its own crowd. The Golf Association men are of a certain kind, the tennis boys another sort of badger, and the A. A. U. officials still different. But they all have one thing in common. They are all slightly infantile business men firmly convinced of the importance of their cause, the value of golf, polo, tennis, or whatever the game is, God's-in-his-heaven-all's-right-with-the-world. Only please don't bring up the amateur rule or anything of that sort because you'll find yourself disliked and considered rude for asking embarrassing questions. Mr. Reid, for instance, is one of the long line of active golfers—Herbert Jaques of Boston whose father was president of the U. S. Golf Association, and Herbert H. Ramsay of New York were two others—who have been high priests of the game in this country. Reid is about 56, looks less, is a partner in DeCoppet and Jacquelin down in the Street, and a typical Yale man. He graduated in 1905, Keys, played and captained the golf team, and has now a son who's a senior at New Haven and a substitute end on the football team. Mr. Reid was born and reared in an atmosphere of golf, for his father who helped found the U. S. Golf Association also organized the St. Andrews Golf Club of Yonkers, N. Y., the oldest continuing existing club in the country today.

Reid not only played at Yale but also in several amateur championships. He calls himself a "Sunday golfer" nowadays but nevertheless shoots the high seventies at Deepdale on Long Island and the National at Southampton. Golf has been fortunate in having men like this to head up the game. Fortunate also in the fact that save for the year when Bobby Jones made his grand slam and the Association took in $55,000, (chicken feed for the A.A.U. or the Tennis Association) there has been no really big gate in golf to make trouble for players and officials alike.

He admits this. But he points out that, "Until recently a man could always make a good living as a golf professional. Possibly that's the reason why golf has not been bothered with the same troubles as tennis." Doesn't the real reason go a little deeper? The Golf Association never permits anyone to be president more than two years. No rule, you understand, it just isn't done. This prevents self-perpetuation in office and does away with patronage and other evils of sporting politics. Moreover when the ex-presidents are out they're out. They sit on an Advisory Committee, not an actively functioning committee as in tennis. Here's an important difference between the two games.

Golf can count itself lucky on having had as leaders so many men who played, understood and were filled with the tradition of the game they represented. Tennis hasn't always been so lucky. Their presidents have sometimes been sporting politicians, sometimes made into politicians by force of circumstances, and frequently more interested in their own social advancement than in the game itself. The overlord at present, however, is not only the best leader tennis has had for years, but like Reid is an old player. While a student at Harvard in 1900, Holcombe Ward was a member of the

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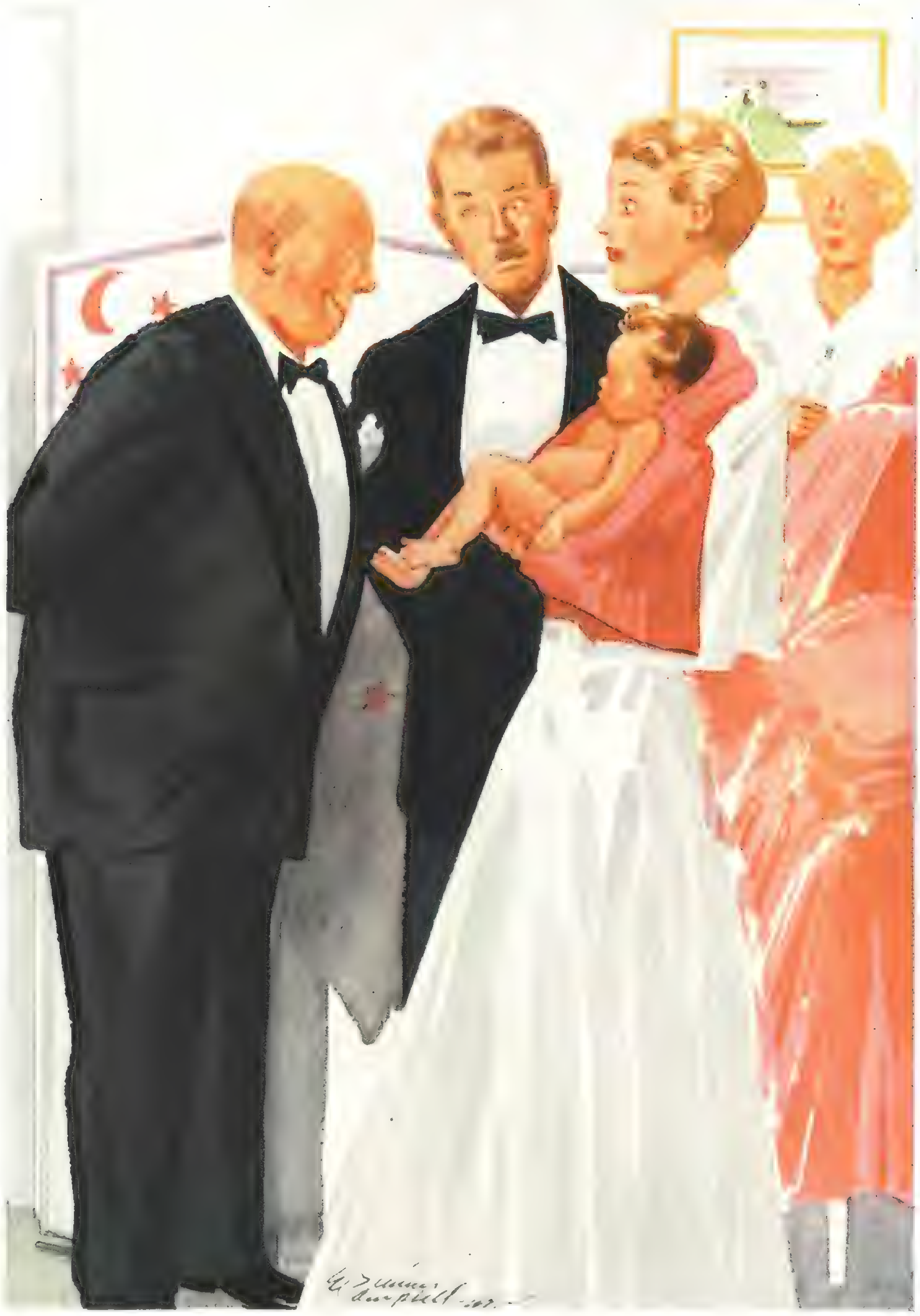
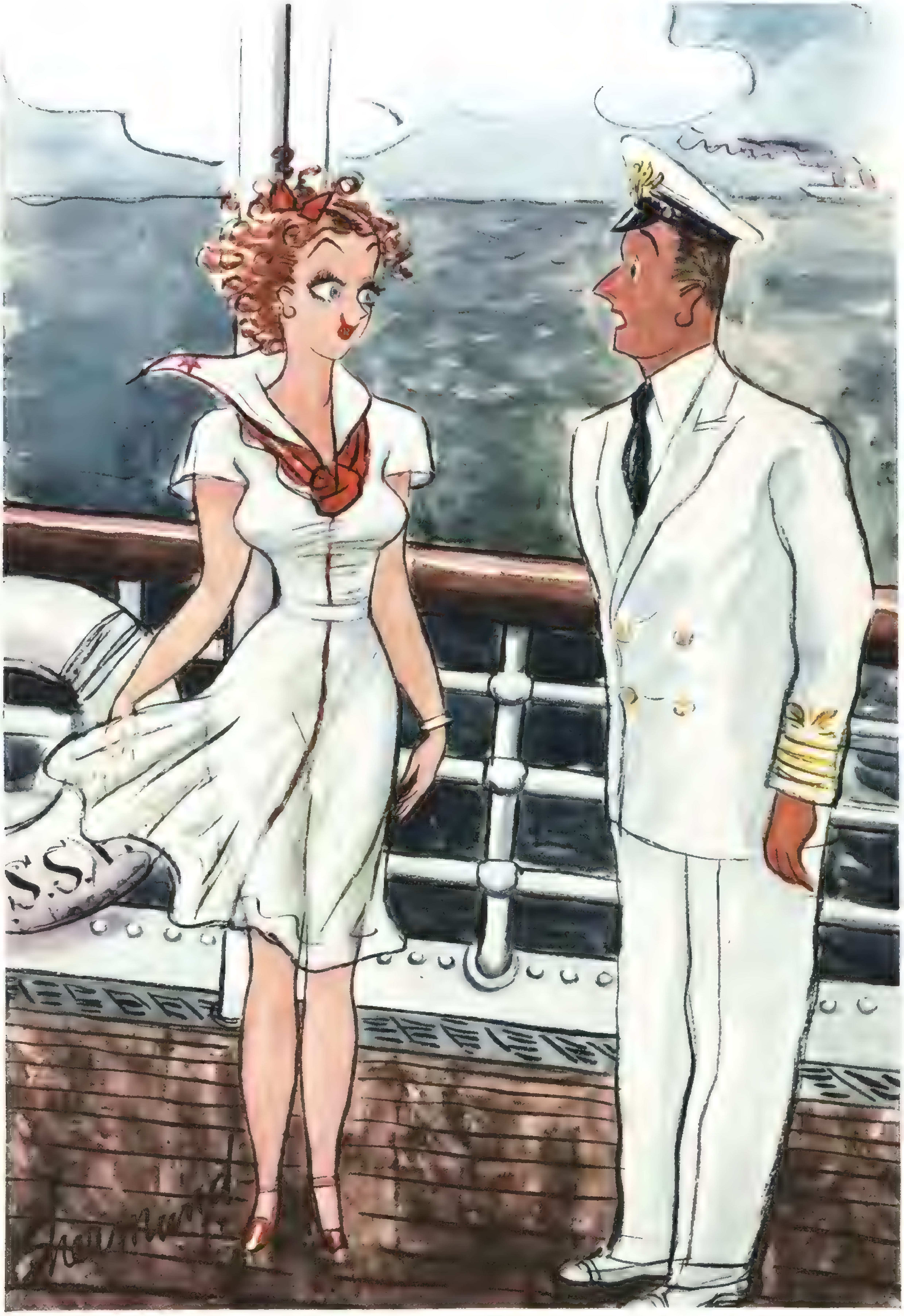


*“H’mm very cute—boy or girl?”*



*"I wouldn't guarantee it, madam, but with 340 male passengers aboard something ought to happen—"*

# Known Treasure's Waiting for You

### There's gold wrapped in glamor in tropical islands, or for ordinary digging, you might try Cincinnati

### by FRANK G. PRESNELL

• ARTICLE •

Buried treasure hunting is among the most fascinating of sports, the most exacting of sciences, and, if you go about it properly, the most profitable of professions. In common with most pioneer industries, it is essentially a speculative enterprise, but one which offers attractive possibilities. Authentic hidden treasures are numerous, and the recovery of substantial sums is more frequent than one might suppose.

Several hundred treasures have been found and reported—it must be kept in mind that the average treasure finder is not avid for publicity—in recent years in the British Isles alone. While the average value of these discoveries is only about $6,000, one treasure was worth well over $1,000,000. Many of the finds were accidental, but others were the reward of deliberate search. Mexico is another rich field. Professor Casco took something more than a million dollars' worth of gold from the Monte Alban tombs in 1932, and while this was, strictly speaking, an archeological discovery, it was, none the less, a profitable one. The magazine *Time* is authority for the statement that: "Most Mexican houses are thick-walled. So frequently have Mexican householders, fearful of pillage, buried their valuables in adobe walls or back gardens, then found themselves unable to return, that it is an established custom when renting or buying old houses, to spend the first week in tapping walls and burrowing in likely corners. Many pleasant discoveries have been made." The state of Oaxaca issues regular treasure-hunting permits, with the provision that fifty per cent of the findings go to the state. Not long ago an American engineer got $75,000 in silver at Torres Junction, Mexico.

Few persons would think of Scandinavia as a good hunting ground for the treasure digger, yet it is one of the best. The old Vikings were professional robbers, prone, in the absence of federally-guaranteed banks, to hide their loot anywhere the digging was not too hard, and apt to get killed before they could recover it. In consequence, each year sees the recovery of anywhere from a few handfuls to several hundred pounds of Viking gold and silver. South America has produced many large finds. One astute Bolivian is now living in luxury in Paris on the Jesuit hoard he dug up near Sucre, and then there is that prize sum of $4,450,784—the figure is taken from the discoverer's tax return—which Garcia Guierez found in Peru. He discovered the Peje Chia, or Little Fish cache of the Incas, but never located the Peje Grabde, or Big Fish, to which there are a number of clues.

The prospective treasure hunter need not fear that the hidden riches of the British Isles, Scandinavia, and South America have been exhausted by earlier searchers. The subsoil of the British Isles is still fertile with great legendary treasures antedating Beowulf, and with Roman hoards, and the coin, plate, and bullion of kings and nobles from the days of John Lackland to Charles I. France offers Pope Urban's treasure at Avignon. Outside the old gates of Nancy is the wealth of King Stanislaus, last of the Polish kings; in and about Paris are the caches of several once-rich and powerful religious orders, and then there is the great treasure of Gourdon, dating from the Norman conquest of the sixth century. Part of this hoard was found a great many years ago, but most of it remains undiscovered. The number and richness of the Scandinavian finds increases year by year, to prove that far from all of the buried treasures have been recovered there. Sound historical evidence indicated that the Spaniards found but a fraction of the wealth of Mexico and Peru, which the frantic native priests dumped into lakes, pitched into caverns, and plugged in tombs.

Of course, when the average person thinks of buried treasure, he means that hidden by pirates, or, more particularly by Captain Kidd. Kidd, however, was no pirate, and the only "treasure" he ever buried was small. Moreover, it was found very promptly. While there have been plenty of genuine pirates, few of the better-known members of the fraternity were treasure buriers.

Sir Francis Drake left several tons of silver in the jungles of Panama, where it awaits discovery, and Blackbeard, the Lafittes, and a few others are known to have hidden much of their loot. With these and a few other exceptions, pirates managed to find other ways of disposing of their ill-gotten gains. Pirate treasure of which we know was left, as a rule, by freebooters of very limited fame—such men as Gibbs, the cheapest of maritime punks, who put 50,000 silver dollars in the Long Island sands just over a century ago, as the records of the U. S. district court attest. Even the vast treasures of Cocos and Trinidad, each part of the wealth the Spaniards sent out from Lima at the approach of Bolivar in 1820, and each worth some $20,000,000, are the legacies of men unknown to fame. The recovery of genuine pirate treasure is rare, because there are few hoards of this nature, but there have been examples of such finds. One "Dad" Collins died in 1920, taking with him the secret of where he got the doubloons he seemed able to grub out of a Florida beach in fair quantities at any time he was not being observed. Recently Roberto Gelpi paid his way through Ohio State University on the proceeds of a pirate treasure he found near San Juan, Porto Rico. At one stage of his career the notorious Blackbeard had his headquarters at Plum Point, North Carolina, and there has been a tradition that he buried treasure there. On Christmas afternoon, 1928, two hunters discovered that during the previous night someone, who has not since come forward to explain the incident, dug on Plum Point a large hole at whose bottom was a small, opened brick vault whose cement floor retained the impression of a metal-bound chest or trunk. A somewhat similar occurrence took place in October, 1926, at Burlington, New Jersey, on the property of Mrs. Florence Stewart, where legend placed another of Blackbeard's caches. It is at least possible that someone, finding documents left by this pirate, has done his modest bit to add to the nation's gold reserve.

The case of Gerald Fitzgerald, of New Providence, Bahamas, is instructive in showing why the total of unreported treasure finds probably exceeds that of the reported dis-

Continued in center of page 152

# Betwixt Life and Death

**Grandpa's body lay in the garret all winter, and Friday nights the young folks came and kicked up their heels**

### by JESSE STUART

FICTION

"Hep me in at the door, Lonnie," says Grandpa to Pa. "Don't be so slow about it. My breath is gone. It jest keeps gettin' shorter. I can't get enough wind to keep me goin'."

"I told you, Pap, about goin' out on a mornin' like this," says Pa. "It's zero weather. Snow is on the ground. The frost is siftin' through the trees like corn meal through a sieve."

Pa took Grandpa by the arm. He hepped him up the steps. Icicles were hangin' to his beard. His beard was whiter than the icicles. It was white as the snow that lay on the January hills. Grandpa's hands were shriveled like a sleepin' black snake is shriveled under the dead winter leaves.

"Take me to the bed, Lonnie," says Grandpa to Pa. "I'm blind as a bat. Think it was th' sun shinin' on the snow that caused it. I looked at the hills for the last time. I looked too long. I'm goin' to leave 'em, Lonnie. It will be jest a matter of time. I'll pass to the Great Beyond before sundown."

"Maybe not, Pap," says Pa. He led Grandpa to the feather bed in the front room.

"Here, Pap, is the bed," says Pa, "now lay down and take a nap and you will be all right!"

"Yes," says Grandpa, "I'll be all right, Lonnie. I'm goin' to take a long nap. I'm goin' to take a long trip. I've got a lot I want to tell you. Bring you up a chear and sit down. I want to talk to you. I've jest finished the deed. I've worked on it all last year. I've jest got it finished in time."

Grandpa grunted as he talked. His long white beard fell down across his vest. His shriveled hands looked blue. Grandpa laid and looked at the ceilin'. He talked fast as his breath would let him talk.

"I got my deed writ out before you got your corn gathered, Lonnie," says Grandpa. "I'll tell you, Lonnie, you can't get no place in this world and let your corn stand out and take the weather until January. A good farmer has his corn in the crib before Christmas. Never but once in my life did I miss gettin' my corn in before Christmas! Your Ma was sick then. I had to wait on her and do all the work. I's just eighty then. You're a young man with health in your body, yet you let your corn stand out in the shocks and the mice eat it. You're a young man at sixty-five!"

"Pap, you ain't had no business being out on a cold day like this," says Pa. "Out without socks on your feet and your shirt opened at the collar!"

"I've done it all my life, Son," says Grandpa, "cut timber that way when the weather was twenty degrees below zero. It ain't hurt me yet. If the good Master had seen fit to let me live four more years I would a-been on His footstool five-score years. He calls for me to come home. I am goin', Lonnie, before th' winter sun sets in the cloudy sky!"

It hurt me to hear Grandpa say this. He'd lived with us since I could remember. Wind blowin' over our house top made a wild sound. Just seemed like it was the lonesomest sound I ever heard. Frost flyin' through the bare treetops and the sun shinin' and the hills looked like big mountains of shinin' silver.

"I'm deedin' you the home place, Lonnie," says Grandpa. "I'm deedin' Jim, Mart, Steave, Cy, Ambrose, and Alf a farm apiece. I didn't have a farm for Liz and Nance. Their men can take care of them. I want the name of Grayhouse to go on. I'm deedin' all my children's children a hundred dollars a piece. I don't want them to save it nohow! I don't want 'em buyin' cattle, sheep, and hogs with it. I am makin' it plain in my will that I want them to buy clothes with it. I want them to come dressed to my funeral! I've got the dresses marked in the 'Wish Book' that I want my granddaughters to buy! I've deeded you boys my saddle horses. No better in the land, Lonnie. I want you to ride to the funeral on these horses. I want the saddles shined. I want the bridles shined. I want the horses to look like they did when I took care of 'em!"

"Will we have time to do this, Pap?" says Pa. "Can we get Jim here from Oklahoma? He's down with the fever you know!"

"I want you to wait until he gets well," says Grandpa. "Keep me here at th' house until the girls can buy their dresses and the boys buy their suits o' clothes! Set a day and bury me. Let it be in the spring when the wild roses begin to bloom in the fence rows! I've never dressed fine enough while I lived. You boys never did. I want my grandsons and granddaughters to dress while they live. I want them to look like they've just come out'n a bandbox."

"I'll try to carry out your plans, Pap," says Pa. The tears streamed from Pa's eyes. Pa wiped his beardy face with his hands.

"Try to carry them out," says Grandpa—"you must carry them out. I am dyin' now. I want you to say you will carry them out!"

"I'll carry them out," says Pa. "I'll do just as you say!"

"Put me in the coffin that I've made," says Grandpa. "Put me up in the garret of this house. I want to stay here long as I can. I was born and raised in this house. I was married in this house. I raised my family here and I will die here before the sun sets today. There will surely be room up in the garret for my coffin until spring! Keep me until Jim gets over the fever and can get here from Oklahoma. I know it is a fur piece he has to come. Be sure to give him plenty of time."

"I'll do it, Pap," says Pa. "I'll do just as you say."

"Have a settin' up a night a week and let the young people come here and have a good time," says Grandpa. "I didn't have enough of a good time when I was a little shaver. Pap worked us too blasted hard. I want my grandchildren to have a good time. That's about all I can think of, Lonnie, just now. I hear the death bells! Have a good time, take care of the horses and hold to the land. I've got it fixed so it can't leave the name of Grayhouse. Let the children enjoy themselves—I'm goin'—on my long trip!"

That's the last Grandpa said. He went to sleep. Died just so easy. I watched Grandpa die. Pa stood by and saw the last breath leave 'im. Grandpa was layin' across the feather bed in the front room. Pa wiped the tears from his eyes. He walked out'n the room. "I can't stand it," says Pa—"just to think Pap changed that way in his old days. I wonder if he was in his right mind."

"Yes, Grandpa was in his right mind," I says. "You know he was in his right mind. He worked until last year. The last thing he did was cut the brush from the fence rows. It took him a year to make the deed. He had so much writin' and so much figurin' to do with all his land, horses and cattle. He had so many to give it to. Grandpa just sees what he's missed in life. He's missed a good time and a lot of fine clothes. I'll take my hundred dollars and buy clothes. I'll dress fit to kill. I'll get me a girl and I'll do some sparkin'. Worked here all the time and I never go anyplace!"

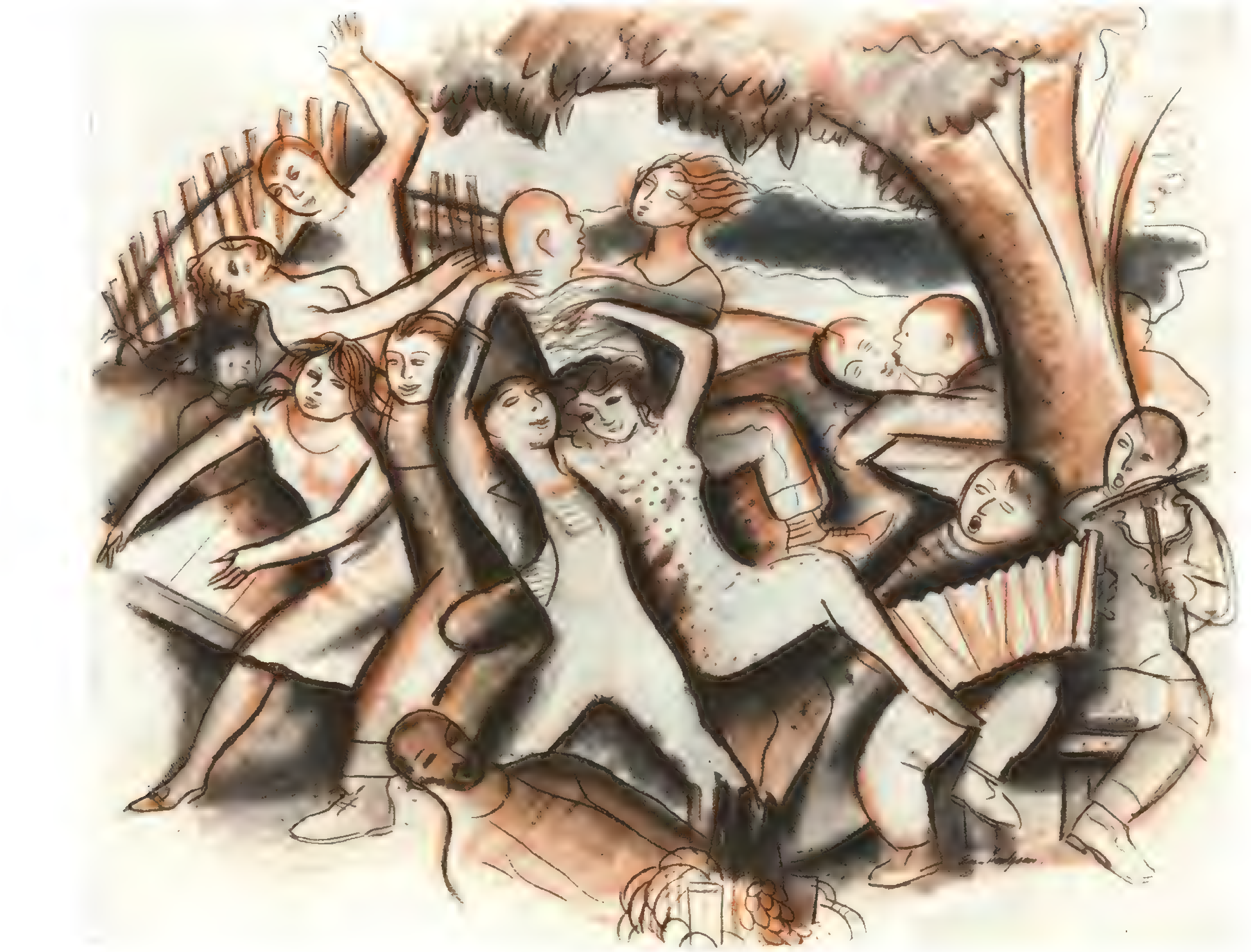
"It'll be all right I guess," says Pa. "Pap jest never teached us like that. He used to make us work. He used to say, 'If you spare the rod you'll spile the child.' He ust to get us out'n bed at night and whop us. W'y he's done more work than any man I know among these Kentucky hills. He's got the land bound up until we can't sell it. We haf to deed it to a male heir by the name of Grayhouse."

"Now you know he's in his right mind," I says, "'r he wouldn't a-done that."

"Son, get on the mule," says Pa, "and go over the deestrict and norate that Pap is dead. When they come tonight we'll read parts of his will and explain to the people that we'll put him away now and bury him later in the spring. We'll bury him when the girls have time to buy their fine clothes and Brother Jim gets over the fever and can get back here from Oklahoma. Th' other children can get to th' funeral anytime."

"All right, Pa," I says, "I'd better tell Ma to come home from Sister Rachel's. I'll tell her Grandpa is dead."

It was a cold time. I saw the sun goin' down like a fadin' ball of fire over the hills beyond



Little Sandy River. "Just as Grandpa said," I thought. "Said he would be a dead man before the sun got down."

I remembered hearing Grandpa say, "When a child is born it is a sunrise. The sun goes up over the sky through the long day. That is a lifetime. Then the sun sets. Man is dead. His work is done."

The wind nearly took me out'n the saddle. The frost flew into my face. It made tears come to my eyes. The wind stung my face. I felt the sting of cold chillin' th' blood in my veins. I rode to every house in the deestrict. I told them to come tonight to the settin' up. When I told Ma that Grandpa was dead she wouldn't believe me.

"W'y he et two eggs for his breakfast, seven biscuits, milk gravy and bacon like he's done for the past thirty years," says Ma. "He drunk two cups of strong black coffee without sugar or cream in 'em." Ma hurried home. Sister Rachel come with her.

When people come to our house through the flying night frost they would say before they got beside the fire to warm, "W'y I'm surprised about the death of Doug Grayhouse. I've been seein' him goin' over the farm every day. It is a big surprise."

They would ask what Grandpa had done with all his money, his land and his fine saddle horses. Pa would tell them he willed it to his children and his money to forty-nine grandchildren. He would tell them he didn't have enough to will to his thirty-six great grandchildren or his five great-great grandchildren.

The first night we sung a few songs. Brother Combs preached a few words. The neighbor men dressed Grandpa—put him in his weddin' suit and put him in the wild cherry coffin he had made. It had been seasonin' fifteen years up in the garret. Pa, Brother Raymond, Uncle Cy and Uncle Alf carried it down from the garret. Grandpa was laid away in his coffin.

"It bothers me to know," says Pa, "how I'm goin' to keep Pap up there. It is all right to keep him up there now in this cold spell. But what will happen when th' spell breaks?"

"I'll tell you how they kept my Pap for forty days," says Washington Nelson. "They put his coffin in a big box and put salt around it. Had about a foot layer of salt all round the coffin. It preserved Pap all summer!"

"Then that would preserve Pap until spring wouldn't it, Wash?" says Pa.

"Oh yes," says Wash. "Ain't no danger o' nothin' when you got a foot of salt around the coffin. You could keep 'im five years up there in the garret like that."

"Then tomorrow we'll make a big box and put Pap's coffin in it," says Uncle Cy. "We'll haul out about ten barrels o' salt from town and put around 'im. That will keep 'im until spring."

The crowd didn't do a lot of laughin' and talkin' until we got Grandpa carried up in the garret. Then the women went to talkin' to one another like nothin' had ever happened. They shook hands and talked about knittin' socks, piecin' quilts and plaitin' rugs. The men talked about farmin'.

Oh, sometimes someone would say: "Doug Grayhouse was a good man. He'll be missed in th' deestrict."

"The Lord kept Doug Grayhouse here for a long time. Must a-had a purpose in mind when He done it."

Just the old people would say things like these. The young people acted just like Grandpa wanted them to act. They had a good time. There was a lot of sparkin' goin' on among us. Gracie Thombs come. I liked her looks a lot. Cousin Willie Grayhouse, Uncle Cy's boy, watched her too. I could tell that he liked Gracie. He tried to set next to her. I got the closest. It pleased Gracie a lot to watch both of us tryin' to get the closest to her.

January was a cold month. Snow laid on the hills. The wind whipped through the lonesome oak tops. It made the sound of a mournful turtle dove. When I heard the wind in the oak tops above the house, it made me feel sad. When I heard the wind in the pine tops I wanted to cry. It made me think of Grandpa. I'd think about Grandpa up in the garret with all that salt around 'im. I'd wonder if Grandpa was a spirit, flyin' about the house like a night owl. I thought he might be a screech owl in one of the oak trees in our barn lot—sittin' there in the cold with his feathers all ruffled up. I'd think Grandpa might be a spirit you couldn't see—that he might be goin' through the big rooms of the house my Great Grandpa built. When I heard the wind I was scared to death. I couldn't help it. It brought Grandpa back to me. I was afraid to go upstairs to bed and to think that Grandpa was only a floor above me. One night I dreamed he come to my bed and patted me on the head. I choked until I couldn't speak to him.

Pa would get Grandpa's will and read a little bit of it every day. Pa would put the will in the trunk after he read awhile in

*Continued in center of page 132*

# Nothing to Worry About

**It's pretty nice when a guy is flang in the can: his clothes, rent and chow is all paid for**

### *by* LOUIS PAUL

▪ SATIRE ▪

"This is pretty nice," the big man said.

"What?" said the little man.

The convicts were taking their Sunday afternoon airing in the prison yard. "This," said the big man. He spread his arms in a gesture of exuberance. "Not a thing in the world to worry about."

"I ain't see how you arrive at that there conclusion," said the little man. "I got so much to worry about I need to work overtime at it."

"Worry is all in the imagination," the big man said.

They marked off a circle with their eyes, then slowly shuffled around and around, thus making a possession of the space. "I guess maybe these walls is a work of the imagination," observed the little man, somewhat annoyed. "Maybe those guards up in them towers is imagination, and them guns they got is imaginary guns. I am glad to hear it. I hope this seven years that judge handed me is imaginary," he concluded with heavy sarcasm, "on account I would like out of here."

"You just think you would like out of here."

"How do you mean I *think* I would like out of here? I oughta know if I want out."

"You ought to. Sure."

"Well?"

"Well, like I'm telling you. It's all in the imagination. This is pretty nice. For instance, take one example. Five o'clock that gong over there is gonna ring. Five-fifteen and we are gonna be in the mess hall stuffing groceries down the hatch. All right. Now supposing you was on the outside. Where is there a gong gonna go off on the outside which means free groceries?"

"Well—" The little man was stumped for a moment. "Well, so they don't have no gong. I'll still take outa here. After all, a guy he don't haff to be thinkin' of his stummick all the time."

"Not all the time," said the big man. "Just between meals."

"I'll take out anyway," the little man said.

"You only think you want out," repeated the big man. "How come you was shoved in the clink?"

"I was framed. We knocked off this here jewelery store, but they never caught us with no evidence. We was framed."

"I know. What I am getting at is, how come you was knocking off this jewelery store?"

"Well," said the little man, provoked, "I wasn't knockin' off this jewelery store fer the exercise."

"You was knockin' off this jewelery store for the dough. Right?" the big man asked.

"How did you guess?" said the little man.

"Okay," said the big man. "And what does a guy need dough for?"

"What the hell do you think!" The little man answered the rhetorical question irritably. "Fer clothes and rent and chow."

"Okay," said the big man. "But instead of getting the dough, why you got pinched and sent up."

"I was framed."

"Okay. You was framed. Anyway, you got sent up. So here they give you clothes and free rent and chow for nothing. Then where's the difference whether you made the grade on that jewelery bust or whether you got flang in the can? It comes exactly to the same thing. That's why I'm telling you this worry is all in the imagination."

"That is all very well," said the little man, "when you say it quick. In the can you are locked up, whereas on the outside you are not locked up. That's the big difference I'm getting at when I say I want outa here."

"And that's where you are altogether wrong," said the big man. "Take for instance another example. Supposing, for example, there really wasn't any walls around this louse palace. Supposing there wasn't any screws with guns up in those towers. It is ten to one that every con in the place would scram hell-bent for the tall timber. And this is just where these same cons would make the mistake of their lives."

"How do you figure that scrammin' fer the tall timber would be the mistake of their lifes?" the little man demanded.

"Because what would happen? They would only be making it easy for themselves to get into some worse trouble than they are already into."

"What is worse trouble being into than servin' seven years in the clink?"

"It is easy to see," said the big man, "that you have no imagination whatever, so I will try to make it very simple. Although you would probably be undoubtedly one of the first cons to scram for the tall timber, just let us suppose for example that you would have sense enough in your brains to stay here and serve your time."

"You mean I'm supposed to suppose I'd hang around here if they wasn't no walls around this place?"

"Yes. While those other cons was on the outside and maybe pulling off jobs for which, on account of it is their second or third offense they are being handed out ten- or fifteen-year sentences, why all the time your sentence would be getting shorter and shorter. Which only goes to show what I told you in the beginning. No matter how you look at it a con is as good off, or even better, with them walls around him. So why worry about them? And if they ain't nothing to worry about, that makes them imaginary. And that's just what I told you in the first place."

The little man shook his head, glancing toward the towers. "Them walls around this place still don't look imaginary to me. What you didn't mention was maybe a lot of them cons would go out into the world and behave theirselfs, and then they would be a lot better off than the cons which didn't have sense enough to scram out when they had the chance."

The big man sighed. "If a con was smart enough to go out and not get himself into trouble he would of been teaching a class in Sunday School in the first place instead of robbing jewelery stores or busting open safes."

"That may be true for all I know," said the little man. "But they is maybe millions of guys on the outside workin' rackets twice as raw as stickin' up jewelery stores or bustin' open safes, guys which is too smart to get theirselfs into trouble. They ain't teachin' no Sunday School neither. How do you figure it is fair for us turkeys that we are so simple and upright we go and let the law put the frame on us and get locked up in the clink, while they let all the smart workers go loose? How do you figure that?"

"It's just what I've been trying to explain to you," said the big man. "If a con ain't wise enough to keep in a nice clean racket and work himself up to a position of respect, why then the place for him is in the clink. A guy like that, the fact of the matter is, he is just too dumb and too soft to keep up with the competition on the outside. Therefore the

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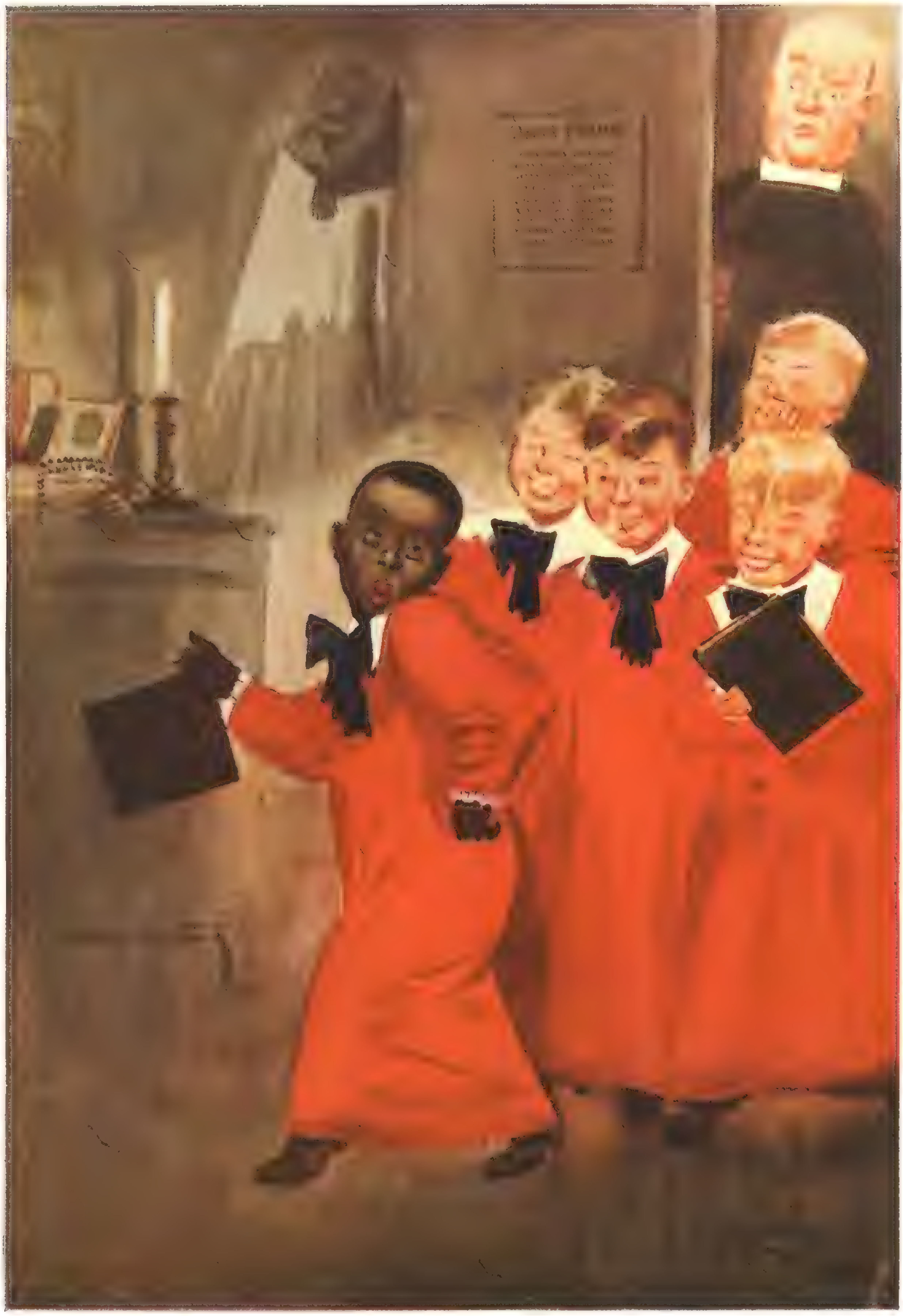

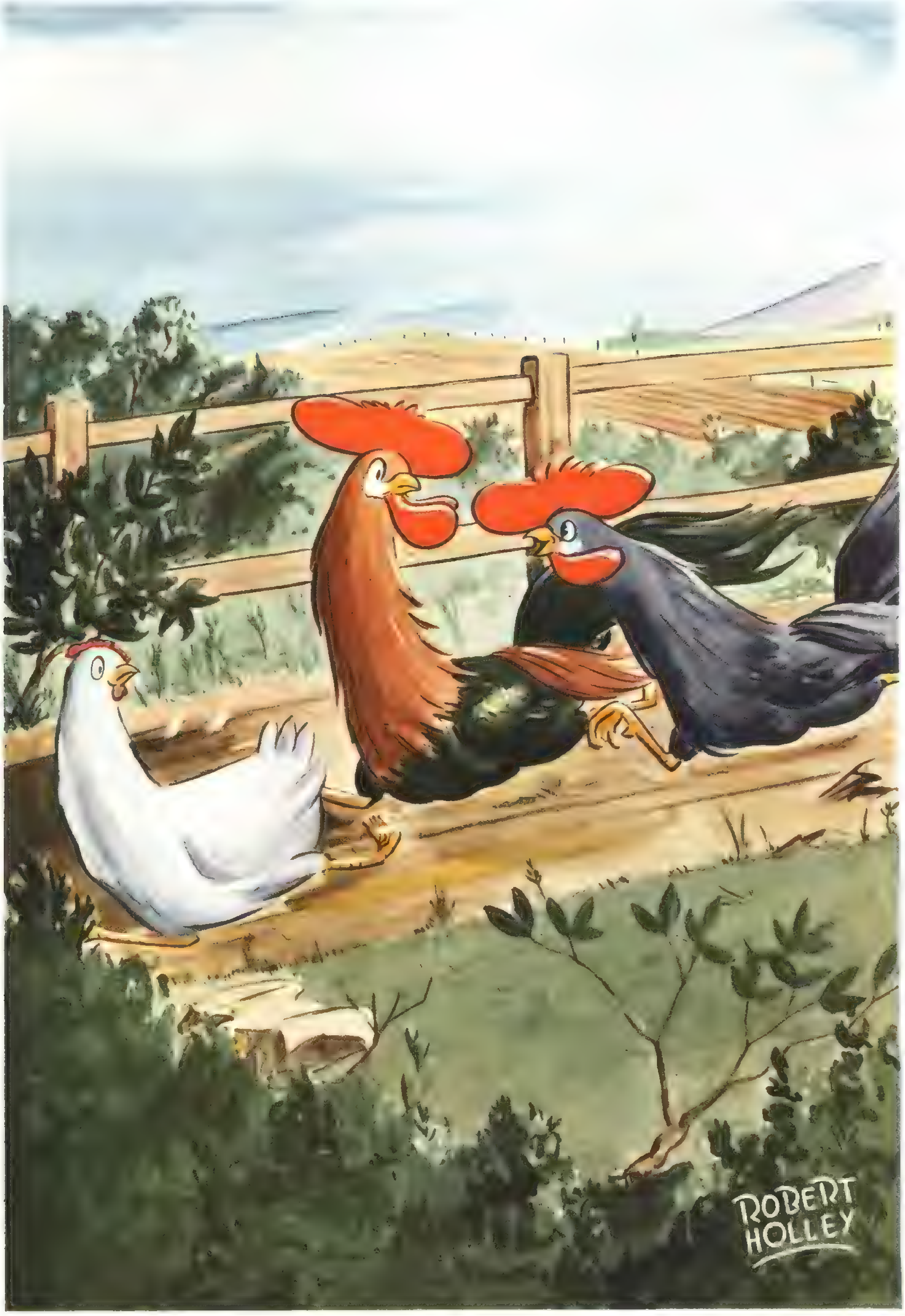
ROBERT HOLLEY

*"What's up?"*

# Big Trout Are Like That

**It was a shock, fishing that small stream, when out from the depths of the roots came the torpedo rush of a three-pound rainbow**

### *by* K. N. A. TAYLOR

• SPORTS •

After an angler has fished a number of years, a few victories (and defeats, too) stand out in his memories. While some of his victories may not have been large fish, circumstances of the taking overshadow the actual size of the catch.

Most anglers will agree that, after accumulating a store of fishing lore, there is much they do not know about trout; and they have a great deal of respect for them in regard to their wisdom and caprices.

It has always been the writer's opinion fish can think. Some trout have shown me a quick wit that sometimes leans toward our way of thinking. I recall a certain trout that I never did get, though I clashed with him on a momentous occasion.

In the West, much fishing for trout is done with salmon eggs. This bait comes ready to use, and it is prepared in small jars and cans.

The eggs are of such size they are used singly as a lure. A small Number Eight hook, made especially for egg fishing, is used and generally a long light leader. And this brings me to the story of the smart trout.

On a small stream that winds through the foothills of Sonoma County, I sat one afternoon. It was well along in the late summer and most of the fishing had been done for the season. It was my weekly wont to steal over to it of an evening and cast a fly or sink an egg to take a few trout for the pan.

I had squatted down under the shade of a venerable old laurel and was wiping the perspiration off my brow. I had fished a mile and the results had been poor. I had come a little early this time and the fish were still deep down. I rested, waiting for the evening shadows to lengthen.

The bank sloped sharply down to the water. The pool was a dammed one and a good two hundred yards long, in some spots perhaps ten feet deep. Under me, the gnarled roots of the giant laurel were braided into a tangled mass. Two huge redwood stumps lay dark and deep in the lower end of the hole. Gnats flickered on the surface and a school of steelhead fingerlings plucked them down here and there, while water boatmen skittered along unmolested.

Out of pure idleness I attached a salmon egg hook to my leader, put on an egg and split shot and let it sink down through the roots of the laurel. It rested on the bottom and a tiny trout grabbed it. He carried the tasty morsel around, tugging and pulling with all his two-inch strength. Then I saw him dart away and a fair sized fish, for the stream, about seven inches, grabbed the egg. I hoisted him slowly to the top and then, out of the depths of the roots, came the torpedo rush of a three-pound rainbow, hell bent on getting a hunk out of the hooked trout!

Now a ten-inch trout is a big fish for this small stream, so when a three-pounder shows up that's a shock. What sangfroid I had was instantly destroyed. I stood trembling as I watched the vari-hued creature break the water into a thousand crystal parts. It was a good minute before the surface of the pool went back to its peaceful quietude and I recovered my senses.

Before good roads had opened up every nook and corner of almost all trout streams in California, this creek held many of these large trout. I didn't think I'd ever see another in its pools. But here was one, hidden away, stealthily growing day by day, under an out-of-the-way place where you would not think a trout could breathe. Whether he had worked himself down to the deep water of the dam, or whether he had always been under these stumps, was hard to tell. But here he was, ready for anything, and I wondered if I could take him on my frail rod. Surely I was at a disadvantage on the steep bank and he would bend the rod under me like a whip. But I had no other choice. Trying to keep the rod from quivering, I rebaited and lightly dropped the hook down again among the dark roots.

In the interim before the bait touched bottom I thought anything might happen and was ready for it, but I saw it sink and settle down in the same spot where the tiny trout had played around with it. Afraid too much agitation of the bait might disturb the big fellow I let it lie as it was. He might have seen it, I thought, and might be eying it from under the bank, readying himself for a swift lunge at it.

I stood tense for action, my eyes glued on the hook. Nothing was around it, now even the baby trout had gone and the pool lay quiet as only a woodland pool can be.

For several minutes I let the eggs lie on the bottom, then slowly pulled them up. Again I dropped the bait down and saw it glide to the bottom without a sign of the trout. Maybe he had seen me in his mad rush for the hooked trout I had taken a while before, I reasoned. I made repeated casts without raising him. Next time, he wouldn't get a chance to see me first; I'd sneak up on that spot, ease the eggs softly into the pool and . . .

I pulled the eggs out of the water for the last time and stood watching the pool. The little trout that had been a pest a while before had returned and was darting around where my eggs had lain. Then a mud turtle ambled along, craning his neck about and a couple of sticklebacks butted into the scene. The little trout made a dart at them and they dodged his punitive rush. The turtle stopped just below me, looking up at me.

I had a few eggs left in my jar, not enough to keep, so I tossed one into the pool, watched it sink down to the trout, the sticklebacks and the turtle. Suddenly I saw them all scurry off and then, first, I saw the big head of the rainbow, then his big body emerge from the roots. Slowly he swam toward the egg and opening his big mouth, swallowed it and glided back whence he had come!

Again the rod jittered in my hand! The old boy was still open for battle! And he knew an egg without a hook when he saw it!

I waited a small interval, then tossed in another egg. As before, out he came and took it, blithely and gracefully.

I'd fool him now. Hadn't I fooled many of these sly old customers before? This would be a simple matter—just remove the sinker from my leader so the bait would go down like a free egg and I'd have him.

Nervously I fumbled at the clinched split shot with my pocket knife, got it off finally, baited again and dropped the hook in. Down it went, pretty slow without the sinker this time and rested as before. There it stayed. And the big fellow stayed where he was. Luck-

*Continued on page 171*

# Divorces That Are Not Divorces

### You may be legally remarried in New Jersey, but cross the state line to New York, and you're living in sin

### by HARRY HIBSCHMAN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

"UNQUESTIONABLY," said Surrogate Smith, of Richmond County, New York, in 1935, "the decedent and the respondent were husband and wife in the state of New Jersey." Yet, in spite of that positive finding, he held that the woman was not the man's widow in New York and not entitled to an interest in his estate.

The facts on which this strange ruling was based were these: In 1898 the woman referred to as the respondent was married in New York to a man by the name of Gustav Cotter. She lived with him in that state until August, 1923, when, "having been driven from her home by said Gustav Cotter," to use the words of the honorable Surrogate, she took her children and moved to Bayonne, New Jersey. Four years later she obtained a divorce in that state on the ground of cruelty and within a few months married one John F. Ferry, who had induced her to sue for the divorce and had supplied the funds for the suit. They lived in New Jersey for about a year and then moved into the state of New York, where they lived together as husband and wife until his death in 1934. As he left no will, she applied for and was granted letters of administration; but a son of the husband by a prior marriage came into court and asked that her letters be revoked on the ground that her divorce from Cotter was invalid and that as a consequence she had never been legally married to the decedent Ferry. It was in passing on this application that the Surrogate made the ruling referred to and used the words quoted, thus holding that, while legally Ferry's wife in the state of New Jersey, she had never been his wife in the state of New York and was, therefore, not entitled to any interest in his estate.

Let it not be supposed, however, that Surrogate Smith was the inventor of the legal rules applied in this case. On the contrary, he was but following numerous precedents, some established by the highest court of the state. The results in a number of earlier cases were in fact even more monstrous than in the Ferry case, children by the second marriage being declared illegitimate and deprived of all interest in their father's estate, though their legitimacy could not have been questioned elsewhere, and wives being left propertyless and homeless and without support.

The basis of these decisions is the doctrine that only the state in which a married couple have their matrimonial domicile has the power to sever the marriage relationship and that the attempt of any other state to do so is a nullity.

Theoretically, marriage is a civil contract in the United States; but the courts have ruled that marriage, once consummated, results in a status that is subject to control by the state and cannot be altered at the mere will of the parties. The courts, in short, refuse to treat marriage as a contract except in a very limited sense. And so a suit for divorce is not a mere personal action between a man and a woman. It is looked upon, instead, as an action involving a thing—what the law calls an action *in rem*. Such an action can be maintained only where the thing—*res*—is located. A New York court cannot determine the title to land located in the state of Pennsylvania, and a Pennsylvania court is without power to foreclose a chattel mortgage on a horse in New York; but a New York court has power to foreclose a chattel mortgage on personal property in New York and a Pennsylvania court has power to determine the title to real estate in Pennsylvania regardless of the residence of the parties in interest.

Though the so-called *res* in a divorce suit is manifestly a mere make-believe sort of thing, it is, nevertheless, the key to the attitude of the courts towards decrees of divorce entered in the courts of other states or other countries. They hold that the marriage thing cannot be moved about unceremoniously or indiscriminately. It belongs and remains in what the state calls the matrimonial domicile, and that in turn is chosen and fixed by the husband. If then a couple have their home in New York, that is the place where the *res* of their marriage is located and hence the only place where there can be any binding litigation regarding it. The husband may, of course, decide to move to some other state; and, if he does so in reality and in good faith with the actual intention of changing the family domicile, the new state becomes the state of the matrimonial domicile and, therefore, the state in which an action involving the marriage relation may be legally maintained, though that state be Nevada, U. S. A., or Sonora, Mexico.

Whether in such a case the wife goes with the husband or not is not the deciding factor. The matter is one of intent and good faith. So if the husband goes to the new state only for the purpose of procuring a divorce and with the intention of then returning to the former state, he does not in fact change the matrimonial domicile and the courts of the state to which he goes do not acquire jurisdiction over the subject or *res* of the marriage. That remains in the original state. In some states the courts hold that the wife may establish a separate domicile where she has just cause to leave her husband; and she may also have good ground for refusing to accompany him when he leaves the original matrimonial domicile. In such cases the wife may legally prosecute an action for divorce in the state of her own bona fide residence. The courts of the state of New York are particularly strict in holding that the citizens of the state cannot carry the matrimonial domicile to other states or countries for temporary purposes and in refusing to recognize the right of the wife to establish a separate domicile in some other jurisdiction for divorce proceedings.

That explains why Surrogate Smith found it impossible to give force and credit to the divorce of the Cotters entered in New Jersey and felt constrained to reject the claims of the former Mrs. Cotter to a widow's interest in the estate of her second husband, Ferry. The Cotter matrimonial domicile never was in New Jersey but always remained in New York, according to this line of legal reasoning.

In the light of such a decision and the reasons for it, as outlined, it is easy to see that most of the divorces so blithely and carelessly obtained by New Yorkers during recent years in Nevada, Arkansas, Florida, and other states, and in foreign countries like France, Mexico, and Latvia, are bound to be held invalid by the courts of New York.

Only a few years ago, for instance, Surrogate Foley considered himself bound to render a decision in complete accord with the conclusion of Surrogate Smith in the Ferry case. The matter under consideration was the disposal of the estate of Frank C. Hart, the millionaire oil man killed in an airplane crash in Arkansas in the winter of 1935. The first wife, whom Hart had attempted to divorce in Nevada, successfully attacked his purported marriage to a second wife and was awarded a third interest in his estate, the Nevada divorce being held void. And in two other recent cases two New York husbands who had obtained divorces in other states, one in Ohio and the other in Virginia, were held liable by the Court of Domestic Relations for the support and maintenance of their wives in New York in spite of their pretended decrees, the court ruling that these decrees were invalid for the reason that the husbands had never become bona fide residents of the states named and had never ceased to be residents of New York.

As to decrees obtained in foreign countries, when the clerk in charge of marriage licenses in Brooklyn a few years ago refused to issue a license to a man by the name of Alzman on the ground that he was not a single man, though he presented a decree issued by a Mexican court with the consent of his wife, the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court sustained him in his refusal, saying: "The petitioner claims that under the laws of Mexico residence is not necessary. Perhaps it is not; but the trouble with this argument is that neither Mexico nor any state in Mexico ever had jurisdiction of the parties or the subject matter and could not obtain jurisdiction by legislation without the consent of

AQUATINT BY WILLIAM SHARP

the state where the law is allowed to operate. Since the petitioner and his wife, residents of this state, were married and continued to reside here, they are subject to all the laws of this state. Therefore, in procuring the Mexican decree of divorce they violated the law, the procedure and the public policy of this state, and the decree of divorce is invalid."

The Court of Appeals of the State of New York, the highest court of the state, had previously reached a similar conclusion in another case, stating flatly, "The pretended Mexican divorce is a nullity and, consequently, so is the pretended Connecticut marriage."

The cases cited thus far are all from New York courts. It must not be thought, however, that they alone refuse to recognize the validity of divorces obtained in violation of the rule that a court, to enter a binding decree, must have jurisdiction of the subject matter or *rem*, that is, the marriage relationship, as well as of the parties. As a matter of fact no state has totally disregarded or rejected this rule, though some are more liberal than others in determining what constitutes a bona fide residence and in permitting a wife to establish a domicile apart from that of her husband.

Nevada divorces have accordingly been held invalid in the District of Columbia and in many other states besides New York—for example, California, Connecticut, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Texas, and West Virginia; Alabama decrees have been held invalid in Mississippi, New Jersey and South Carolina; Arkansas decrees, in Mississippi, New Jersey and Texas; California decrees, in Massachusetts and New Jersey; Colorado decrees, in California and Pennsylvania; Florida decrees, in New Jersey and South Carolina; Georgia decrees, in South Carolina; Illinois decrees, in Iowa, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; Maine decrees, in Massachusetts; Mississippi decrees, in South Carolina; North Dakota decrees, in Massachusetts, Minnesota, Pennsylvania and New Jersey; Pennsylvania decrees, in California; South Dakota decrees, in Connecticut; Texas decrees, in Oregon; Utah decrees, in Massachusetts and Texas; and Virginia decrees, in New Jersey and the District of Columbia.

To take a few typical cases:—

In a case decided in the District of Columbia a few years ago, the wife was before the court seeking a divorce, and the husband set up as a defense a decree entered in his favor in Nevada in a suit in which his wife had duly filed an appearance. The Court of Appeals rejected this proposed defense, saying with reference to the Nevada divorce: "The decrees so casually granted by a few of our state courts to sojourners, tourists and birds of passage have no extraterritorial validity or effect in the District of Columbia."

In a similar New Jersey case the husband pleaded a property settlement as well as a Nevada divorce; but the court held against him and entered a decree for separate maintenance in favor of the wife.

In a Colorado case the wife had the husband cited for contempt of court because of his alleged failure to pay alimony due under a separate maintenance decree previously entered in her behalf. The husband tried to purge himself by showing that he had obtained a divorce in the state of Montana subsequent to the entry of the Colorado decree for separate maintenance. The court found the Montana decree void and held him subject to punishment until he paid the arrears due his wife under her decree.

In a Connecticut case the husband was being prosecuted for non-support and interposed the defense that he was not any longer the woman's husband as evidenced by a decree of divorce rendered in Nevada. The court rejected that defense with the comment: "The extraterritorial validity of the Nevada decree and hence its sufficiency as a defense in this action, is dependent upon the good faith of the husband in taking up his residence in that state. If that residence was colorable only, the foundation of jurisdiction for all extraterritorial purposes was gone, and so far as our own state is concerned, the marital status was not dissolved by the Nevada decree."

And in a Vermont case decided by the Supreme Court of that state less than five years ago, a husband who had obtained a Nevada divorce and then remarried was held to have been properly prosecuted and convicted of adultery in spite of the Nevada decree.

Mexican divorce decrees have been judicially condemned in the District of Columbia, and in the states of Alabama, California, Connecticut, Illinois, Iowa, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, as well as in New York.

The Mexican decree involved in one of the New Jersey cases was a typical sojourner's decree. It was obtained in a suit started by the husband while on a three weeks' visit to

*Continued at top of page 144*

# The Old Man's Odyssey

### He battled his way to the Corner in spite of wild beasts and fierce men, the elements and the wiles of a siren

### by HOWARD WOLF

FICTION

This was The Day. The old man suddenly recalled that as he sat on the bed edge, slowly and conscientiously pulling up one baggy old trouser leg over one skinny old limb. "Just let her try an' stop me," he muttered malevolently. "I'd like to see anybody try an' stop me. Guess I ain't a-goin' today! Oh, no! An' if she thinks she's a-goin' to stop—"

The muttered monologue continued as he bent perilously to pant-leg two, creaked erect to maneuver galluses over shoulders, buttoned the fly with great deliberation. Shuffling to the washbowl he stuck out his tongue at the ostentatiously placed cake of soap, flirted a dribble of water at his face and assaulted the hanging towel with much unnecessary sputtering and blowing. It was heard below stairs. It was designed to be.

"That you, grandpa?" came the expected Voice. "That's right. Wash nice. And don't forget the ears." The old man made a face of disgust, loosed a bronx cheer, very softly, and fortified by his secret knowledge of his secret gibe, went clumping down the steps in measured descent to that Terrible Woman, wife of his son's son.

"Let's see those hands," demanded this bustling, masterful one.

Obediently, the old man showed them. The ejaculation was uttered with the customary horror, the comments with the customary satire and irony, the command to march-right-over-to-the-kitchen-sink with the customary peremptoriness.

"Ain't a-goin' to do it," said the old man.

"Not one bite of breakfast till you do," replied the tyrant.

From the kitchen table drifted the scent of sausage, hot cakes and coffee. The old man made his way to the sink. Picking up the soap, he whirled suddenly about. The intent was to catch her gloating. Instead, she was heaping hot cakes on his plate. Mollified, the old man turned to his task.

"I'm comin' as fast as I kin, ain't I?" he demanded. That was to preserve his self-respect.

Replete long later, he tongued the last of the syrup from his lips, chin and mustache. And called for his overcoat, his cap and his brown, gnarled cane, the third leg that had come to fit so familiarly into his brown, gnarled hand.

"That will be enough of that," said the Terrible Woman. "You're not going up to that old corner today."

All the old man's rooster blood boiled to the surface. "Ed said I could," he screamed. "Ed said I could today." He thumped the table with his knuckles. "Night before last he said it, an' you heard him. You heard him!"

"So Ed is a weather prophet now" (scornfully). "And you're to go out in that raw wind and catch your death of cold" (bitingly). "And I'm to work and slave and dance attendance on you after all I've been through working and slaving and nursing these last two months just because you *would* go out on a day no more suitable than this" (self-pityingly). "Now you waltz right into that living room and listen to all those nice radio programs you like so much only you're too stubborn to admit it" (imperiously).

Tears came to the old man's eyes and cut the argument short. Not for anything would he have had her see them. Stumbling, he made his way into the living room. And with the radio going full blast, sat for a time in his easy chair indulging in outright blubbering.

For two months he hadn't been able to make the daily adventurous expedition around which he had built his life through the eighties and on past his ninetieth birthday. For a month he had nightly pestered his grandson for permission to resume his chartered hazarding. Two nights ago Ed had admitted full convalescence and agreed to his faring forth if he would wait another day. And now That Woman—

A last sniffle. The old man couldn't keep on being heartbroken. In spite of himself he was being caught up by the wireless serial. Let's see now, this would be the *Oleo House* continued story sponsored by the Better'n Butter people. The chirpy voice would be pretty Kitty Clancy's and the deep one that of the gypsy kidnaper. Not quite up to *The Solitary Ranger* but, for a morning program, it would do. The old man settled back to enjoy it, remembering to register disgusted boredom, however, whenever his foe swished through the room in going about her business of housekeeping.

An hour later he was listening with somnolent satisfaction to the *Crackerbox House* program sent out by the Reduso Wafer folks. Just as the gypsy kidnaper advanced on pretty Katey Kelly the aristocratic voice of the lady announcer took it away. "Do you have easy chair spread?" the cultured accents condescended. The old man snorted and came to himself. He heard the water running in the bathroom.

Moving with an astonishingly light-footed agility, he crossed to the hall, lifted overcoat, cap and cane from the rack and eased himself out the front door. Not until the hedge was between him and the house did he pause for the long and involved struggle of getting himself into the coat. Tilting the cap at a rakish angle then, he gave the stick a preliminary twirl and launched himself towards the delights of The Corner four and one-half long blocks away.

Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle went the hardly-lifted shoes in a noise as of miniature side-wheel steamers. Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle went the old man. As cocky as they come, he showed in the glory of ten o'clock sunshine, making his way west on that spring morning. The cap was jaunty, the head carried at the perkiest of angles, the walrus mustache drooping not sadly but with the incongruous air of something pasted on for a masquerade. The old man was humming *Loch Lomond* and swinging it.

Down the curb he went and in unconcerned slow scuffle across the intersecting street. A speeding motorist bore down upon him in smug and righteous satisfaction over possessing the right-of-way. The old man never missed a shuffle nor did he deign to turn his

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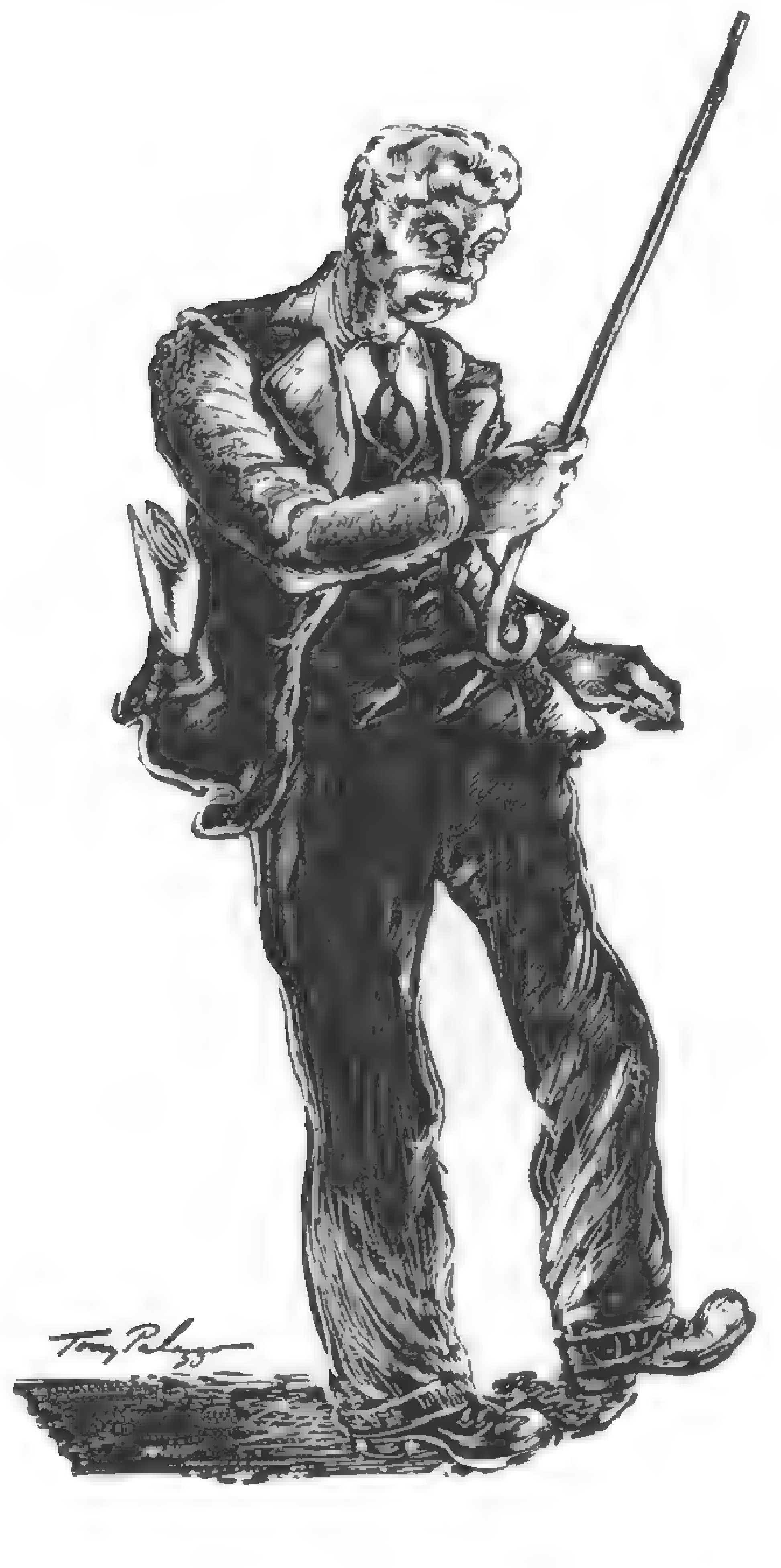
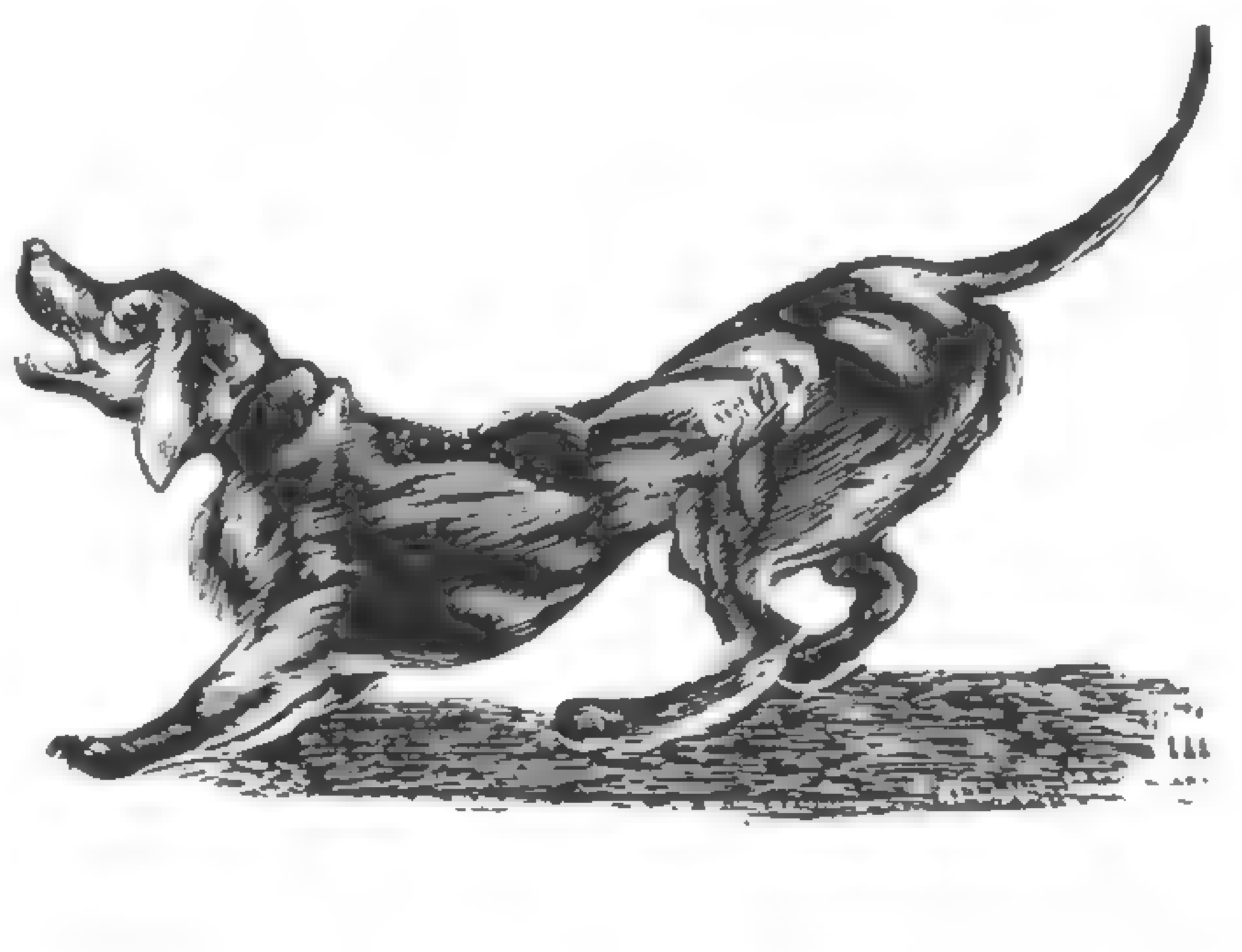
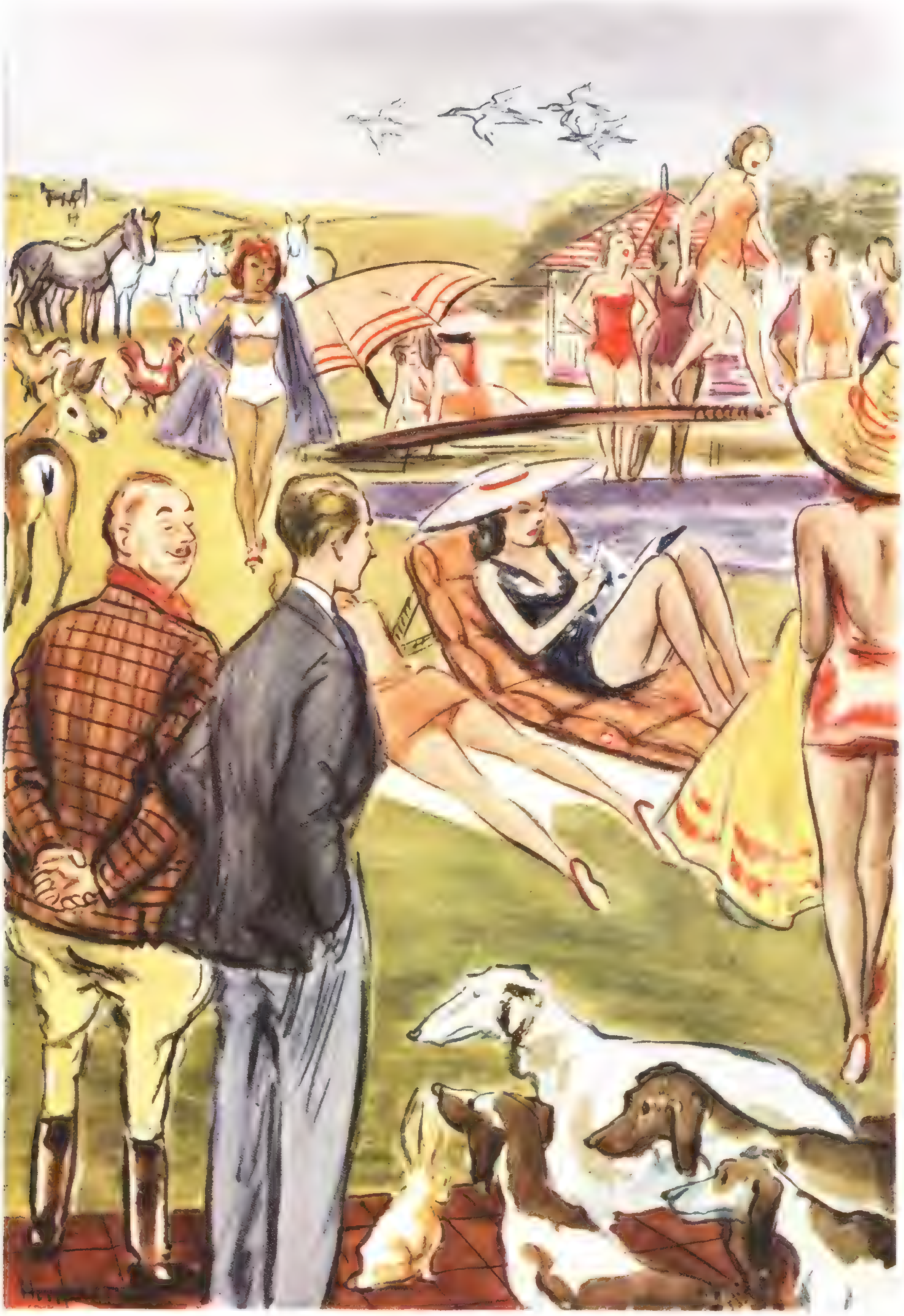
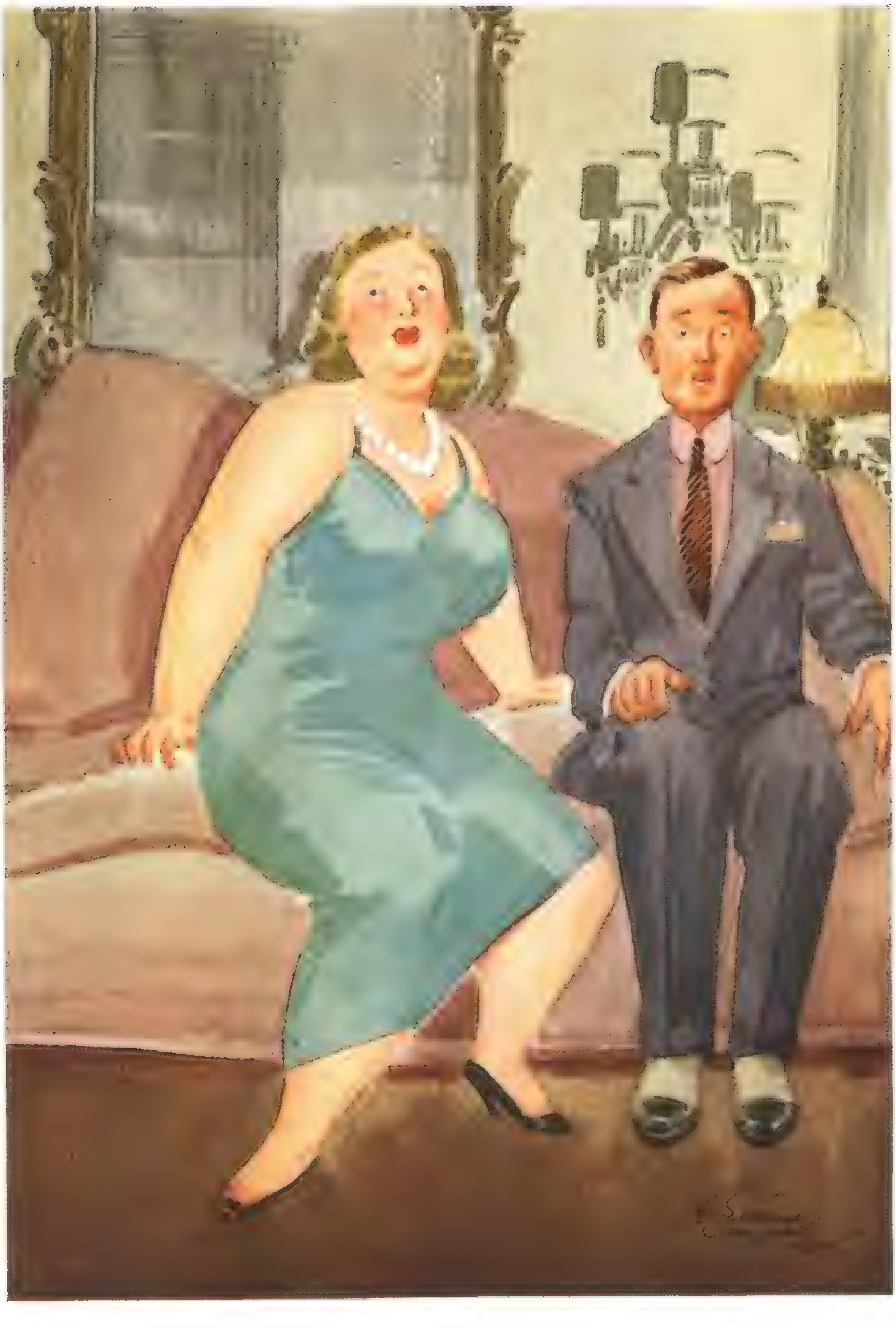






*"I've really taken great pains in stocking the estate"*



*"Let's play you've been shipwrecked, and I'm the first woman you've seen in ten years"*

# Women Can't Cook

## Revolt against the unholy brew prescribed by lady columnists and humorously labeled "food"

### by DICK PINE

• SATIRE •

PERHAPS it all began when British women, in their quest for the vote, smashed expensive plate-glass windows in Regent Street and Oxford Street, slashed with knives the Velásquez Venus in the National Gallery, and raised general hell in other directions until supine man said, "Oh, all right, let's give 'em the vote." This triumph of militant femininity spread, not long afterwards, to this country. Men revolted over those early suffragettes in England, when the frenzied females went on their frantic fandazzles. Some of them were ungallant enough to throw eggs at them as they paraded up Whitehall; others threw other things, which we needn't go into here; still others so far forgot themselves as to write letters to *The Times!* But that is all that it amounted to. The women got the vote, men shrugged resignedly, and that was that.

Time was, when one of the prevailing clichés concerned woman's place in the scheme of things. Something about woman's place being in the home. Which meant the kitchen (amongst other things). And the kitchen is that with which I am immediately concerned. For I refuse to believe that woman's (proper) place *is* in the kitchen. Maybe, sometime or other in the fairly distant past, women acquitted themselves with adequate *éclat* amongst the saucepans and frying pans, but today, the fact remains: women can't cook. Or they don't want to. And it is only the supineness of the men who said, "Oh, all right, let's give 'em the vote," which has given them the right (or gall) to insult our palates for these many years with their gastronomic burlesques.

Men are revolting again today, against female domination in the kitchen. But only mildly, and I have only a slight hope that it will amount to anything more then their futile revolt against the suffragettes. But there is no harm in hoping. It's good for the soul. For all I know, it may have vitamins, and be good for the body, too.

Before the days of balanced diets, vitamins, calories, hormones, basal metabolisms, and heaven knows what, women *liked* to cook. And men who couldn't afford a male chef were content. Today, we have a plague of women food columnists, far worse than any plague of Egypt, who have seized upon these new-fangled jigamaroos, and just gone to town. With the result that the little woman, with no food consciousness of her own (and less imagination) follows those monstrous recipes, and dishes them up to her patient mate, who sprays grated carrots into his beard as he mumbles (to himself) mild protests. If the little woman hears, by any chance, his beard mumblings, she remarks, reproachfully, "But darling, you must have your vitamins!" (Or calories, or basals, or whatever it is carrots possess.) To which, if he had the vertebrae of the *lapin vulgaris*, he would reply, "Doggone it, darling, if I see a vitamin skulking amongst my vittles, I'll mow him down, s'help me, I'll mow him down!"

Masochistically, I have gone through these cooking columns with a twisted snout and curled lip. From them one gathers that the women of America think of practically nothing all day but how to stretch this or that into an extra meal. Women who can afford filet mignon at every meal (if they so desire) read these columns, and buy, maybe, hamburger, which they make up into a splurge of muck, in the hope that their men won't notice it's hamburger. Or else they try to coax them into thinking that they have a gourmet's treat on a bit of round steak and corn meal, with a lot of slush (full of vitamins) disguised in a thick and tasteless cream sauce, as devised by Katie Kutemup in the Kute Kitchen Kapers Kolumn.

The little women, in their zeal for economy, health, and beauty, have completely forgotten that most people (especially men) are equipped with palates. Palates are things that should be wooed gently and graciously, and not raped by the rude bludgeonings of horrible (if healthful) wholesomeness.

And now, men, driven to desperation, are taking a hand and demanding a voice in what they should eat and how it should be cooked. They are learning interesting things about spices and wines. They are exchanging recipes with each other. They scan the papers for recipes by Rector, Henri, and other male artists. True, they are experimenting, but they are getting somewhere. If a pinch of thyme seemed an addition to the goulash they made last week, they will add a teaspoonful next time. Which may be too much (and probably will) but anyhow, they will get it right next time. The point is, they don't sit down and wail, "Oh, if I'd only stuck to the recipe in the cookbook!" To hell with recipes in the cookbook! No cookbook can teach you how to cook. And this is a fact that one can't get through the average little woman's head. It can (and does) give you a general idea of what ingredients are polite to one another when they meet in the intimacy of a pot, but it takes much more imagination to make those ingredients form an eternal and savory friendship.

Woman's slavish fixation to recipes reminds me of a Chinese cook I had in (of all countries) France. I wanted to show Daisy (that was the only name *he* would answer to) how to make a steak and kidney pudding. In the course of my demonstration, I dropped a spoon on the floor. My demonstration finished, he nodded his head, and said, "Can do." The next time I wanted that noble dish, I stood over him to watch, in case something went wrong. His pudding was just as good as mine, but nothing I could say ever cured him of dropping the spoon at the same point in the proceedings. Wherever you are today, Daisy, I salute you as a loyal servant and a gentleman. I think I prefer the little woman who adheres slavishly to the recipe in the cookbook, to the one who beams at you with pride and joy over an unmentionable mess of flotsam. "Do you like it, darling?" she brays, "I didn't follow the recipe at all! It was all out of my own head! The recipe says to do thus and so, and I did this and that! Don't you think this and that is much better than thus and so?" To which most men reply, between gulps of nausea, "Darling, I love you. I think it's (gulp) wonderful. Have you ever thought of writing a (gulp) cookbook?" Whereas one should reply, "Darling, dammit, I love you, but if I ever see or taste another dish of bilge like this, I'll—I'll throw a grape at you!"

To justify my remarks about cookbooks, I want to give you just one horrible example. (The book is full of them!) As a matter of fact, this is not so horrible, as idiotic. I purposely scramble the actual numbers of the pages. I have (as who hasn't?) a weakness for deviled crab. I think it would be fun to make

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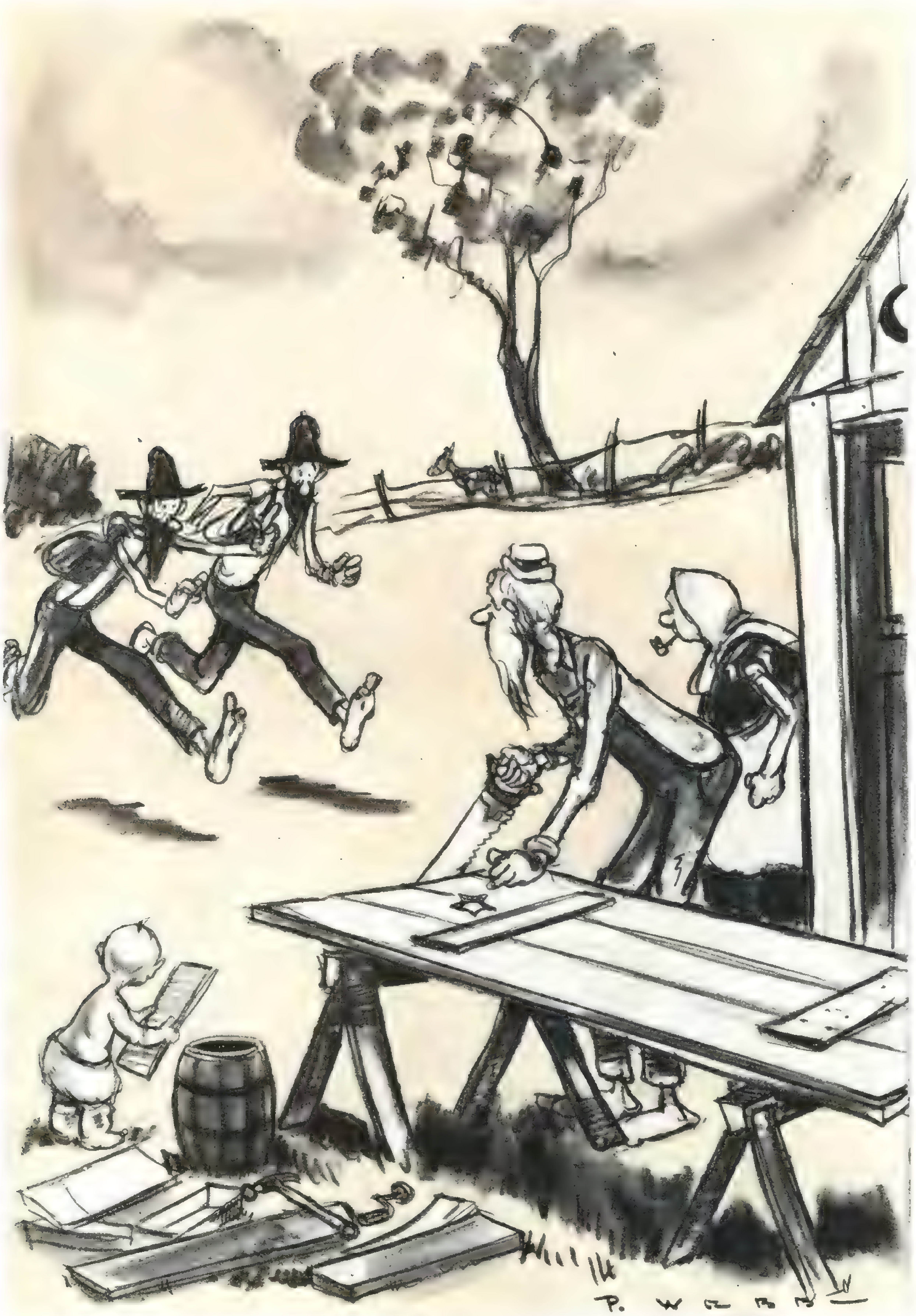


*“Hold on Gran’pappy—ef yo’re aimin’ to out-do Lem Hawkins you better make it fer four—he’s buildin’ one fer three!”*

# Pretty Cassie Chadwick

### Everyone in Cleveland knew that Dr. Chadwick's income couldn't provide for Cassie's elegant carryings-on

### by STEWART H. HOLBROOK

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THERE was one and only one woman who became famous among steelworkers the country over. It isn't of record that she was ever inside a steel plant. It is doubtful that a steelworker ever laid eyes on her; yet her fascinating doings were discussed between casts at Lackawanna, Braddock, South Chicago, Birmingham and all way points. She even went into a song that is often sung today, when old-timers get together over a puddler's cocktail.

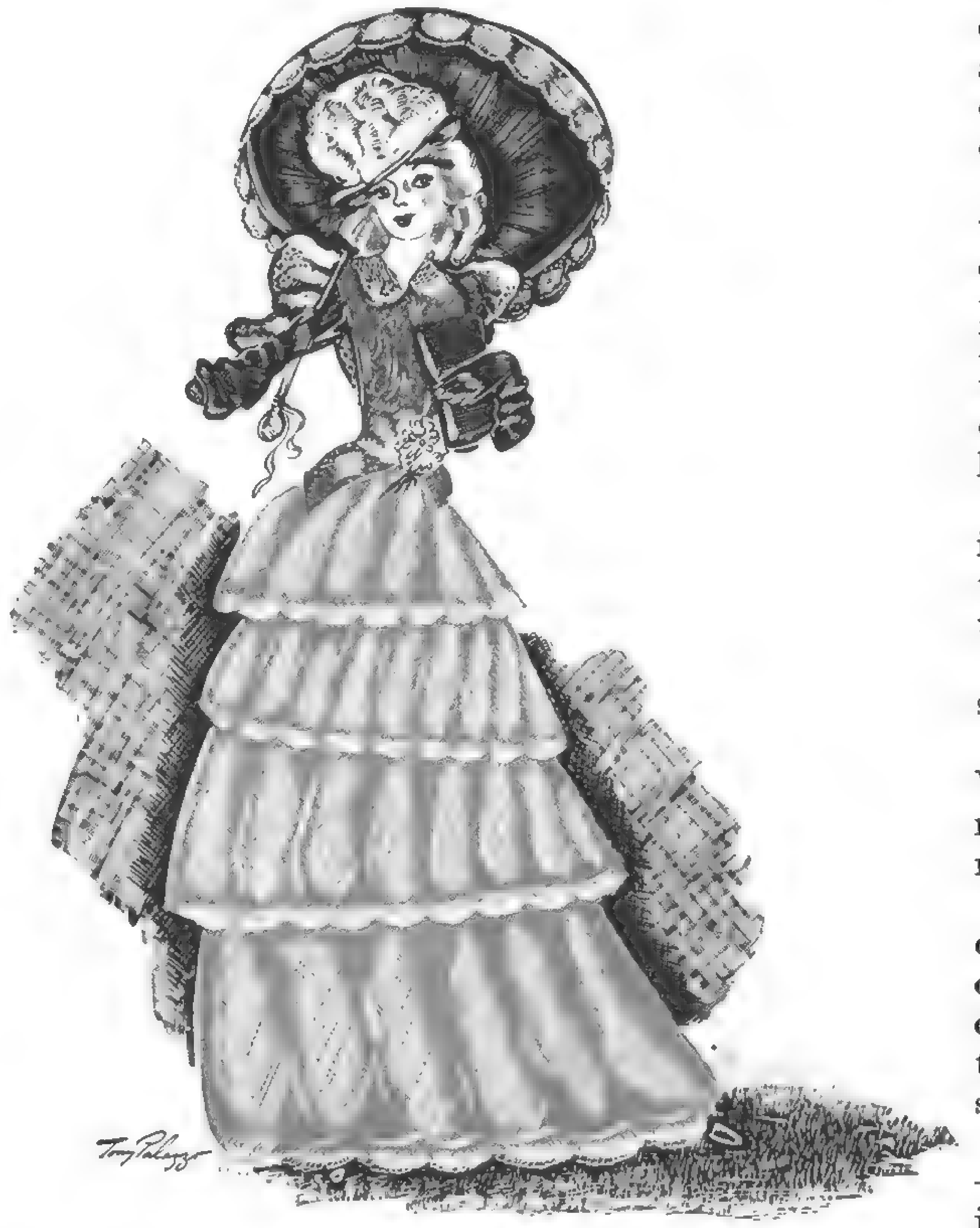
Cassie Chadwick was to perform under a variety of names, but she was christened Elizabeth Bigley when she was born on an Ontario farm near Eastwood, in 1857. The first sign of budding genius came early. When she was twelve she had a hundred calling cards printed on which appeared "Elizabeth Bigley, Heiress to $15,000." These she liked to give both to friends and strangers, who thought the gesture merely the play-world efforts of a highly imaginative child. At eighteen, however, Elizabeth acted. She somehow got hold of a check that had been made out for fifteen dollars, to her father, in payment for some livestock. She altered the check to read fifteen hundred dollars and attempted to cash it. The girl already had ideas.

Father Bigley tried various ways of punishing his daughter, but he finally gave up hope of keeping her in bounds. He packed her off to Cleveland to live with her elder sister, the wife of a physician. Nothing much happened until 1882 when Elizabeth, who always had a liking for physicians, married a Dr. Blank, a highly reputable gentleman of Cleveland. In short order the doctor got a divorce. Elizabeth Bigley Blank disappeared.

She was busy, though. On her divorce she immediately became Madame La Rose, clairvoyant and hypnotist, and moved to Toledo. The trail grows dim for a time. In 1890 it became clear again. Madame La Rose, no more than Elizabeth Bigley, could help writing names on checks. She was convicted on a charge of forgery and sent to the Ohio pen for three years.

Madame La Rose emerged from the gray walls and started at once for Cleveland. When she got there she was calling herself Mrs. C. L. Hoover—a widow, she said. The Widow Hoover remained in Cleveland and kept out of the newspapers. Four years later she was married to one of Cleveland's most eminent practitioners, Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick. That was in 1897 and the wedding was an event in the Euclid Avenue set, whose babies Dr. Chadwick brought into the world.

At this period of her life Cassie Chadwick, as she liked to be known, was a fascinating personality. Pretty, if not ravishingly beautiful, she had the face of a slightly sad angel. Hers was a trim, graceful figure, made for the hour-glass lines of the nineties, and she wore clothes like a duchess. Her eyes were large, deep and sincere. Her voice had something moving in it. And more than one ordinarily hard-headed and unromantic businessman later swore that the woman possessed hypnotic power. In view of the record, she doubtless did.



One day not many months after her marriage, Mrs. Chadwick engaged a prominent attorney of Cleveland, a friend of her husband's, to go to New York City with her. It was to be a highly important and a strictly confidential trip, she warned.

The attorney was kept completely mystified until what seemed to be the climax of the strangest professional trip he had ever made. This climax occurred on Fifth Avenue near the Fifty-ninth Street intersection.

As soon as the two Clevelanders had arrived in New York, Mrs. Chadwick engaged a hansom cab. They drove uptown. On the way the woman remarked something to the effect that "you can spank a naughty child, but you simply can't paddle a big man of finance." This didn't make much sense to the lawyer, but before he could ask to know more, the woman stopped the cab. She told the cabbie to wait, that she would be gone only a few minutes. She asked the lawyer to remain in the cab.

The lawyer saw the trim figure of Mrs. Chadwick flit across the Fifth Avenue sidewalk. She went without hesitation to the front door of a castle-like mansion and disappeared inside the pretentious entrance. The lawyer was slightly dazed. He knew that the pile of stone and marble was the American castle of Andrew Carnegie. It made him chew on his cigar pretty hard.

Ten or fifteen minutes later the woman came tripping out the same entrance. She was carrying a bulky package, a large envelope, in her hand. She seemed to be calm and entirely possessed. She directed the cabman to drive them back to their hotel.

On the way downtown the attorney intimated that he should like, in fact that he ought to be told, what all this was about.

"You needn't worry," the woman said. "You will be paid your fee."

"I'm not worrying about my fee. What I want to know is, what business you have with Andrew Carnegie? And why am I here?"

"You are here because I wanted a competent attorney along—just in case the gentleman made my call difficult." She paused a moment, then went on, sort of subdued, possibly embarrassed.

"As to the gentleman in question—well, perhaps the great man was indiscreet in his youth. Men sometimes are, as you know. And as a lawyer you understand that an innocent victim of such indiscretion must not be allowed to suffer in poverty."

"Hmmmm," was all the attorney could think of.

"However," the woman brightened perceptibly, "it was all settled very quickly, as you see." She tapped the large envelope in her hand.

"I see," said the lawyer. He asked no more. He got his fee, a right good thumping one, on return to Cleveland with Mrs. Chadwick. The odd "business trip" on which he had done nothing never quite dimmed in his mind.

Not long after the trip to New York, the

*Continued in center of page 159*

# One Man in His Time

### He'd mount his saddle mule any time to attend to a burying or a marrying, to arrest a criminal or dose the sick

### by EDWARD PARRISH WARE

FICTION

"BLACK" Dave Mullins was a big man even in a section of the country where one under six feet in height and weighing less than one seventy-five was considered undersized. As straight in body as the bole of a blackjack oak, he stood six-and-four in his gaiters, and his big-boned frame was padded with two hundred ten pounds of lean, hard flesh. His black hair and bushy beard had no grey, and his eyes were as full of fire and the zest for life at sixty-one as they had been when he attained his majority.

When twenty-one years of age, Dave, just after heiring the Mullins homestead in the Ozark Mountains of Northwest Arkansas, had heard the "call." From that time on he had ridden about the business of the Lord, a Bible in one saddle pocket, a clean shirt and a single-action six-shooter in the other. He rode circuit throughout that section of the hills, preaching Methodist, Baptist or Campbellite, as the occasion required, and became, in forty years of diligent and sincere service, a great power for good in his community.

Not having been ordained to preach, Black Dave could not take out a license, but the lack of one did not stump him and his neighbors. They elected Brother Mullins Justice of the Peace for Thief Hollow Township, and returned him regularly thereafter to that office. When Dave performed a marriage ceremony he officiated as a Justice of the Peace, not as a minister, so the act was legal.

As time passed, Black Dave added the practice of medicine, and, upon occasion, of minor surgery, to his other activities. In a community which could not support a doctor, and which was far from the county seat and the nearest medical man, Dave's simple and often effective ministrations were a boon to the ailing. He would mount Snoozer, his saddle mule, at any hour of the night or day to attend to a marrying, to preach at a burying, or to dose the sick. He charged no fees, accepting only free-will offerings, and, in his poor community, offerings were lacking more often than not.

It was coming daybreak one morning when a hail at the front fence aroused Dave and caused him to slide out of his corn-shuck mattress and step to the cabin door. He was stark naked, sleeping raw as he did, so he cracked open the door, peered out into the pale gray of the dawn and called:

"That you, Sammy Whitehead?"

"Yessuh, Brother Mullins," came the acknowledgment in a child's voice, and then Dave saw him, a very small figure atop a big white mule, just beyond the gate. "Pappy is ailing powerful bad, and 'Virey 'lows you-all better git a move on you!"

"Sammy," Black Dave ordered, "go down in the stable lot and ketch up Snoozer, whilst I skin into my clothes. The bridle's a-hanging jist inside the door of the cawn crib, and the saddle's here on the gallery."

Dave closed the door, put on his flop-brimmed black hat, sat down on the side of the creaky bed and pulled on his riding-gaiters. His checked shirt came next, and then his jeans pants. He took his revolver from under the side of the bed, thrust it in the bosom of his shirt, then reached down from a wall peg a patched and faded hunting coat, in the many pockets of which he kept his supply of simple drugs. He got into the coat and went out doors.

Aunt Sarah had not stirred from her slumber all the while, nor had the children abed in the garret above the big room ceased snoring. They were used to Black Dave's sudden departures at all hours of the night, and were never disturbed by his noises.

Dave flung his saddle onto Snoozer, that being too big a job for the small mountain boy, mounted and rode off through three miles of virgin forest to the Whitehead cabin on the west bank of Big Honey. He found Sam Whitehead, father of young Sammy and seven others of varying sizes and ages, groaning and tossing on a bed in a corner of the cabin's big room. Elvira, his oldest daughter, was attending, Sam having been a widower rising three years.

"This here's a purty how-de-do, Sam," Black Dave greeted the patient, "you-all fixing up to die on yore fambly right here at laying-by-cawn time! What'n tarnation's the matter with you, do you reckin?"

"Been feeling porely fur a right smart spell, Brother Dave," Sam moaned weakly. "Kain't say as I know jist whut it is that's ailing of me. It's shore powerful, everwhut it is!"

Dave felt the pulse, then took a look at Sam's tongue.

"Great I Am!" he shouted, pointing the tongue out to Elvira. "It looks like it's got hair on it, 'Virey, and yaller as chicken-cholera drappings! Git me the wash-pan, and some water in it. Got to bleed Sam a leetle!"

Black Dave bled the patient, using the same pocket-knife blade he used for marking the ears of pigs and calves, for castrating hogs, lancing risings, and for other odd jobs requiring a razor-edge sharpness.

When he had let what he deemed was a sufficiency of blood out of the incised vein, he called to Elvira to bring a spoon of "sut" from off the back of the fireplace and a "gaum" of spiderwebs from somewhere or other. He daubed the soot over the incision, took a well-chewed quid from his own mouth and plastered it over the soot, then made a pad of the spiderwebs and plastered that on top of the tobacco. Then Elvira, instructed by Dave, bound a strip of clean flour sack over all, and took a few stitches in it.

Dave then fished a package containing Epsom salts from one of his pockets and gave it to Elvira.

"Give Sam nearabout half a teacup full of them salts, right off," he directed. "Fix 'em up in a pint, or sich a matter, of warm water. If that don't fizzick him, nothing short of dynamite will!"

Dave spent no more time with the patient, nor did it appear that he was expected to. He merely said he hoped to see Sam up and about right soon, then he mounted Snoozer and set out toward his cabin. Black Dave was a farmer, and he too had corn needing laying by.

Dave did not follow the regular trail back, but cut across ridges and through hollows in order to save time and mileage. He had not ridden more than a mile from Sam Whitehead's place when Snoozer flung up his head, snorted, and shied off into a patch of hazel brush.

There was a dead man lying in a dim trail which dipped over the slope of a hardwood ridge at that point, and the dead man was one of Black Dave Mullins' neighbors. Dave got down, hitched to a pin oak, and walked back to the body.

He hadn't heard of any rucktion between his neighbor and another, but it might well be there had been. If this thing was a plain killing, Dave would keep clear of it. If it proved to be an out-and-out murder, he would have to take a hand in it.

Dave saw that the man had been shot from behind and the bullet had passed through his body. That determined, he carefully searched all the pockets, and the search revealed the fact that the man had been murdered.

The body had been robbed. It was not a plain killing. It was a murder!

Oscar Boatright, the dead man, was married and lived across Big Honey, and the trail upon which he then lay was the direct one to the Boatright crossing. Oscar had been to Gravette, as Black Dave knew very well, with a drive of young beef. He should have returned by then—and he would undoubtedly have been carrying upwards of five hundred dollars, seeing he would not have had a chance to vault it. He still wore his town clothes, which further served as conclusive proof that he had not been home.

Somebody had bushed up on Oscar Boatright and shot him dead in order to rob him!

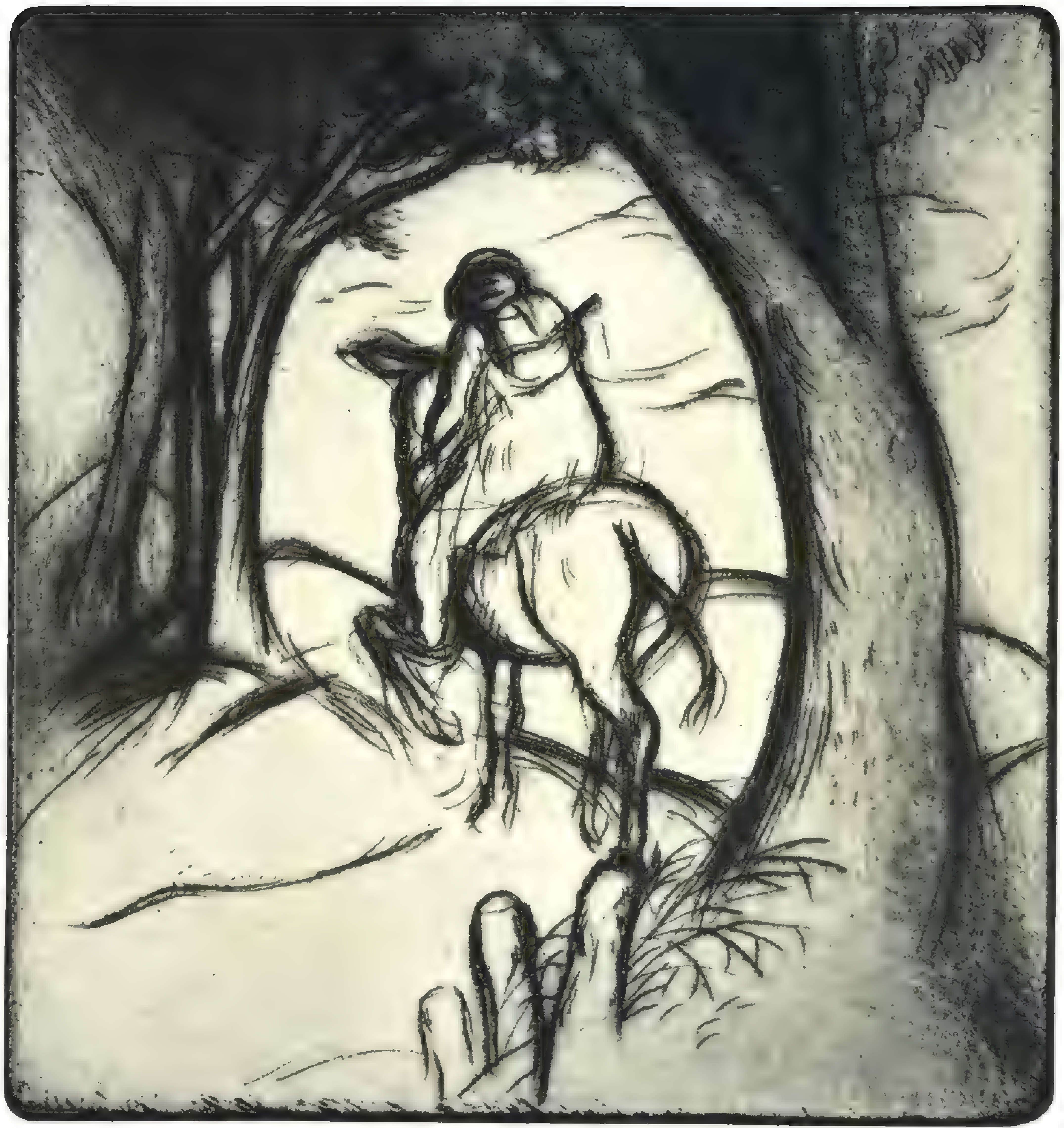
Black Dave went swiftly to where Snoozer was tied, mounted and rode home. He removed his "doctoring" coat, and changed into a clean shirt over which he drew the green-faded swallowtail coat in which he had been married. Then he mounted again and loped Snoozer down to Thief Hollow Village. A store, a blacksmith shop, the meeting house, a few dwellings, and a rough-board shanty comprised the village. The shanty was the office of Dave Mullins, Justice of the Peace.

Black Dave went inside the shanty and took six legal blanks from a pigeonhole of his desk. They were summonses for coroner's jury service. Unless summonses were served on them, the citizens were apt not to report for service. Dave filled in the blanks, slowly and laboriously, then pocketed them and went out.

He dispatched Seth Woolrige with his spring-wagon after the body of Oscar Boatright, sent a rider to the county seat with word for the sheriff, then he rode off on Snoozer to serve the summonses. In addition to being township Justice of the Peace, in which capacity he had just issued the legal papers, Black Dave was ex-officio township constable as well. He was now about to function as a constable.

The first prospective juryman on Dave's list was Andy Bell, and Andy was at home patching the roof of his cabin when Dave rode up.

"Git down, Andy Bell!" Black Dave, who loved a bit of fun as well as the next man, sang out in a stern voice. "Murder will out, and it's shore a pity you-all didn't take note of that fact sooner. C'mon, I got this here law paper to serve on you!"



DRYPOINTS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Andy stared in surprise, then grinned widely, slid down off the roof and approached the fence gap.

"Oughta knowed better'n to kill somebody here in yore jurisdiction, Squiah Mullins," he apologized. "Had I of knowed it was a-going to discommode you like this, I shorely wouldn't of!"

Then both roared with laughter, while Andy got served with the jury summons.

Pretty much the same rigamarole was gone through with at the homes of Tobe Sander, Ad Mobley, Bunch Harper and Ezra Cain. There was a sixth neighbor to serve, and when Dave rode up to Henry Stame's pole-fence and hollered him out, Henry came reluctantly and after some delay.

"You-all oughta knowed better'n to do a murder here in the Holler, Hen Stame!" Dave bellowed in make-believe anger, taking the summons from his pocket. "Stand hitched, now, whilst I read this here law paper—"

Dave broke off there, and stared for a split-second at the back of Henry Stame who had plunged into the brush and taken to the timber. Then he clapped heels to Snoozer's flanks, leaped the pole-fence, and rode Henry down before he'd got more than half a quarter from his cabin.

"Truly doth 'the wicked flee, when no man pursueth,'" Black Dave Mullins quoted when, at one o'clock that day, he dismissed his short session of preliminary court and watched the sheriff start for the county seat with Henry Stame—and the money for which he had committed the crime of killing his neighbor.

Dave had not suspected Henry Stame above any other in the murder of Boatright, but in choosing his men for jury service he had lined up certain ones whom he thought might have enough of the rapscallion in them to do such a thing. If one of the men had a guilty conscience he would undoubtedly betray himself when he saw Dave with a law paper in hand. Black Dave knew his own kind, and knew just about how any one of them would respond under a given condition.

Dave recalled the fact that he had a patch of corn yet to be hoed, and mounted Snoozer and rode home. He changed into plow shoes and a cotton shirt, and went down to the east forty where the patch lay alongside Middle Branch Creek. He worked diligently in the corn for two hours, but stopped when he heard somebody calling from the far side of the rail fence.

The person on the far side of the fence was Young Luke Granby, and Black Dave frowned slightly when he saw him sitting his mule there. He stood his hoe up on the flat of the blade, went over and leaned on his elbows on the rail fence.

"Howdy, Luke," he greeted.

"Howdy, Brother Mullins," Luke returned the greeting.

He was a tall youth of twenty-one or -two. He bestrode his mule bareback, and his long legs scarcely cleared his bare feet from the ground. His manner was more than a little sheepish.

"Reckin you didn't call me off from hoeing cawn, Luke," Black Dave allowed presently, "onless you had something another on yore

*Continued on page 169*

# Progressions to Poverty

### System experts forget that when you're betting the horses, some of them have to win before you can pocket anything

### by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

SPORTS

MANY horse players, punch-drunk from the wallops dealt them by slow ponies, their own poor handicapping or the tips of crooks, turn finally to progressive system play as a guide to the pot of fifty-nine-cent dollars that roosts at the end of the rainbow. And since the beginning of horse racing—to say nothing of roulette and other mechanical gambling games—a horde of system inventors has been abusing logic and elementary arithmetic in an effort to produce a mathematical pattern of progressive bets that must result in profit even though wagers on the same horses in flat amounts would result in substantial loss.

RACE RESULTS

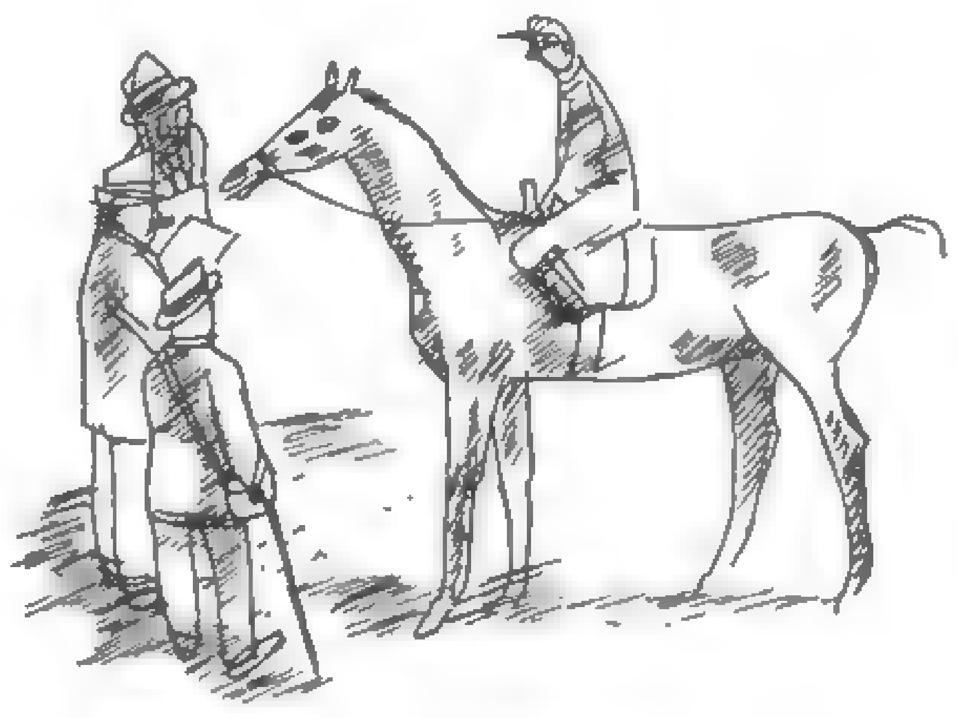
It can't be done; at least, so far as I know, it never has been done. Progressive system play, if not too sharp and violent in increasing bets after losses, often will result in less net loss than would have been experienced through flat wagering on the same animals, and often will increase profits from a series of flat plays that would have shown a profit. But no mechanical progression can act as a substitute for good selecting and sound handicapping. If the winners are spotty and occasional, and particularly if they are at short prices, losses from flat play will be increased tremendously through employment of any type of progression. Naturally when flat play will make some money, because an adequate percentage of winners at adequate average odds is secured, progressive play will make more simply because a greater total amount is put at hazard. But where flat play loses substantially, almost any progression will lead one into a financial tailspin that requires Rockefeller's money and Corrigan's nerve to carry through.

I myself have published one system, in this magazine and elsewhere. But I am not swallowing my own words in trying to take them all apart here to see what makes them tick because the method I advocated was primarily a system of selection of bets, based on taking as probable winners today horses that have been ultra-consistent in winning and running in the money in the past. It was not a mere financial pattern of amounts to be bet on any selections, however secured. The slight progression recommended after losses, in addition to betting flat and parlaying each horse on the next, was merely to increase profits if normal results were secured. No suggestion was made that the progression, of and in itself, would guarantee against loss—which is the thought in mind of most system inventors and players. Splendid results were secured in 1936 and 1937, then losses were experienced in the first eight months of 1938, and since that time the method again has been showing satisfactory profits.

The granddaddy of all progressive systems on horses is the good old—and utterly unreliable—doubling method. If, throughout any series of losing bets, the wager is doubled after each loss, then a final winner, no matter how long postponed, paying even money, will cover all losses incurred and show a profit in the amount of the original bet at which play started. There are only two flies in this little pot of jam, but they are as big as elephants and six times as dirty. The first is that only fifteen consecutive losing bets, starting with a wager of a humble $2, will necessitate plunging with over $64,000 on the sixteenth horse—and $2 bettors haven't that kind of money. The second is that a $60,000 bet cannot be placed away from the track, and, if it were put in the mutuels there, would knock any starter's odds down far below even money.

The double method is impossible for any player. He hasn't the money to carry it through losing streaks and if he had he couldn't place it or couldn't get the necessary price of even money.

All progressive methods other than the double represent an attempt to get away from its impossible steepness without sacrificing its superficial mathematical validity. And that's an attempt to square the circle or invent a perpetual motion machine. Only the double can pull a player out and put him ahead on one winning bet, and the double can't be worked.



Innumerable efforts have been made to put together a betting mechanism which shall avoid the perils of the double while progressing after losses so as ultimately to pull the operation out of the red. Many of these call for increasing each bet after a loss by a fixed percentage of the total loss accrued to that point in the hope of cutting down the red-ink total bit by bit as better results are experienced and more winners secured. But they will not work unless the winners are secured—and at fair prices. In other words, as I have suggested, their success or failure is controlled by the same factors that control the success or failure of flat play. These factors are the percentage of winners and the average price on winners.

One little device of the system-concoctors is to assume as a basis for the operation that $2, $5 or other amounts can be won and must be won per day or per race. Then, as losses are experienced, they carry a "due column," so called, in their records, showing the total they should have won to that point, on the basis of their initial assumption of so much profit per race, plus the actual loss experienced. The next bet is made in amount sufficient, in view of the odds on the particular horse, to win back the whole total shown in the due column or some part thereof. It should be instantly apparent, to one of the least intelligence, that this type of betting can result only in heavily increased loss if in fact the horses selected and the prices experienced will not yield the profit per race assumed as basis for the operation.

A sweeping and unanswerable objection to all progressive system play seems never to occur to the minds of its advocates and practitioners. Presumptively they are thinking in terms of profit, not of loss, and expect and want to make money. Well, then, why start at some such low amount as $2, as most do? If their selection method is so sound that every single bet wins, they are pocketing in dollars only trivial winnings. It takes losses to bring their play up to substantial amounts, from which substantial dollars-profits may be derived. And then such profits from later bets are not net but are offset by the prior accrued losses from losing bets that brought the play up to a higher level. The bare and brutal fact is that the average player at most has only a few hundred dollars to monkey with; he must keep his initial bet low to enable his limited capital to carry his pet progression after losses. If he is pretty generally successful from the start he never will be betting substantial amounts because his good results prevent much progression. And if he is unsuccessful he will be pyramiding losses and going clean.

The human factor enters powerfully into the actual conduct of progressive system operations. The bets begin to swell and balloon in size just as worst results are experienced and everything bet on falls by the wayside. If a system-player is doing his own handicapping of fields and selecting his own

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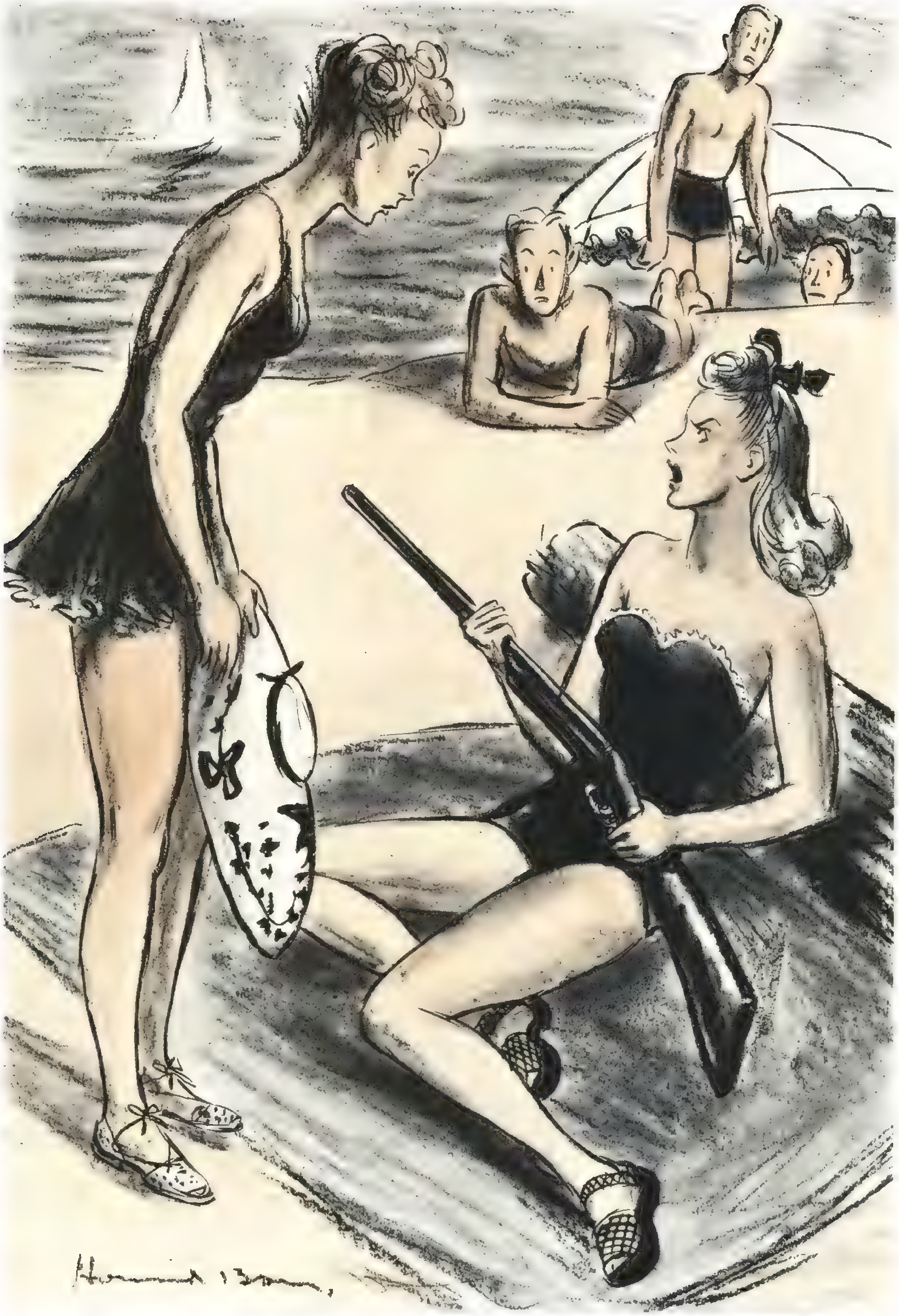
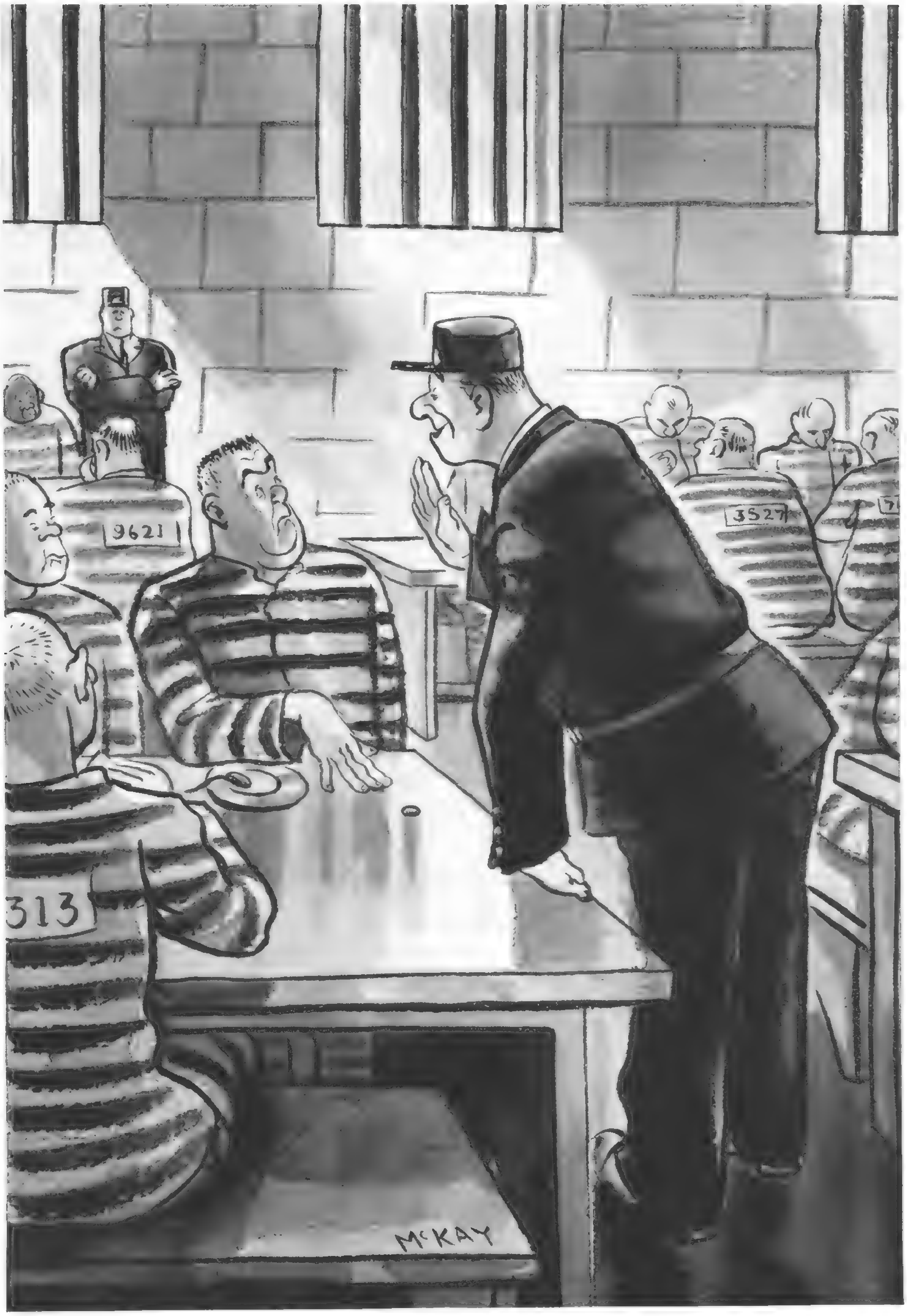


*"It's the only way I feel safe in a strapless bathing suit"*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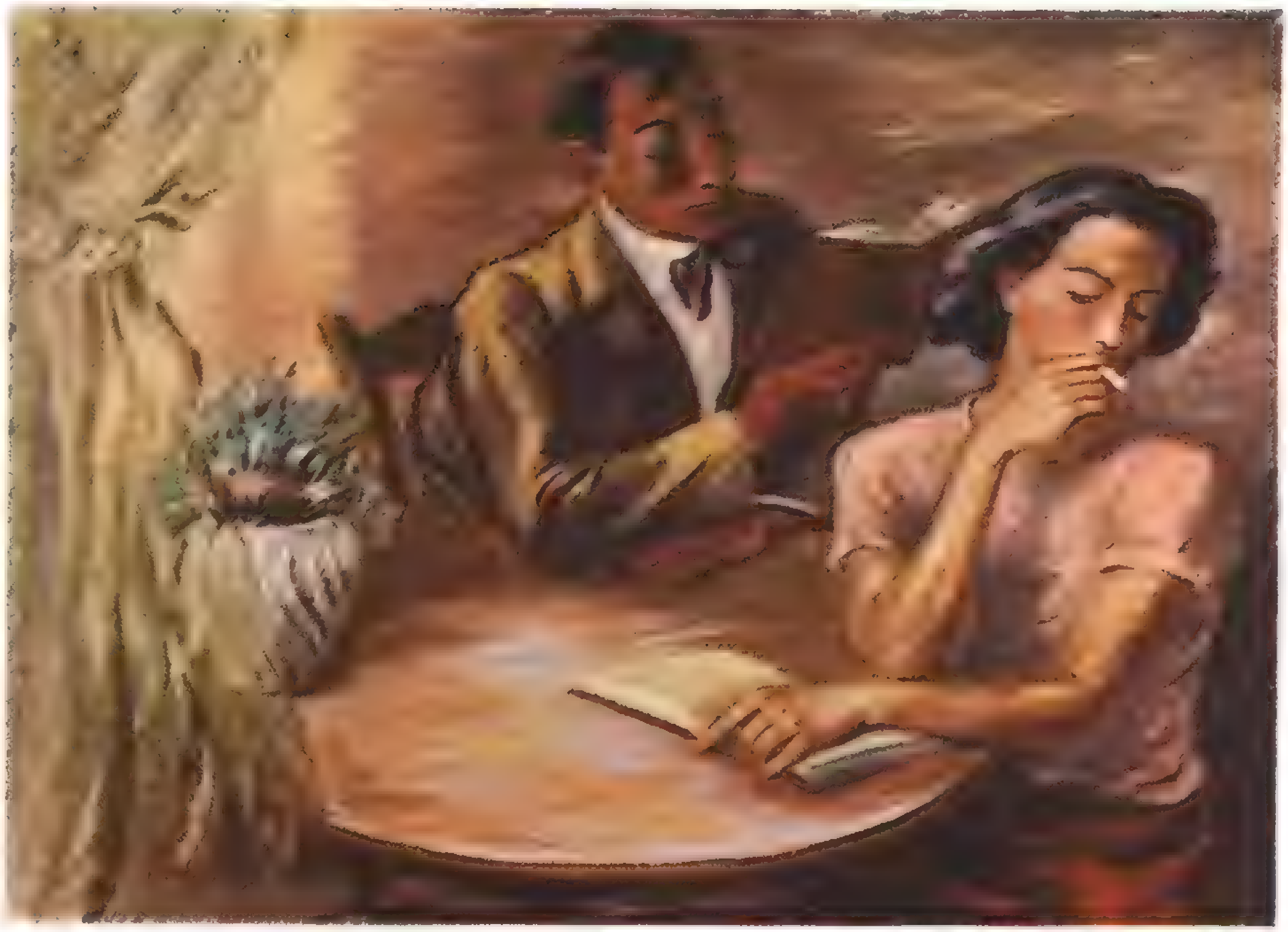
*"It's nice of you, but we don't permit tipping"*

# Mangravite: Music in Art

## He takes his subjects from everyday modern life and paints them with the courage of his romantic conviction

## by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •


YOUNG COUPLE READING

The Italian note in American art makes a clear and bell-like sound—at least phonetically. It is logical that it should make as distinctive a clang esthetically as well. In art, the Americans of Italian derivation have taken almost as many separate paths as there are roads leading from Rome and only in one or two instances are there indications that the Italian masters have continued to be the chief teachers. Speak the names of the American artists of Italian origin—and you make music. The names just sing themselves. The artists themselves make music with plastic means but in many cases their modern variations on ancient themes and traditional techniques quite blur out of sight their original dependence upon the sources. There are among the Italian-Americans painters and sculptors with names more mellifluous than those possessed by the Renaissance masters. Sound the name, for example, of Gregorio Prestopino, the bearer of which must inevitably produce art in at least one of its seven forms. There is the young sculptor Concetta Scarvaglione, another name which I, for one, hope never to see Anglicized. There are the Pinto brothers, Angelo, Salvatore and Biagio, and the Romano boys, Emanuel and Umberto. There is the sculptor whose first name is a trumpet call and whose last a serenade in strings, Oronzio Maldarelli. There are (just say them out loud) Pandolfini, Luigi Lucioni, Bilotti, Guglielmi, Stella, Celentano, Cavallito, de Martini and Corbino.

And then there is Peppino Mangravite, whose friends call him Gino. The original form of the name must have been Mangradite, which has the beautiful meaning of grateful hands, for there is a family coat-of-arms extant which shows two outspread palms traversed diagonally by an olive branch. In either form, the name has a singing quality.

Although there are elements other than the Italian in his painting, temperamentally, as a person, Mangravite is a good working approximation of the Latin spirit. He has the vivid, nervous, mercurial look and movements of the highly sensitized and impressionable Italian. He is a short, compact figure of a man, neither lean nor heavy, and of high maneuverability. His eyes can be disturbingly alert and alive and his mind has given evidence of being a keenly conscious and participating one. You know that he is a mature person because his head is grey but his mustache and thick eyebrows are still predominantly black with youth, so that he seems to contain within his body the qualities of two generations. He looks like a man quick to temper and like one also whose anger you would do well not to stir up, and I have heard that he can be in a murderous rage one moment and butter and honey the next. He has learned to divert his anger into the channel of a devastating sort of politeness and his younger daughter, who has the key, will sometimes say of him, "Mummy, Dad is in a fit of politeness."

As an artist Mangravite has the courage of his romantic conviction. He paints with a flourish that states modern life in terms Watteau would not find it hard to comprehend. Who else among contemporaries would paint pictures like *City People in the Country*, or *The Poet in Rye*, expressions of a liberated and joyous temperament. His good art makes logical, reasonable and delightful the spectacle of men and women in modern dress dancing in the moonlight, whereas in the terms of almost any other living American painter's brushwork that theme would sound like an affectation on canvas.

The contemporary convention is to be dour and tragic. It is true that there aren't too many things to be cheerful about. But in reply to the reproach, "How dare you paint romantic pictures at such a time as this? Romanticism is decadence," Mangravite makes reply that there is no more romantic people than the Americans, that they could not have become pioneers without the romantic impulse and that the reason Americans make heroes of criminals and of individuals like Lindbergh and Corrigan is because this country never had a period of knighthood in flower, and these are its deputies for knighthood.

All this of course is rationalization. If his paintings stand on their own legs—and it seems to me that Mangravite's do—they require no footnote of literary justification. To see romantic possibilities and connotations in modern life is to have either a joyously liberated or a saccharine vision. The finished painting betrays the nature and the quality of the vision. To me it seems that Mangravite's paintings have a life of their own. Take a picture like *Reunion in the Apple Orchard*. Its ancestors were a long line of fêtes champêtres and luncheons on the grass and yet *Reunion in the Apple Orchard*, with all its romantic impulse, is more realistic and closer to the life of the time in which it was painted, less of an escape from reality than the flights of fancy produced by the court painters of 18th century nobility. This does not mean that Mangravite cannot be outrageously romantic, as in such gouaches as that depicting a midnight abduction, but he deserves a fling in gouache as a reward for his discipline in paint.

When he was younger Mangravite was much more tragic and much more serious about life than he is now in his happily adjusted middle years. Between the ages of about twenty-six and thirty his brow was much more consistently furrowed and life was meaningless without mission. One of his best paintings of that period, *Political Exiles*, based on memories of his boyhood on the island of Lipari, has been described as containing the quintessence of misery. Yet even this had an undercurrent of romanticism. His

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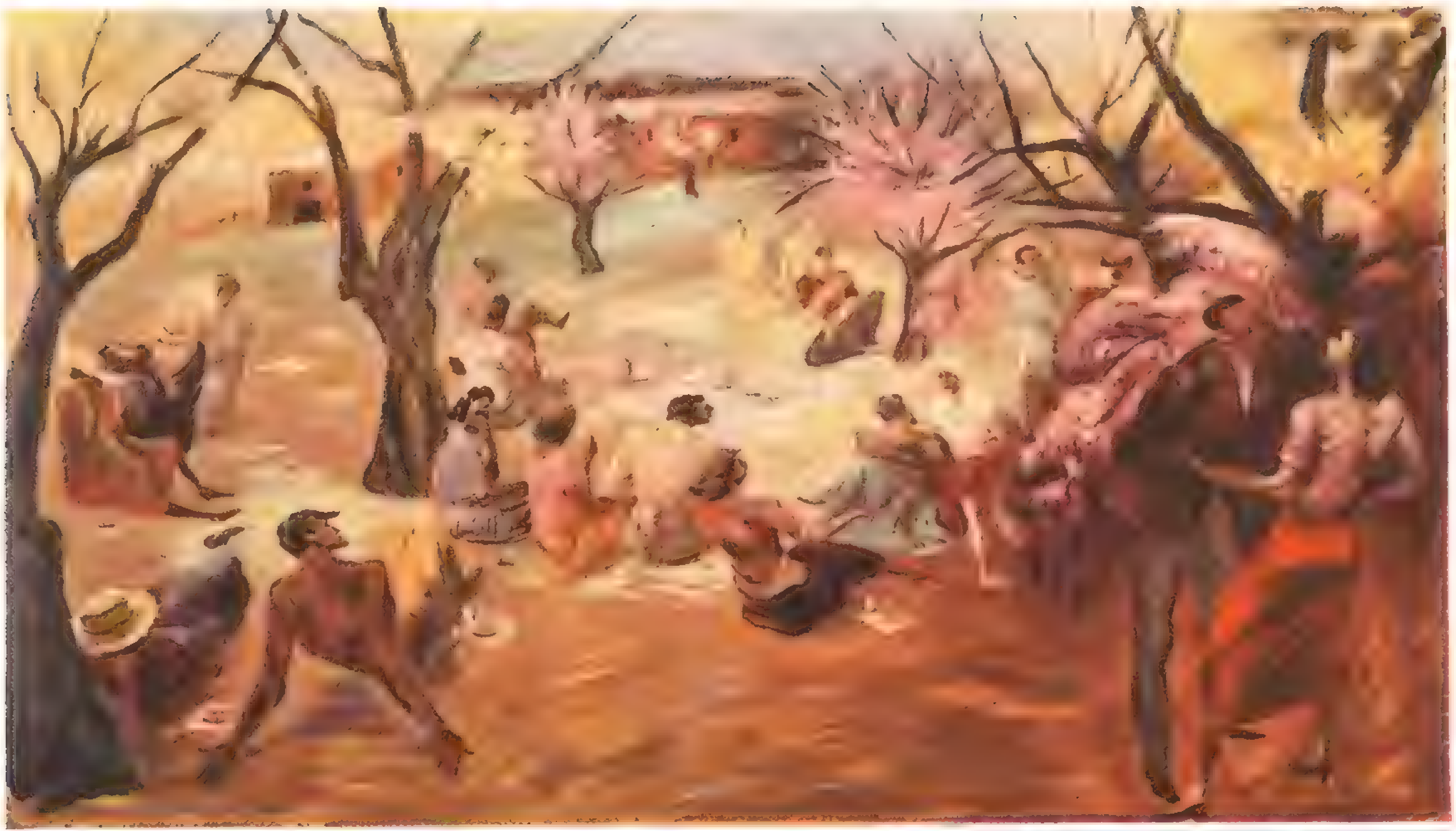
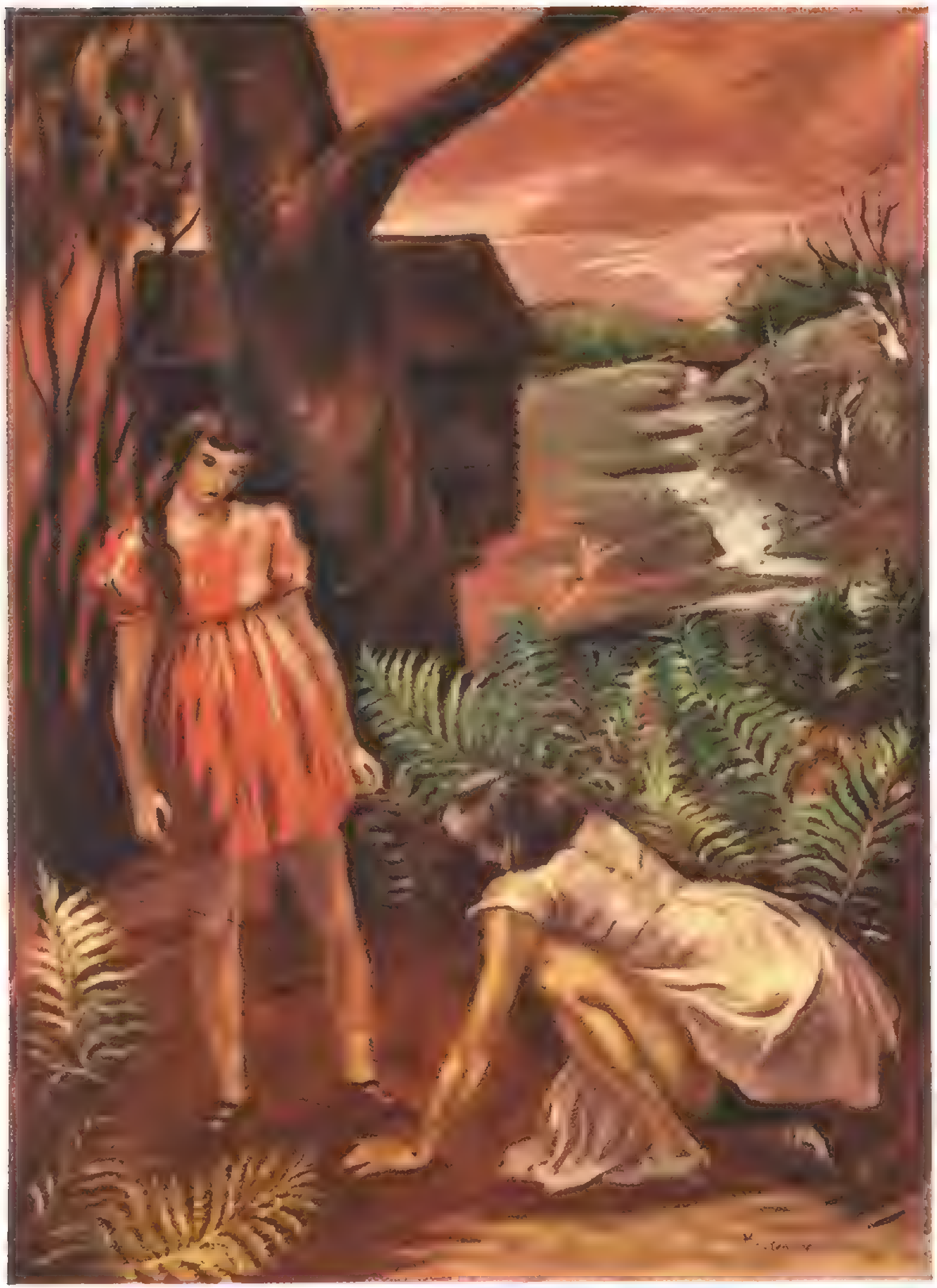
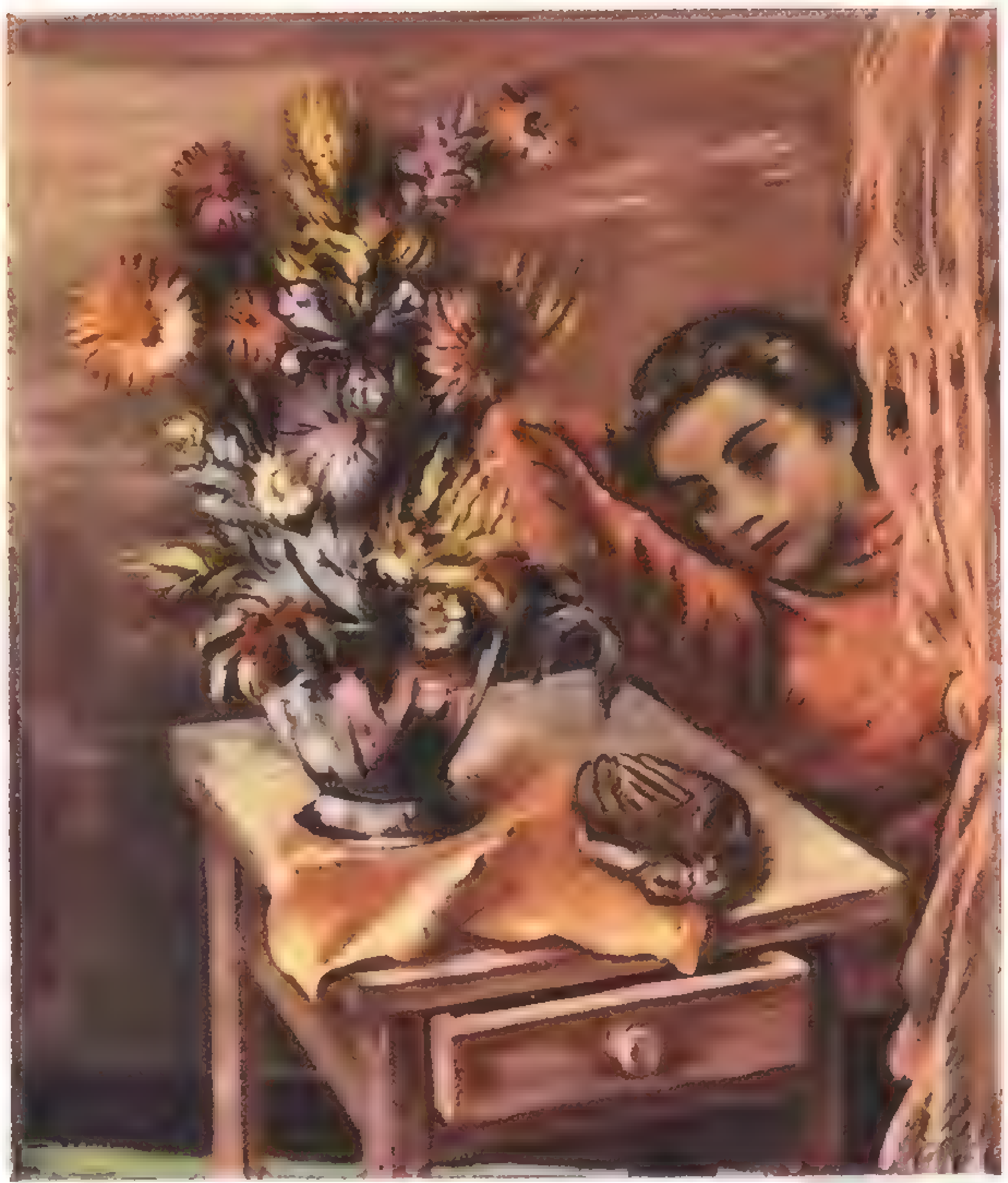


REUNION IN THE APPLE ORCHARD



CHILDREN BURYING A DEAD BIRD



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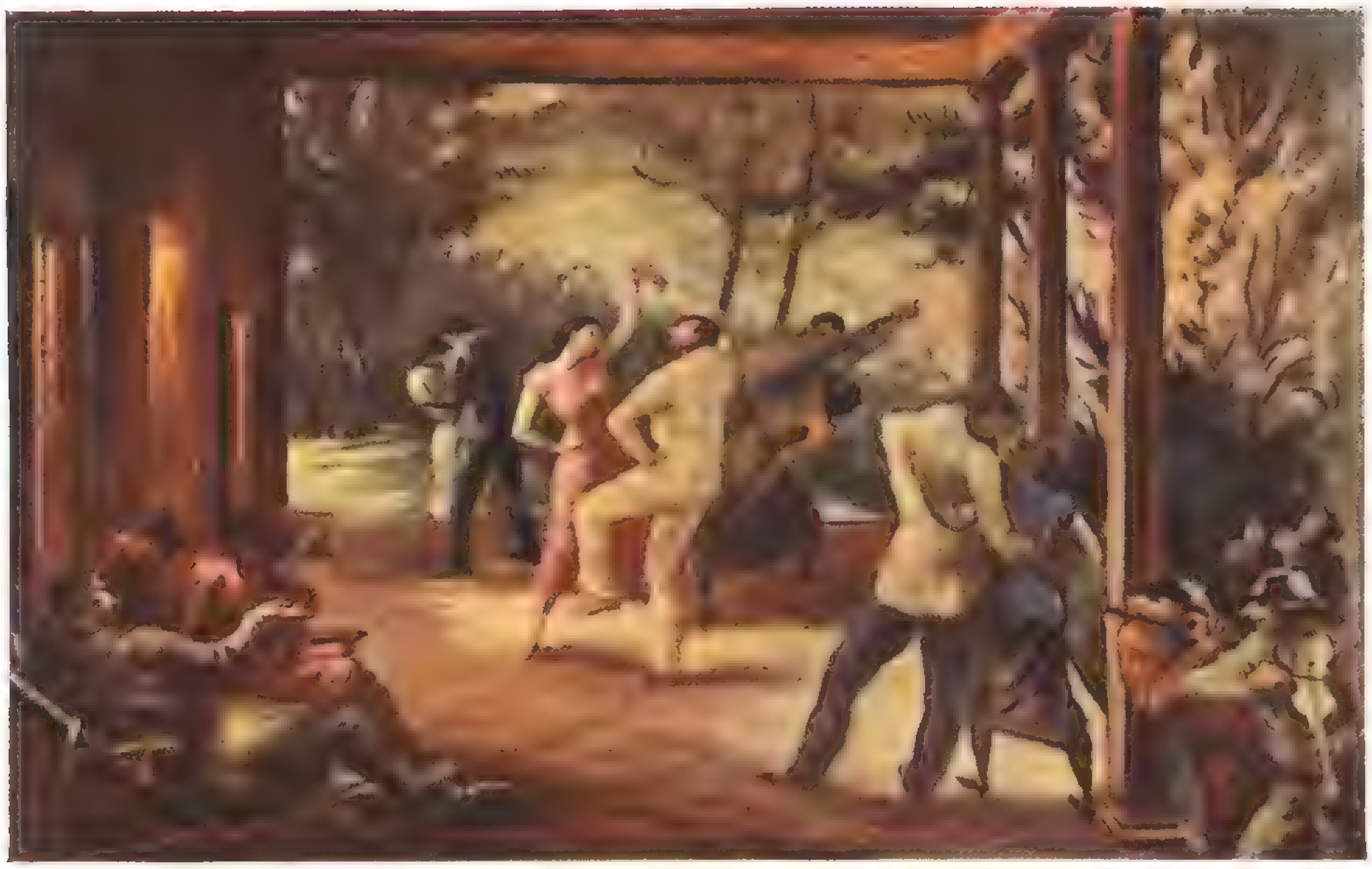


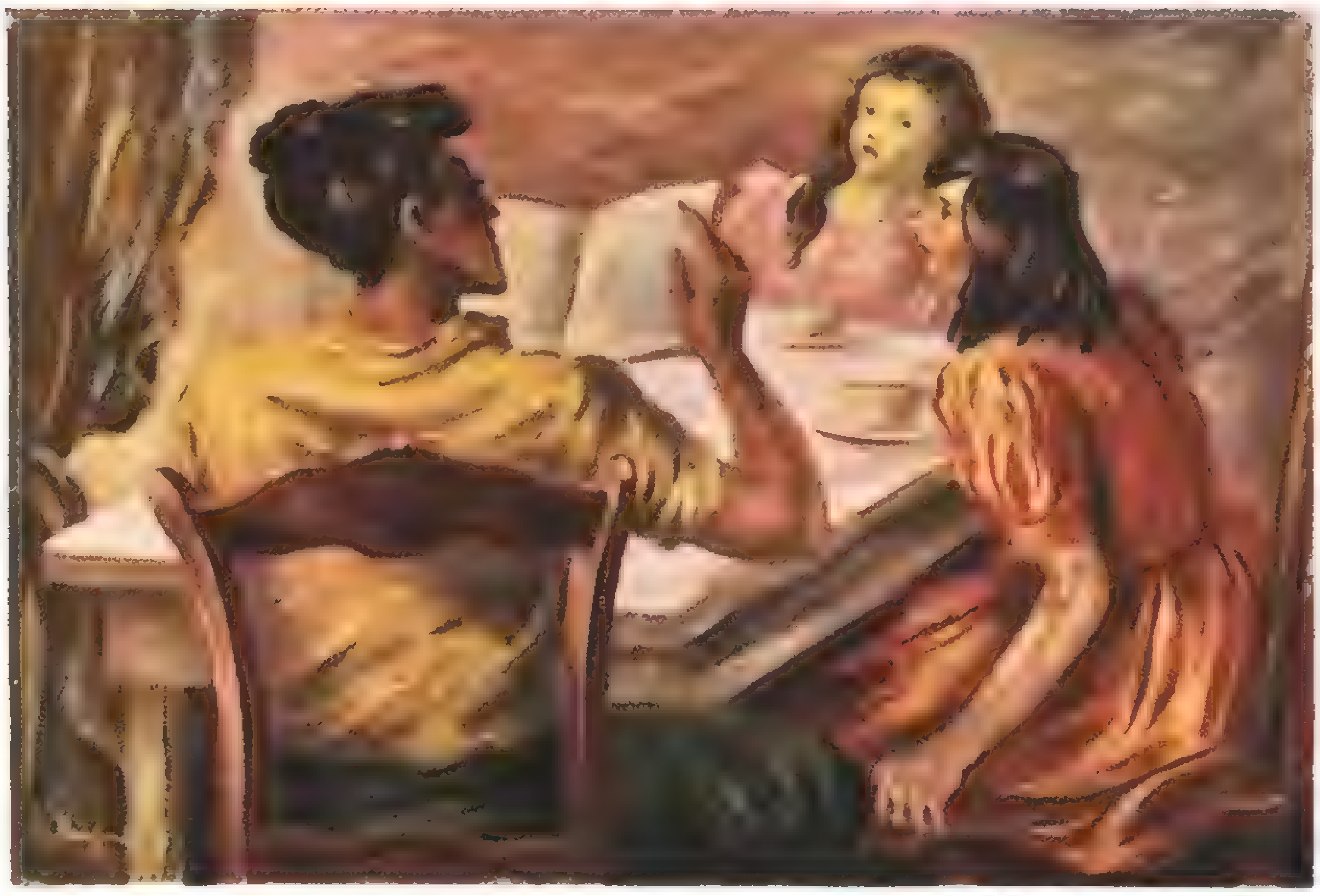
CITY PEOPLE IN THE COUNTRY

# A Collection of Paintings

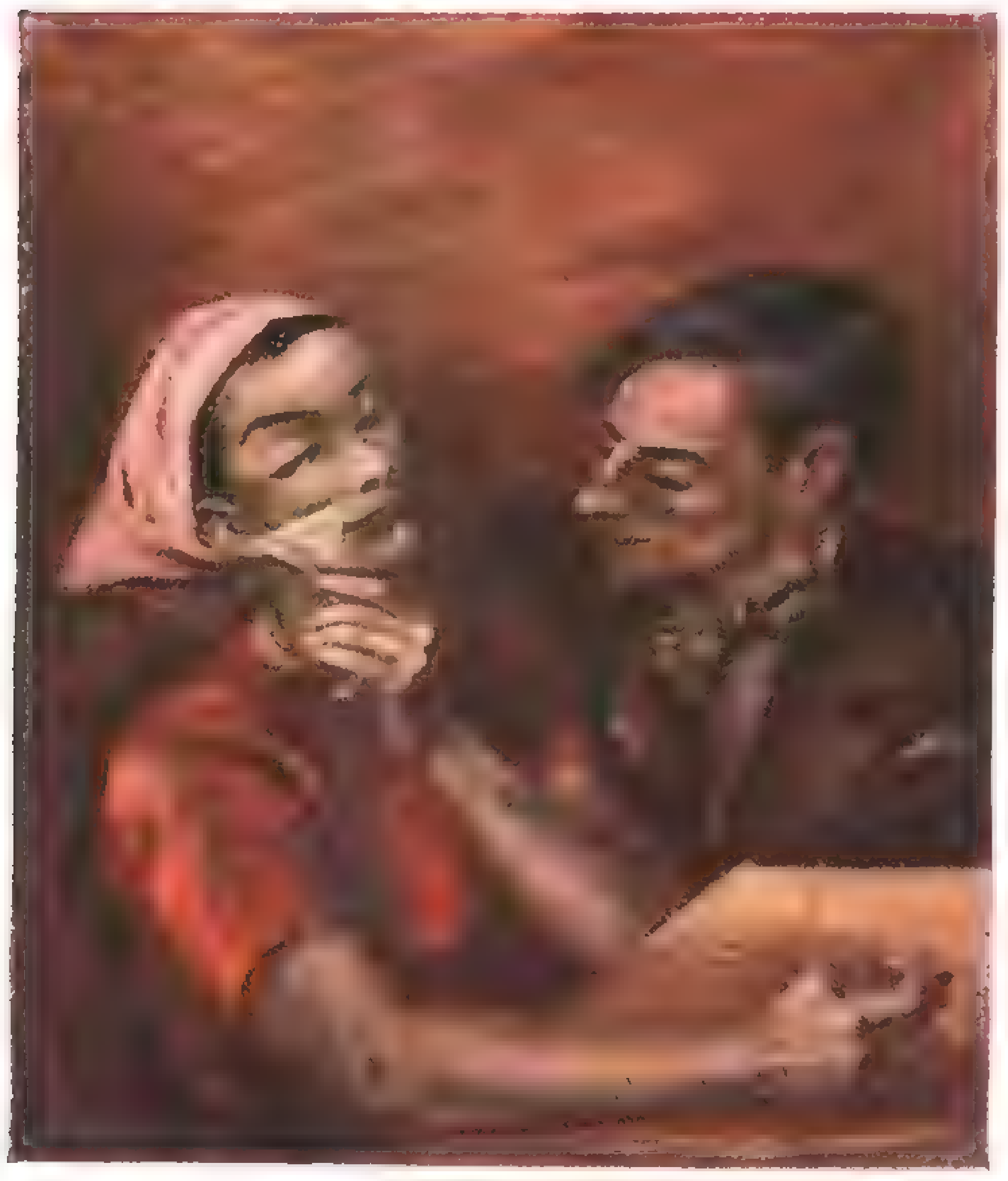
***by***

**PEPPINO MANGRAVITE**

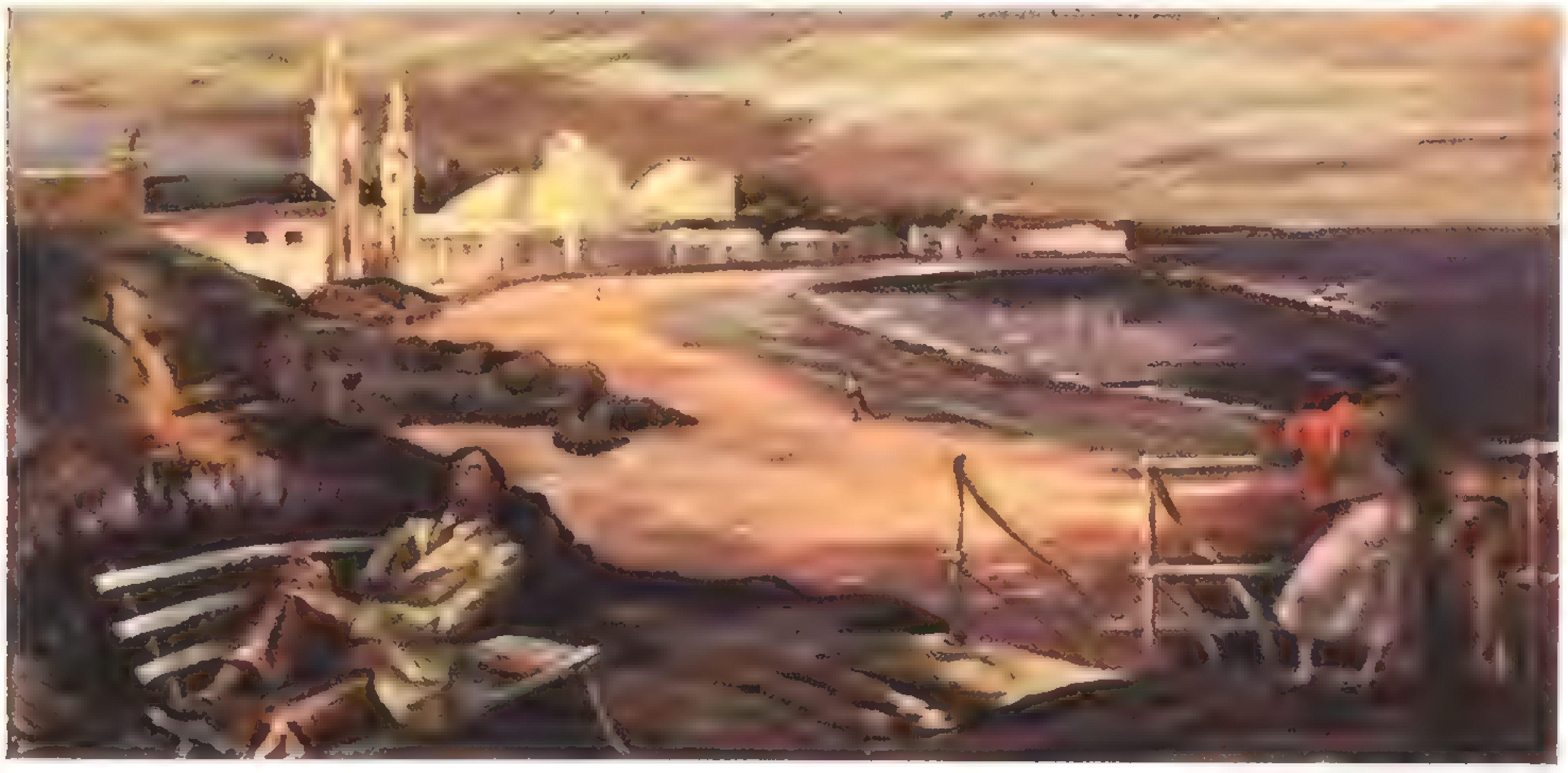
*Reunion in the Apple Orchard, The Poet in Rye, Children's Supper, Young Couple Reading, Young People Drinking* and *Children Burying a Dead Bird* are reproduced by courtesy of the Frank K. M. Rehn Gallery. *Reunion in the Apple Orchard* is owned by Mr. Frederick Tomkins, *Young People Drinking,* by Mr. Edward Root. *City People in the Country* is reproduced by courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art and *Nostalgia* by courtesy of the Denver Art Museum.



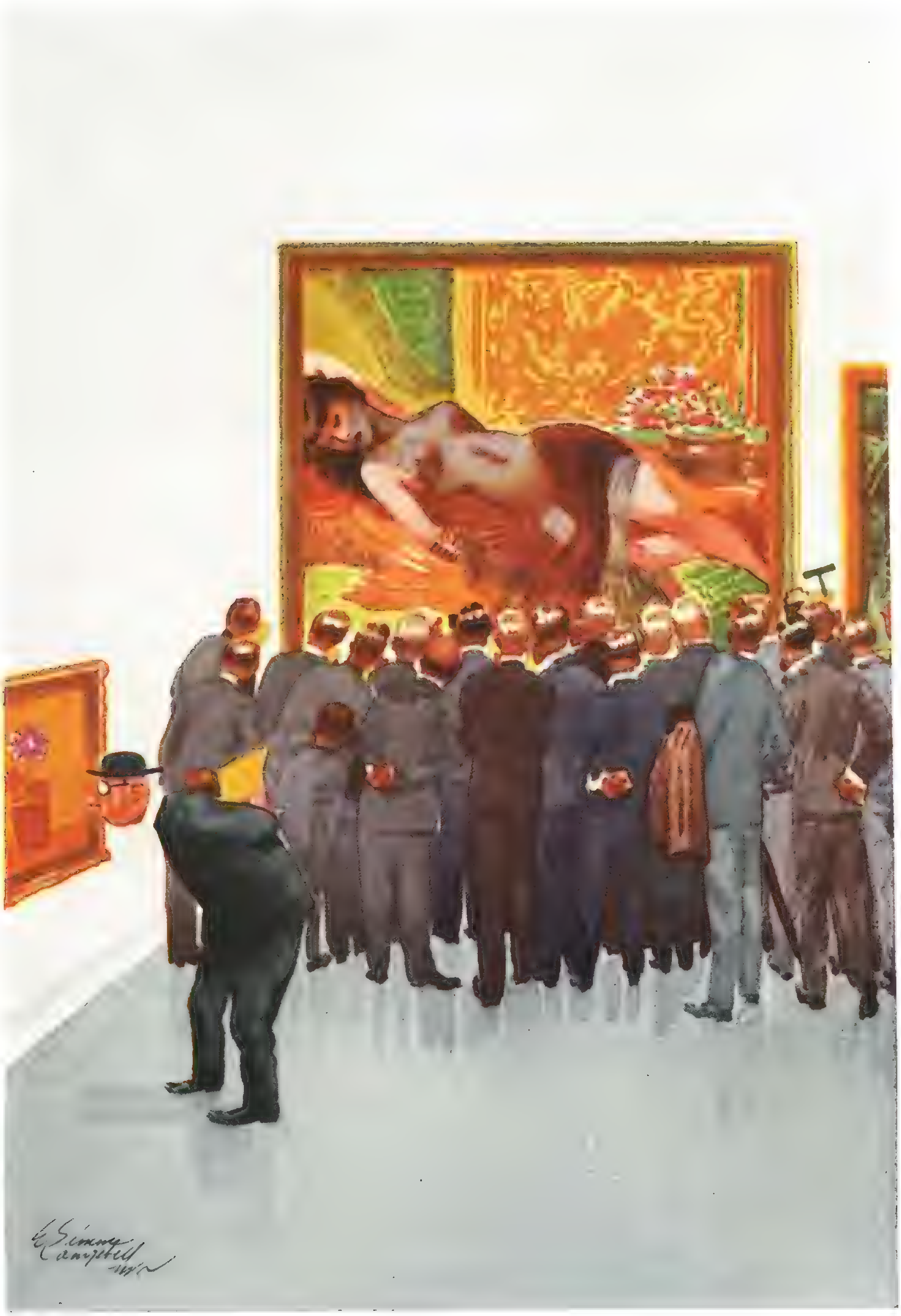
CHILDREN'S SUPPER



YOUNG PEOPLE DRINKING



THE POET IN RYE


E. Simms Campbell

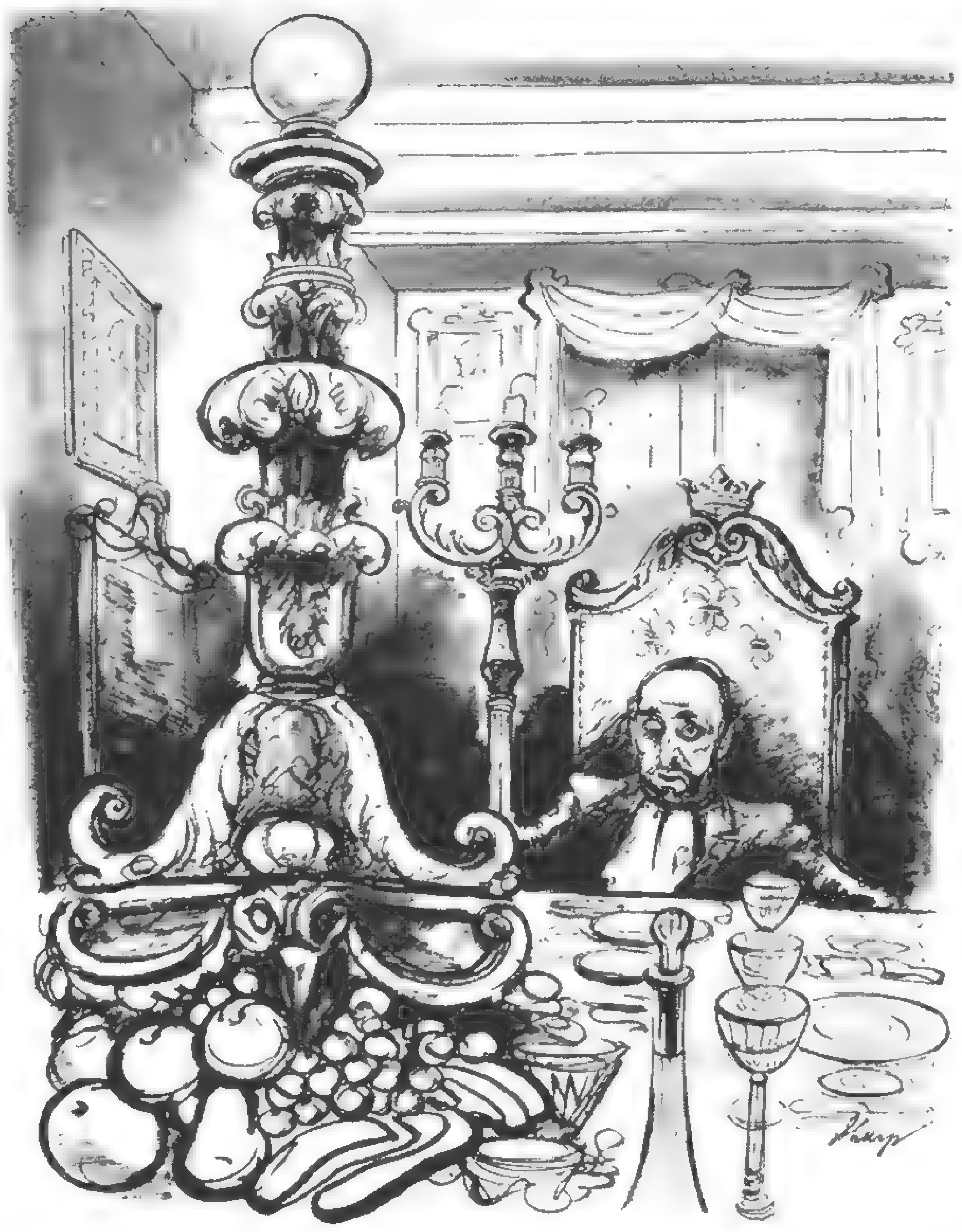
*"Get thee behind me Satan—get thee behind me Satan—get thee behind me Satan"*

# Dinner at Midnight

### The Baron knew as he seated himself at the head of the long table that this was a rare, a faultless moment

### by TIBOR KOEVES

• FICTION •



THE Baron Maurice de Hirsch arose early in the morning. It was a momentous day for him and he would be as busy as a general on the day before mobilization. He was expecting guests on the following morning, and with them his guest of honor, Edward, Prince of Wales. There was still much to be done.

He breakfasted quickly. In a flash, he decided that the Rubens which had arrived the night before from his castle in Bruxelles, would hang in the dining room, on the wall opposite the head of the table, in full view of his Prince. He remembered His Highness' preference for rosy and fleshy goddesses. The Watteau and the small Van Dyck were to decorate the two rooms of the Prince's apartment, while the Fragonard, two Reynolds, the Italian *Nativity* and the two Holbein portraits could hang in the bedrooms of the suite reserved for other guests.

In a few hours the small provincial castle, lost in the endless Hungarian plain, was transformed into a priceless museum. It was no longer a simple hunting lodge, but a princely residence, in which every armchair had once been sat on by Kings and Queens, every piece of silver had seen days of splendor in medieval Italian courts, and where every bed had been the witness of historic adventures. Baron de Hirsch made a rapid calculation. The three days of hunting would cost at least a million francs. He smiled, not with pride, but indulgently. Yes, he had the right to this extravagance. Why, hadn't he during the past twenty years given more than a hundred times that amount for the protection of his oppressed kin? And hadn't he endowed the London hospitals alone with gifts amounting to two million pounds? . . . Now he was going to have his fun for three days, even if it cost a thousand times a thousand bank notes. The banker and friend of the future Edward VII was aware of his duty . . .

A little smug, he sat back as his eyes wandered over some prints honoring the six first Derby winners. They reminded him of the Prince Taszilό de Festetich, famed for the largest racing stable in Central Europe—and also for the deepest-rooted pride and contempt in the whole world.

"My good Edward"—sighed the Baron with tenderness and he looked out of the window dreamily—"Royalty who knows the meaning of friendship" . . . When Edward had sent the list of his suite for the hunting party to be held on the Festetich estate to Prince Taszilό, the conceited Hungarian had returned the list minus the name of Baron de Hirsch. A Jew and a banker, he was good enough for the Prince of Wales, but not for that Magyar aristocrat. Without hesitating, Edward had notified Festetich that taken with a sudden illness, he would be unable to attend the party . . .

What was a million, or even ten million for that matter, when one could reciprocate to such a man? Now he was going to be host to the hunting party instead of Festetich, and he would show those Hungarians . . .

He was interrupted by the arrival of the two cooks from Paris. Fully rested after a night in Budapest, they were anxious to take possession of their domain without loss of time. The immense kitchen in the detached low building was already bursting with life. The Viennese pastry cooks, hired from the Hotel Sacher, were beating up creams, kneading dough, molding sugar-candy into palaces and wielding trembling jelly. Large and fierce peasant women were preparing with unique gusto the gravy of their chicken-paprikás, using the secret and sacred recipes handed down by their grandmothers. Scullions and kitchen maids were running in and out of doors, and a squad of butchers was dissecting whole lambs and pigs. There was high tension and feverish activity all around—and not without reason.

The first banquet was being served not the day after for the guests, but the same evening, for the Baron himself, the Baron alone . . .

The menu Baron de Hirsch had decided to offer his Prince on the first night was a daring experiment; even the chefs were looking askance at the novelty of it. Fragrant French dishes with refined sauces and dainty ingredients were being coupled with sharp, peppery Hungarian national food and classical, jovial Viennese delicacies—a sort of international affair to which three countries had been invited to contribute. Maurice de Hirsch felt it his duty personally to supervise his idea and had ordered a dress rehearsal as a prelude to his appearance before the most distinguished public of Europe.

The afternoon passed quickly enough, what with advice to the game keepers and instructions for the laying of the rugs and hanging of the tapestries which kept arriving in huge carts from the railway station at Komárom some ten miles away. At seven, he ordered the table laid, and withdrew into his room to dress.

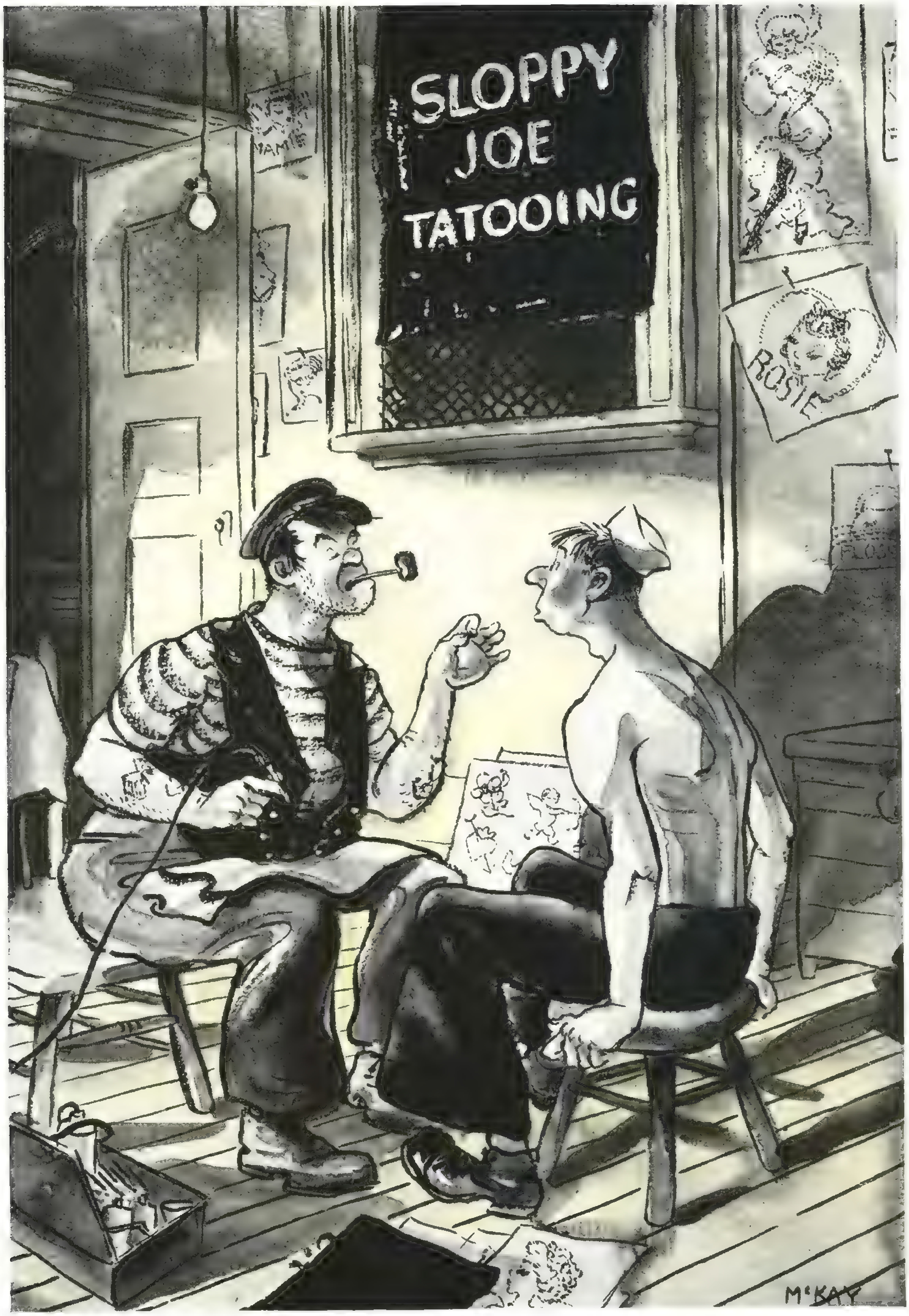
He bathed, shaved and dressed with the greatest of care. Never before had his man seen him take such pain in the choice of buttons and cuffs, nor so absorbed in the perfect shape of his white tie. He put on all his decorations, even his white gloves. Perfuming himself, he scrutinized closely every detail of his attire, and then slowly, stiffly, descended the stairs.

It was exactly nine o'clock when his butler opened the two panels of the high and heavy door painted in white and leading to the dining room. Baron de Hirsch stood on the threshold for a long moment.

Pride welled up within him. True enough, he was accustomed to splendor; he had often given and attended luxurious receptions and dinner parties—but to have transformed this neglected, provincial house into the richest, most glamorous dwelling a Prince could wish: that was another matter!

The huge long table stretched the whole length of the hall, its white damask tablecloth woven with pure silk reaching for the floor in heavy draping folds. There were twenty-four places laid for twenty-four imaginary guests: twenty-four china bowls resting on old china plates, destined for the first course, a dream of cold consommé of chicken. Each cover glimmered with the trembling light of three candles in silver candlesticks, once used by Popes long dead, and in their glim and friendly glist, the golden cutlery seemed alternately to glow and melt away in an oscillation of shadow and light. Twenty-four times six crystal glasses, in the harmonious gradation of their size, formed the

*Continued in center of page 141*


SLOPPY
JOE
TATOOING
ROSIE
McKAY

*"Well, if you don't like women—how about some flowers?"*

# China Moves on Yankee Power

### Chinese students you knew at school are busy in Southwestern provinces, modernizing the pop-eyed barbarians

### by JEROME BEATTY

• ARTICLE •

CHINA's non-military population has turned about face and in an extraordinary migration is marching Southwest carrying tools, typewriters and textbooks past troops and munitions on their way to the front—to build with American culture and industrial methods a new, streamlined nation in hinterlands inhabited by people often as backward as the blacks Livingstone found in the heart of Africa.

The provinces of Yunnan, Szechuan, Hunan, Sikang, Kwangsi and Kweichow, one-sixth of old China, are just funny names to you and me, but to the Chinese and their mostly American-educated leaders, they make up a promised land with an area about equal to the British Isles, Belgium, the Netherlands, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy combined. The Japanese are in only a very small part of it.

China has lost the best of its country. Under Japanese control are its Northern and Eastern provinces, its largest cities, all its seaports, its best public buildings, businesses, railroads, waterways and highways, 90% of its industrial plants, much of its minerals and productive land. For two years it has been moving out as the Japanese shells came tearing in.

Unlike America's movement west, it is not agricultural. It is an orderly and directed migration of millions of city folks—bankers, stenographers, coolies, teachers, street sweepers, dentists, storekeepers, mechanics, lawyers. They go in boats, on trains, on foot, in rickshas, in motor cars, trucks and buses, struggling over mountain trails, sometimes dodging bombs and bullets from Japanese planes, carrying a crushing load of all they own, to set up shop in a new land. The government, which has spent more than a million dollars for such transport, moved 3,853,682 in the last six months of 1938. That's a small part of the total.

They've shipped more than 350 factories, 75,000 tons of machinery and office appliances, piece by piece, by boat, by truck and in rickshas. Universities and libraries have been moved, books, test tubes, microscopes and blackboards—when any were left after Japanese attack—sometimes carried by hand. They believe a university is its faculty, not its buildings or its athletic teams, and teachers and students, bombed out, have traveled hundreds of miles and are carrying on effectively in any buildings they can find. When one university moved from Changsha to Kunming, in Yunnan, 304 students and 11 members of the faculty hadn't money enough to ride. So they walked, more than a thousand weary miles over mountains, through sand and slush. There was some grumbling—not because they were hungry and their feet were blistered, but because they were losing seventy days of study.

The Chinese government had hoped to move the farmers, too, and when a survey showed that in the back of supposedly terribly over-populated China lay 63,000,000 uncultivated acres, it set aside 4,000,000 acres of good land as a starter and offered to lend money to 300,000 families, if they would move out of the areas occupied by the Japanese, and produce food for China. It turned out that the Chinese farmer won't leave his land, no matter how it is torn by shells, no matter whose flag flies over him.

But the development of industry is the important thing—to produce war materials, to increase exports and to make up for the income that came from the lost cities. So cultured, up-to-date Eastern China, in shabby villages that once it didn't know existed, is planting seeds that may grow into other Peipings, Shanghais and Cantons.

That Chinese boy who was in your class at college—he's there, a leader. With him are hundreds of other Chinese men and women, educated in America, who are directing the movement, introducing new-fangled gadgets, from traffic lights to tooth brushes, to the pop-eyed barbarians. Inspiring the whole development, while Chiang Kai-shek fights the war, are T. V. Soong, Harvard, '15, the master financier of China, who urged the development of the Southwest even before war began, Madame Chiang, his sister, who, just like American women, would rather not tell how long ago she was graduated from Wellesley, and Dr. H. H. Kung, '07, Minister of Finance, Prime Minister and their brother-in-law. The chief publicity man for China is Hollington Tong, graduate of the University of Missouri and Columbia Schools of Journalism and once a reporter on the *Kansas City Star*. In a gathering of China's bigwigs everybody speaks English and they discuss football teams from Stanford to Columbia and, avid readers of American magazines, the new shows on Broadway and the latest news about the G-men.

The migration is jamming Chungking, the present capital, Chengtu and other centers of the Southwest, but the most important feature of the exodus has been the discovery and development of Yunnan and its little antique, walled capital, Kunming, once known as Yunnanfu, the city farthest from China's former seat of government, Peiping.

Yunnan is that country over near Mandalay that the dawn comes up like thunder out of. It touches Tibet, Burma and French Indo-China and except for the long road to Russia is now the only door to China not in Japanese hands. It is a hidden paradise whose 12,000,000 primitive people, until a year or so ago, had advanced little since Marco Polo visited them in 1283. Its governor is a war lord who elected himself ten years ago with machine guns and an army of mercenaries and who can read and write pretty well.

Until war came to China, Rudyard Kipling, intrepid explorers in search of the giant panda and a few Frenchmen from French Indo-China were about the only folks who paid any attention to Yunnan. The French built a not-bad little hotel in Kunming and traded with the Chinese, but the natives of Yunnan have no use for foreigners and instead of the Chinese adopting French ways, the French became Chinese-like and many learned to use opium. Neighboring Chinese seldom visited Yunnan for they could reach it only over one rocky bandit-infested road and one mountain trail over which Yunnan sent tons of opium, coolie-back, 400 miles to the Yangtze boats. It issued its own currency and only reluctantly admitted that it was a part of China. Only recently has the raising and smoking of opium been forbidden—but the bootleggers are there.

Kunmings's only connections with foreign lands were the old Ambassador's Road, a narrow, dangerous mountain trail, forty days by pack horse, west to Mandalay, and a slow French railroad south to Indo-China, that ran a sleeping car once a week, each way. Kunming is 6,500 feet high, surrounded by

Continued on page 164

# Mystery by the Wind

## Panic seized most of the men as the captain, the first and second mate, succumbed to that strange sickness

### by CAPT. WILLIAM OUTERSON

FICTION

The four-masted barque *Welburn* moved slowly northward on the calm Pacific near the equator, eased along by the dying breath of the southeast trades at a speed little better than drifting. When she rolled slightly to leeward her sails flapped against the masts with a rattle of blocks and sheets. Early in the watch the wind died suddenly, and after a period of flat calm another puff came out of the east, and the second mate ordered the yards hauled round to take advantage of it. Within half an hour it had settled into a light but steady wind and shifted into the northeast. Believing it to be the beginning of the northeast trades, Mr. Rowney called the skipper, who came on deck, surveyed the sky to windward and returned to his cabin well pleased with the situation.

He had lost no more than a few hours at most in the doldrums this trip, and the short delay would compensate to some extent for the long five weeks spent beating off the Horn. It had been a somewhat unusual passage in various ways, he reflected, recollecting the adventure of Davy Duncan, one of the apprentices, who had been carried overboard by a Cape Horn Sea, had found himself within reach of one of the ship's boats, also washed away by the same sea, and had by a sort of miracle saved himself and returned unharmed to the ship. There was also the incident of the mad Irish captain, who had blown himself up in his ship with ten tons of gunpowder. Captain Barkley was not sure that he enjoyed such unusual events, even though they broke the monotony of the voyage and did no harm to ship and crew.

The second mate had the deck in the forenoon watch next day, and the men were busy at various jobs about the decks under the direct supervision of the third mate, who went to the poop at four bells with Goram and Davy, the two apprentices in the starboard watch, to heave the log and find out what speed the ship was making. Davy took the log reel from the slings on the taffrail and raised it above his head while Goram held the sandglass and the third mate whipped the line over the stern rail. Scotty, the oldest man on board but quick in spite of his years and a first-rate seaman, was out on the lee main yardarm putting on a new gasket.

When the third mate finished heaving the log he reported the speed of the ship as three knots to the second mate, answered a question concerning the progress of the deck work and went forward again to the mainmast. Halting there he stood looking up at Scotty, who sat astride the yard completing his work on the gasket. Making it up into a small coil he dropped it in front of the sail and was preparing to descend when his hands fell slackly to his side, he swayed backward and toppled from the yard. The third mate gave a hoarse cry, expecting to see the man's body broken across the steel bulwark, but by the most fortunate chance the ship was at the end of her leeward roll and Scotty fell clear, plunging into the sea not more than a foot from the ship's side.

Davy put one handle of the log reel against the taffrail and whirled it round, winding up the line while Goram hauled it in. They had just completed this job when they heard the hoarse cry of the third mate reporting that a man had fallen overboard. Startled by this ominous message the two boys turned swiftly and saw that the lee main yardarm was no longer occupied by Scotty, who had been straddling it a moment before. The third mate, having given the alarm so that all hands could hear it, was now racing aft toward the poop to throw overside the lifebelt that hung in canvas beckets on the taffrail, but before he had arrived at the foot of the ladder, Goram was beside it in one bound, jerked it out of the beckets and dropped it over the side, and without a moment's pause leaped after it. To the admiring eyes of Davy, who had just hung the log reel in its canvas slings, his watchmate's jump into position, the tossing over of the cork belt and the vault across the rail seemed the single movement of one continuous action.

Entering the sea feet foremost, Goram spread his arms and legs to stop his descent and with vigorous movements came rapidly to the surface, reached the belt with a few powerful strokes and propelled it toward Scotty, who floated motionless on his back with only his nose and part of his face above water. Pushing the belt ahead of him, Goram brought it alongside the seaman and at a glance discovered that he was unconscious. Gripping his inert hands he drew Scotty's arms over the lifebelt so that he faced him. Surmising that the unconscious man had been knocked senseless on striking the water, he turned his attention to the ship, saw that she had come up in the wind with all her sails lazily flapping and knew that a boat would be immediately lowered to pick them up. There was nothing to do but wait and he studied Scotty's face, which was gray and flaccid and showed no sign of returning consciousness. His breathing was quick and labored as in fever, and Goram wondered why his hands were cold in this warm sun and sea.

On board the ship the second mate turned to the wheelman at the startling cry of the third mate and ordered him to luff. The *Welburn* came up in the wind and lost way, coming to a dead stop when they backed the main yard and lay to. While the other men attended to the ship work under the second mate, the third superintended the lowering of one of the boats with the four men, Perry, Duff, Graham and Clegg. As soon as she hit the water they took up the oars and sent the heavy craft speeding through the water, the third mate at the tiller. After a few minutes of hard pulling the officer said, "Way enough," and the men rested on their oars while the boat slid so gently toward Goram and Scotty.

"He's unconscious, sir," Goram reported as Duff and Perry leaned over the gunnel and gripped Scotty's wrists to lift him aboard. Graham and Clegg helped the boy into the boat and he sat in the sheets with the third mate, who salvaged the life-belt. The boat swung round and headed for the ship and Goram received in amused silence the faintly ironic praises of the third mate, who called him a hero and declared he would receive a medal for saving life at sea. Goram merely laughed at this, and the third mate changed his tone.

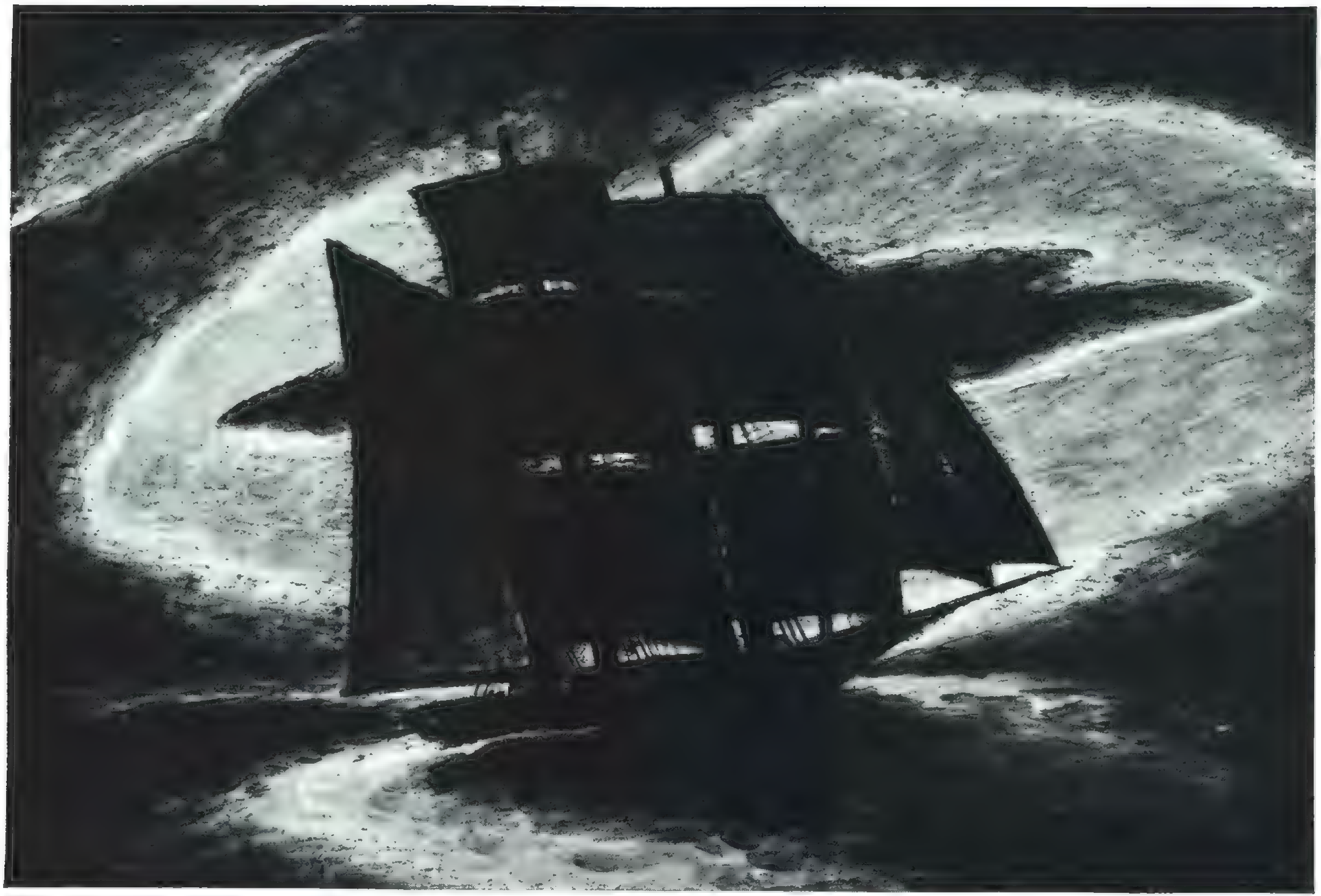
" 'Twas a damn smart piece of work, Goram," he said with sincerity. "Scotty would certainly have been drowned if you hadn't been there to hold him up till the boat came along."

When they had hoisted the boat and carried Scotty to the fo'c'sle the skipper went forward to look at him. As Goram had observed in the water, the elderly man's breathing was rapid and labored but there was no sign of fever. On the contrary, his hands and feet were cold and his face was gray and flabby, showing none of the flush that accompanied fever. The skin of his forehead had the dull cold feeling of moist clay and the skipper did not know what to do for him, therefore he did nothing except to tell the cook to place a bottle of hot water at his feet every hour or so. He realized that any of the stuff he had in the medicine chest might do him more harm than good, since he had no idea what was wrong with the man.

Goram went into the half-deck and received the warm praises of Davy, who said it was a fine thing he had done. But Goram only grinned at his mate.

"It was just nothing," he declared. "It wasn't even dangerous. I enjoyed doing it because I'm a good swimmer and there wasn't the least risk. I've been craving to go over the side a dozen times in the past few days, and that was a chance I simply couldn't miss. Besides I've often wondered what the ship looks like to a man in the water, and now I know."

Davy continued to survey him with pleasure, inwardly admitting that his explanation was no doubt correct but did not alter the fact that a man's life had been saved, and



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

this last thought he quickly put into words.

"You saved a man's life, just the same, old sailor."

"Maybe I did," Goram agreed. "I'm glad of that, of course. It's a happy thought that may cheer me up sometime when I've got the blues."

Davy continued to survey him with a pleased expression.

"How did the ship look from the water?" he asked after a long silence.

"You know," answered Goram. "Immense and safe and more than all—the place you call home. I'll never forget that feeling, the strength and safety of her and your own lost loneliness in all that water."

"I know," said Davy softly. "That's the way I felt in the boat off Cape Horn."

The skipper returned to the poop looking thoughtful, regretting his inability to help Scotty, who had always done his work well and was a competent seaman in every respect, though he had passed his sixty-fifth birthday and was, therefore, the oldest man on board. He would probably get well without medical attention. It was really remarkable how few sailors died from illness at sea. During his own forty years of wandering, he had known of only half a dozen such cases, and Scotty might be better off if let alone. Possibly he was suffering from the shock of striking the water after falling from the height of the main yard, and in that case he would naturally recover in reasonable time unless he had received internal injuries, in which case nothing could be done for him. Thus reflecting, the skipper mounted the poop ladder, took a few paces toward the companion, reeled and fell heavily to the deck.

For a startled moment the second mate stood motionless, staring at the prone form of the captain, but awoke from his trance with a jerk and rushed to his side, knelt and turned him over on his back, crying out to know if he was hurt. The skipper lay still on the deck, his breathing rapid and labored, face gone suddenly pale and sagging, hands become strangely cold. At the call of the second mate, Davy and Goram ran up on the poop followed by the third mate, and all stared down in consternation at the stricken captain's face, which now bore a distinct resemblance to Scotty's. Instructed by the second mate the others took careful hold and between them carried the unconscious skipper to his cabin, where they left him in charge of the steward. Mr. Rowney called the mate and reported what had happened, and Mr. Jones turned out to examine the captain and take charge of the ship during his illness.

"You say he looks like he had the same trouble as Scotty?" the mate inquired when the second had reported the other unusual event of the watch.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Rowney replied. "His face is gray and queer looking, his breathing is labored and rapid, his hands and feet are cold."

"Hell!" said the mate. "What can it be?"

"I haven't the least notion, sir," answered the second.

Mr. Jones entered the captain's cabin softly, walked carefully across the carpeted floor and looked down in troubled silence at the slack-skinned face above the white pillow, noted his rapid, labored breathing and felt his cold hands. The steward had undressed the skipper and put him into a suit of pajamas and was now preparing a hot water bottle to place at his feet.

"Have you any idea what's wrong, steward?" the mate inquired with small hopes.

"No, sir," the steward replied. "I've never seen this type of illness before and I don't know anything about it. But just before it struck him down the captain told the cook to put a hot water bottle at Scotty's feet and renew it every hour or so, and that's all I'm doing for the captain. His hands and feet are cold, the same as Scotty's."

"Quite right," the mate answered vaguely. "That seems the proper thing to do. Let me know if you think there's anything to be done or if there's any change in his condition."

"Very good, sir," said the steward.

Mr. Jones went on deck and spoke to the second on professional matters, making arrangements for the third to take charge of a watch while the captain was on the sick list. The mate was now skipper and would stand no watch but would be on deck all day till the captain returned to duty. His voice and manner revealed that he was worried and puzzled and even felt a certain amount of fear. This queer disease, he muttered, that struck down men so suddenly like a bolt from the blue, confused and scared him. He had no medical knowledge or experience and did not know what to do, and these mysterious ailments always had a bad effect on the men. Discipline was bound to relax and there might be trouble, though he did not expect that with this crew. Most of them were good

Continued on page 148

# America's Grandson

## The boy movie star could see some good stuff in *Huckleberry Finn* but Mark Twain had overlooked a natural

### *by* R. H. NEWMAN

• SATIRE •

THE boy film star and his tutor sat in the boy film star's study in the boy film star's California mansion. The boy was about seventeen. On the screen he looked fourteen. But in the daylight you could see that he had some pimples and a smudge of fuzz on his lip.

The tutor was a young man with a pale face and glasses. He was about thirty.

"Now then Charles," he said, "about today's assignment."

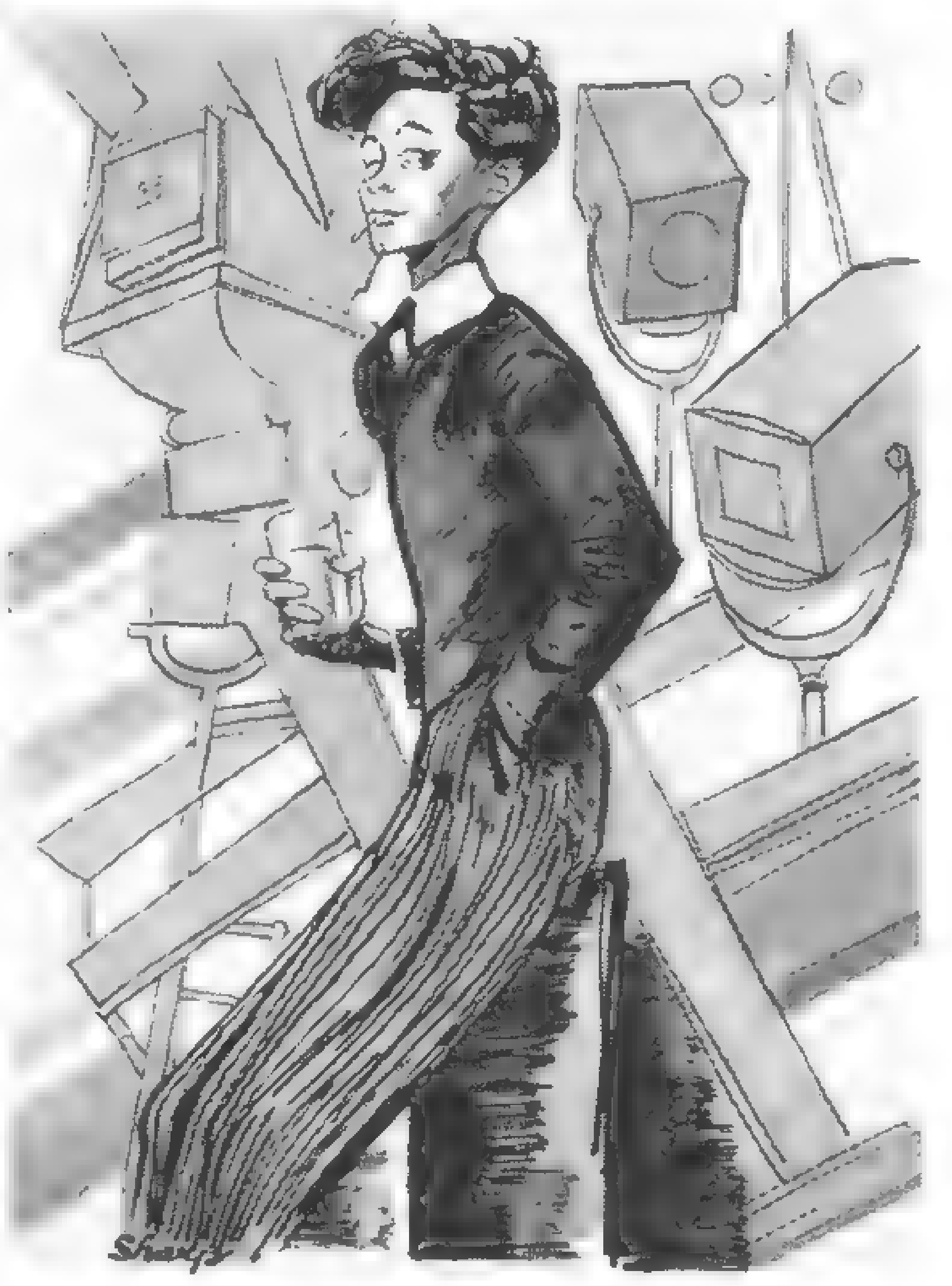
The boy pulled a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket. "Here, take one." He offered the pack to the tutor.

"Well, I don't know." The tutor seemed doubtful.

"Don't be a chump. Here, take one." The boy tossed a cigarette to the tutor. Then he struck a match. "Here, light it."

The tutor sighed and took the cigarette. He dragged at it weakly. Then put it down in an ash tray. "All right now," he said, "did you read the assignment?"

"Sure, I read it." The boy reached over and took the tutor's cigarette. He took three short puffs and inhaled them. Then he blew them out. When he saw the wondering look on the tutor's face he grinned. "It's all right," he said, "I don't mean for *you* to smoke it anyway. It's only I can never tell who's gonna come waltzing in. My old man is always bringing in a bunch of chumps from Iowa or some place. I think maybe he charges 'em quarters to take a look at me. So they should see me smoking and tomorrow I'm not America's grandson any more. Catch?"



The tutor nodded slowly. The boy went on. "Maybe he charges 'em half a buck. I don't know. That old bum gyps the pants off me."

"Oh, Charles, I think you're mistaken."

The boy waved his hand at the tutor. "Don't be a chump. I know. He shakes down the butler and the cook and even the gardeners all part of their pay. But me, I should worry how he gets his spending money. I should worry. My pay's tied up in trusts. He can't get that." He took another drag on the cigarette. "Mr. Finegold saw to that."

"To get back to the lesson, Charles. You said you'd read the book."

"*Huckleberry Finn?* Sure I did. I'm a great reader. I think I'll write me a book some day. I think I'll write my biography."

"You mean your autobiography, Charles."

"Oh, sure, yeah. Anyway, I think it was a swell book."

"Why, that's fine. It's a great book. I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"Yeah, I sure did." The boy leaned across the table. "To begin with, it's gotta great part for me. That Huck. Boy I could win me a Academy Award on that."

"That's not exactly what I meant, Charles. I'd like to hear your impression of the book."

"That's what I mean," the boy said. "Don't interrupt. You should always be patient. Now, the way I see this Huck is like this. He's a great boy, see? A sort of Jimmy Cagney type with maybe a little of Jimmy Stewart. Not much. Just a pinch to tame it down. See? I was interested as hell in it. On account like I told you I think it's a great part for me. I could do it in my sleep. This guy Huck is always misunderstood, see? He's a great boy. A real American type in the rough. He gives you a hellofa tug in the heart strings. Then there's this widow. A real bitch."

"But Charles," the tutor told him, "she's not that way at all. She's very kind."

"All front," the boy told him, "I can spot that type a mile away. Beulah Bondi. So . . ."

"I'm sorry Charles, but—"

"Don't interrupt. Who's doing this. You or me?"

"All right Charles," the tutor said resignedly, "go ahead."

"O.K. Now you're being smart. Life's too short. You should always have patience. So this Beulah Bondi makes things too unbearable for Huck. Inside he's fulla rebellion. See? A real American type. Like me. America's grandson. I tell you the part's a pushover. So then he's got this friend, Tom Sawyer. This Sawyer's no chump. He's a polished type. A wisey. Not so sterling maybe in character as Huck, but a real kid. So between them they gotta run away. They each gotta bitch in their life and especially with Huck there's his old man. Now then, as it appears to me, the old man of Huck Finn is a cinch. A stock character. In the part I see John Barrymore. Or maybe Frank Morgan. I can play the pants off 'em both, so it doesn't matter. And then there's Nigger Jim. That's the guy Huck's gotta worry about, that's the only one who has a chance to screw up the works for him."

"But Charles, they were good friends."

"Don't believe it! Nobody could be friends with a guy who's got chances to steal scenes like this Nigger Jim. But for Bill Robinson. Perfect." The boy kissed the tips of his fingers. "And if anybody had Burns and Allen under contract they'd make a wonderful King and Duke. Only you would have to change the Duke to a Duchess. But I can just see 'em on that raft. They're all on the way to the Civil War, see?"

"No, I don't see. The Civil War does not take place at the period of the book."

The boy stood up. "Aha," he said triumphantly. "I was just waiting for you to hand me that. That's what I was waiting for. Because that's where this Twain makes his big mistake. He's gotta have the war. See . . ." he lowered his voice, "here's how it's gotta be. This Nigger Jim is played by Bill Robinson. And at the part of the book where he gets locked up what happens in the book? In the book," the boy said disgustedly, "in the book these two chumps act like boobs. They try and dig him out. What good's that do? None. Nix on it. Here's how it should be. All this is a build, see? So when he gets locked up, Tom and Huck get on their raft and row themselves to Washington, D.C. Only first Jim has done a song and dance. Now then." The boy paused again. "Here's where I got my great idea. You listening?"

The tutor nodded. He was thinking sadly of the car he'd already paid three installments on.

"Now then," the boy sat on the edge of the table, "always tap dances are happy. Why?"

"I really don't know, Charles."

"There isn't any reason. So in this picture is going to be the first sad tap dance. And it's gonna be done by Nigger Jim. What d'you think of that?"

"It's simply fine. Fine." The tutor decided to hell with the automobile.

"Fine!" the boy screamed, "it's colossal. So after the dance Huck and Tom go to Washington on their raft and they go to see President Lincoln. Only first they can't get in. Poor ragged little Huck is walking along," the boy stumbled across the floor. " 'Won't nobody take me in to see Honest Abe?' he says. And everybody laughs. Then here's where Tom comes in. He gets up a plan and they sneak into the White House dressed like ambassadors. See? There's a party. And they hang out in front. First they try and get in, but they can't. Then along comes two comedy relief ambassadors. That part's easy. So Huck and Tom they lure these two chumps into an alley and steal their clothes. See? You gotta hell of a swell shot of them comic relief ambassadors running around Washington in their underwear. Then Huck and Tom dress

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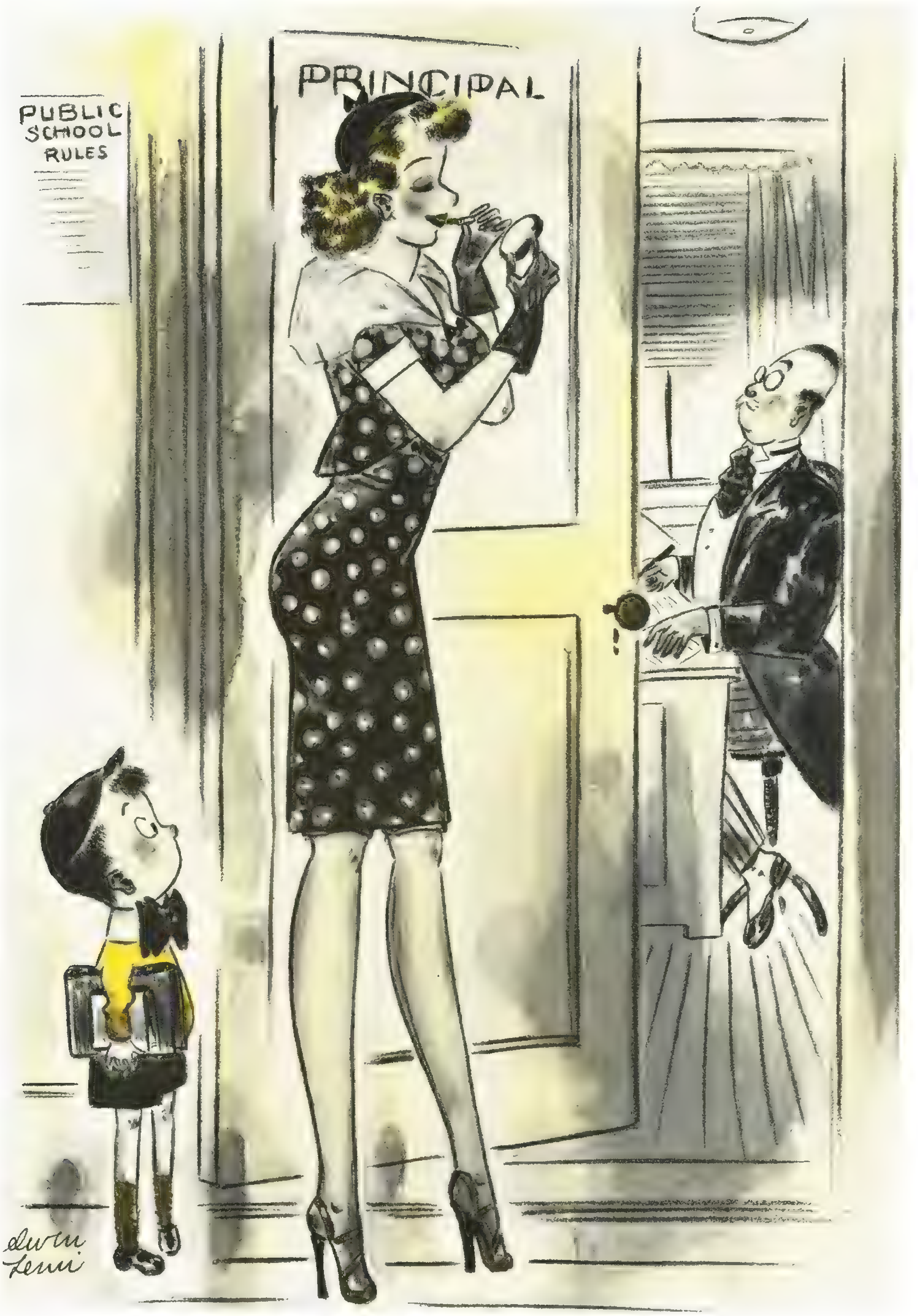

PRINCIPAL
PUBLIC SCHOOL RULES
Irvin Lenn

*"Run along home, darling. Mother is going to make sure you get promoted this term"*

# Night That Never Ends

## The sheriff said they had their own law in the county and aimed to find out who was organizing the croppers

### by DEE BROWN

• FICTION •

THEY walked down the iron steps to the uneven brick sidewalk, both of them stopping there a minute in the dusk, feeling the little breeze that fanned across the river.

"Maybe it'll be cooler in the park," said Martin.

"Maybe." Joe was watching a car pull up slow along the curb. He noted the wheels, caked with white clay mud, and thought *it must be a tourist*, bending his neck to see the license plates, wondering what state it was from.

"Say, there, Bud, can you tell us the way to Highway Sixty-five?"

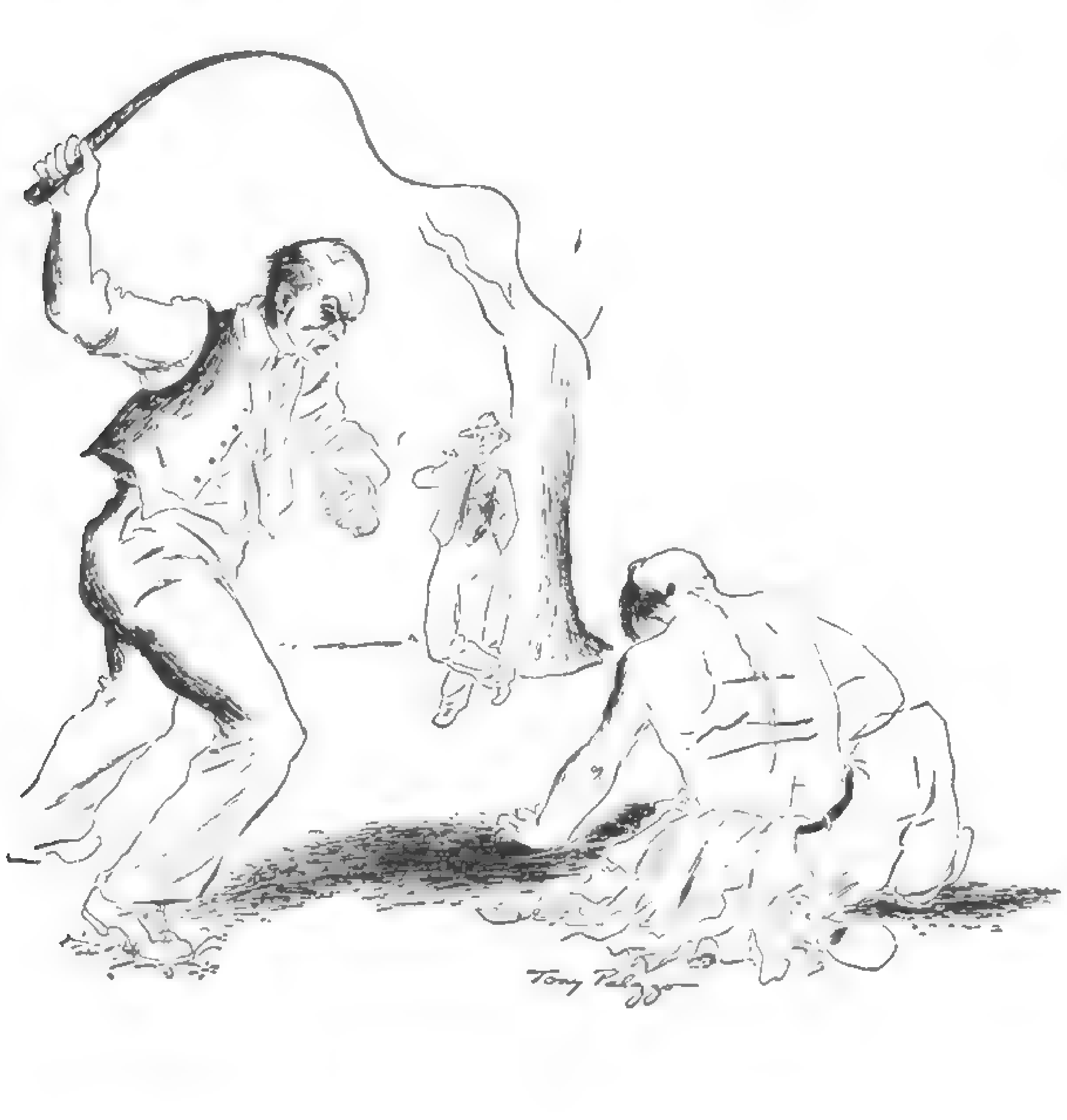
Martin took his cigarette from his mouth, and pointed east while both stepped closer to the car.

"I didn't get you," the man said, cupping his ear.

"Turn left at the third block." Joe was at the side of the car now, and Martin beside him, looking into the rear seat when the door swung open against Martin's leg, tripping him forward into hands that pulled him roughly inside.

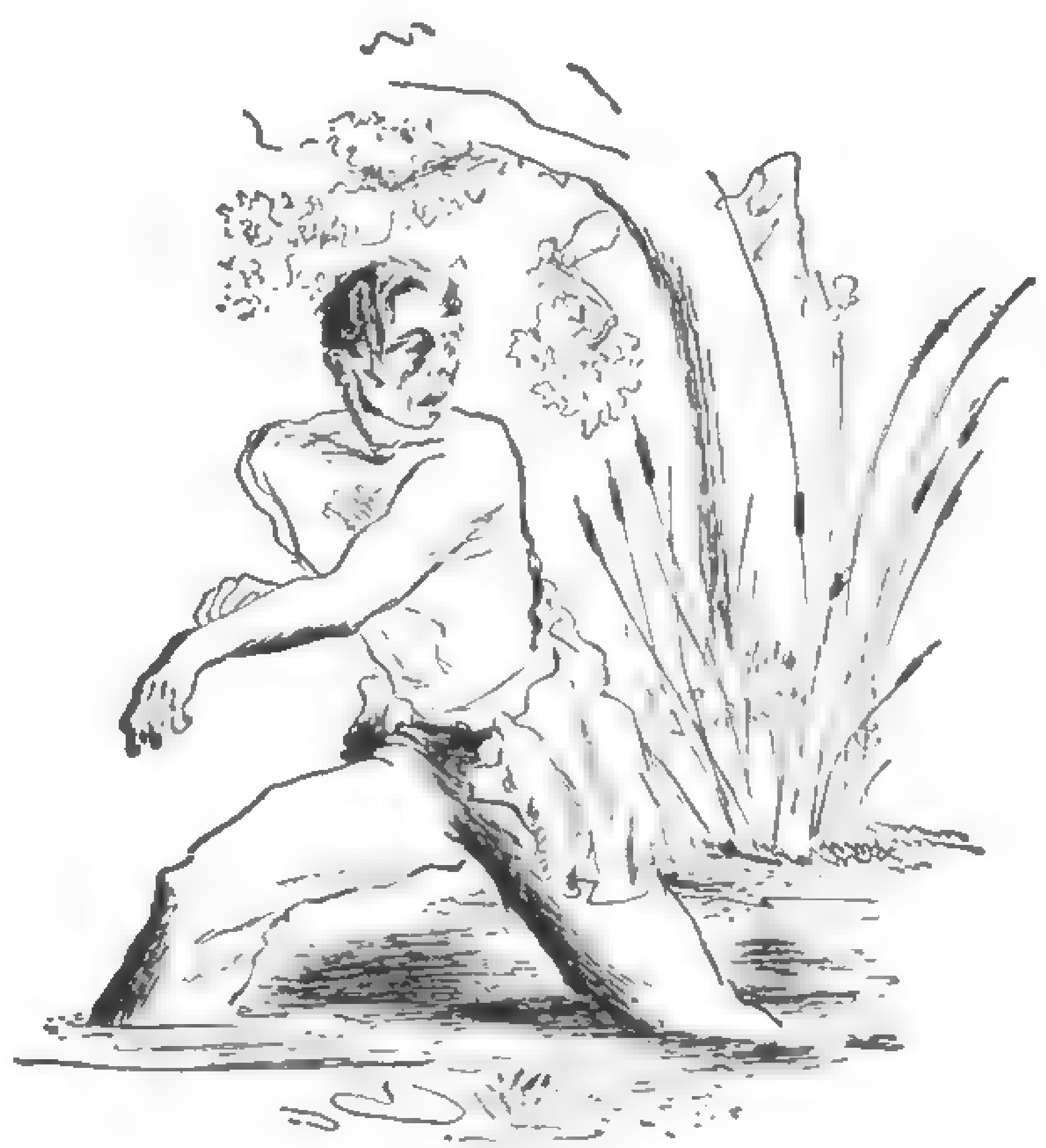
Joe's arm was in an iron grip holding him steady until the men in the rear were clutching his ankles, dragging him across the running board, his face hitting the fender and there was blood flowing from his nose and lips. He heard Martin yelling until a heel smashed into his friend's face, and now only the roar of a loose exhaust and the smell and pressure of human bodies pushing down on him from the rear seat. Then an arm jerked him upright and he was sitting in the middle of the seat. Martin was crumpled on the floor, crying softly.

There were three men in the car, the driver in front, and the two men on either side of him in the rear. From their voices, Joe recognized the two in the rear; the driver he did not know.



Once the automobile stopped for a red light. Joe would have shouted, but a fist slammed against his teeth. Again they were moving rapidly, the tires whining on the asphalt beneath. Now he could smell the river, and he knew from the rumble of the car they were on the steel bridge heading for Arkansas. Against a glass window he saw Weatherbee's silhouetted profile, and beyond, the orange-tinted sky of Memphis.

Weatherbee, the sheriff, and Tom Giles, the lawyer, had been members of the mob that broke up the sharecroppers' meeting in Two Bayou Church less than a year ago. Joe wondered what they wanted, what they knew, how they found out where he was living in Memphis. He heard Martin groan, and then a minute later the lights of the liquor stores in West Memphis were all around the car. When Joe drew in his breath, a pistol jabbed into his side. "Keep your goddam mouth shut and don't try nothin' funny." It was Weatherbee.



The driver had stepped outside. But in a minute he was back, handing Tom Giles a bottle. Giles offered the first drink to Weatherbee who relaxed the pressure on the gun against Joe's side while he took one long swallow. Then Giles had the bottle and was drinking so rapidly he almost choked.

The car was moving again, and the lights were gone. Joe was wondering if Martin was unconscious or just scared, and he said: "Hey, Martin."

Martin replied, "Yeah," but Weatherbee brought his feet down hard on Martin's back: "Shut your goddam mouths."

For a time the car kept crossing back and forth over railroad tracks; then it turned off the pavement, bumping along a rutted road. In the air was the smell of the swampland. The soft night sky was full of little stars that Joe had forgotten about, he had been so long in the city where only the big stars can be seen.

The car was whirling into a shadowy grass plot beside an old building. When they stopped, Joe recognized the place. They were on the Garvin plantation not far from the river, and across the river less than a mile was Henry Todd's cabin.

His fear renewed itself, wondering if they knew about Henry Todd. Thinking about Henry and Henry's wife and the two boys, and what might have happened to them, turned him sick, and *What was the use of all this anyhow?*

He was sick, and didn't say a word when Weatherbee flung him out of the car. He just stood there, smelling the dank sweet smell of swamp and mud, looking at the chunks of mist coming from the river.

"How you like livin' in the city, Joe?" Weatherbee's face was close to his, stinking of chewing tobacco and cheap whiskey.

"What do you want of us?" Joe saw Martin sitting on the running board, holding his head. Giles was taking something out from under the back seat.

Weatherbee spat in the sand. "You goddam educated smart-aleck. We brought you and your nigger-lovin' friend out here to find out somethin'. Thought you was safe, holed up in Memphis, huh, hidin' behind the city law. Well, we got our own law in this county. You know somethin', and we aim to find it out if we have to beat you until you can't talk." Weatherbee spat again.

"What do you want to know?"

"I'll do the talkin'. The union has got into Garvin's croppers. We know who the union men are, Garvin's already kicked a bunch of the bastards out, but we don't know who the organizer is in this county. We run you out, and we run that furriner from Commonwealth out, but still somebody is organizin'. All we wanta know is who he is. All you got to do is tell us his name and we'll turn you both loose right now."

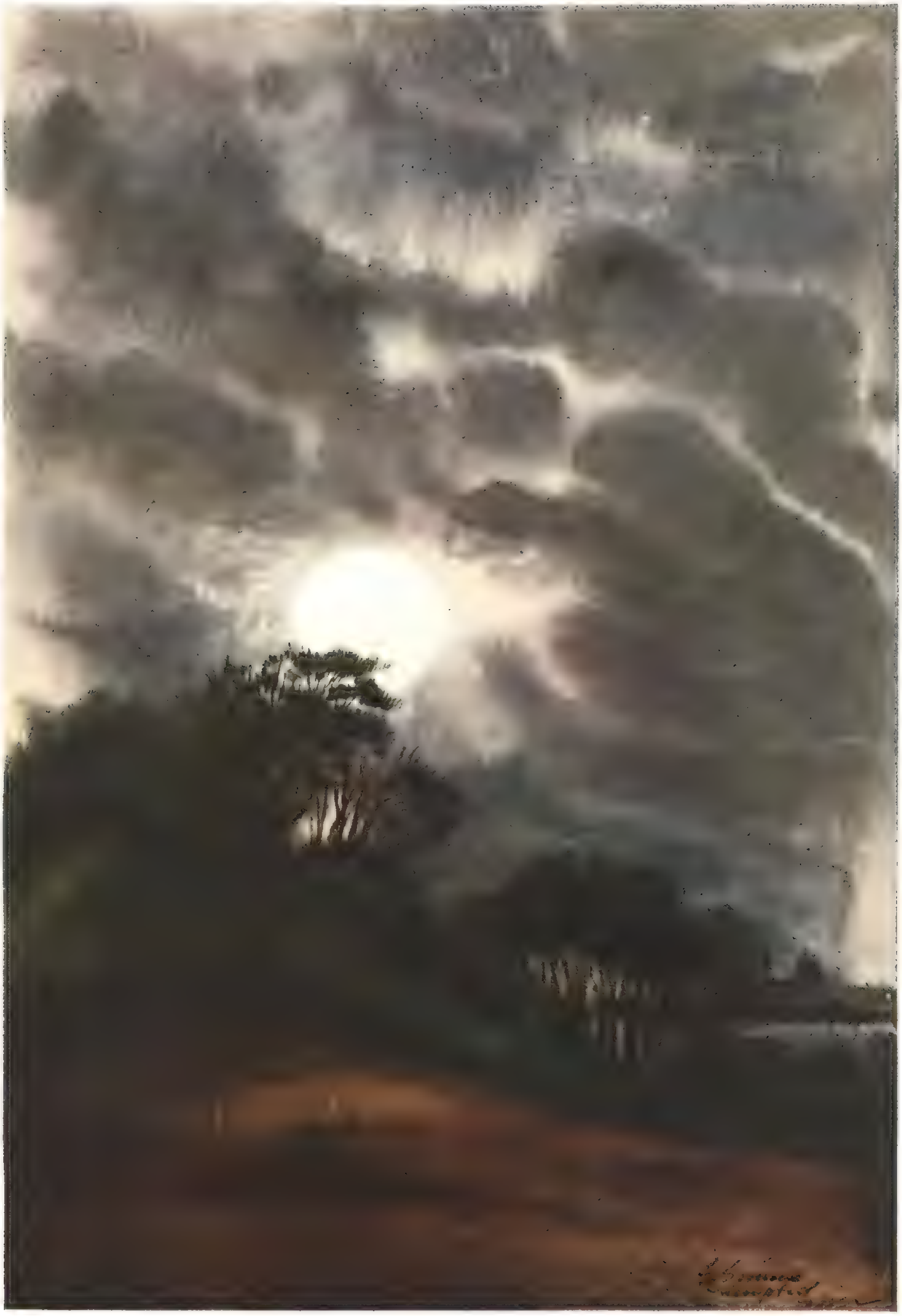
Joe's tongue was running over his bottom lip swelling from the blow received when they jerked him into the car. "What makes you think I know who the organizer is?"

"None of your bull. You know, all right. What's his name?"

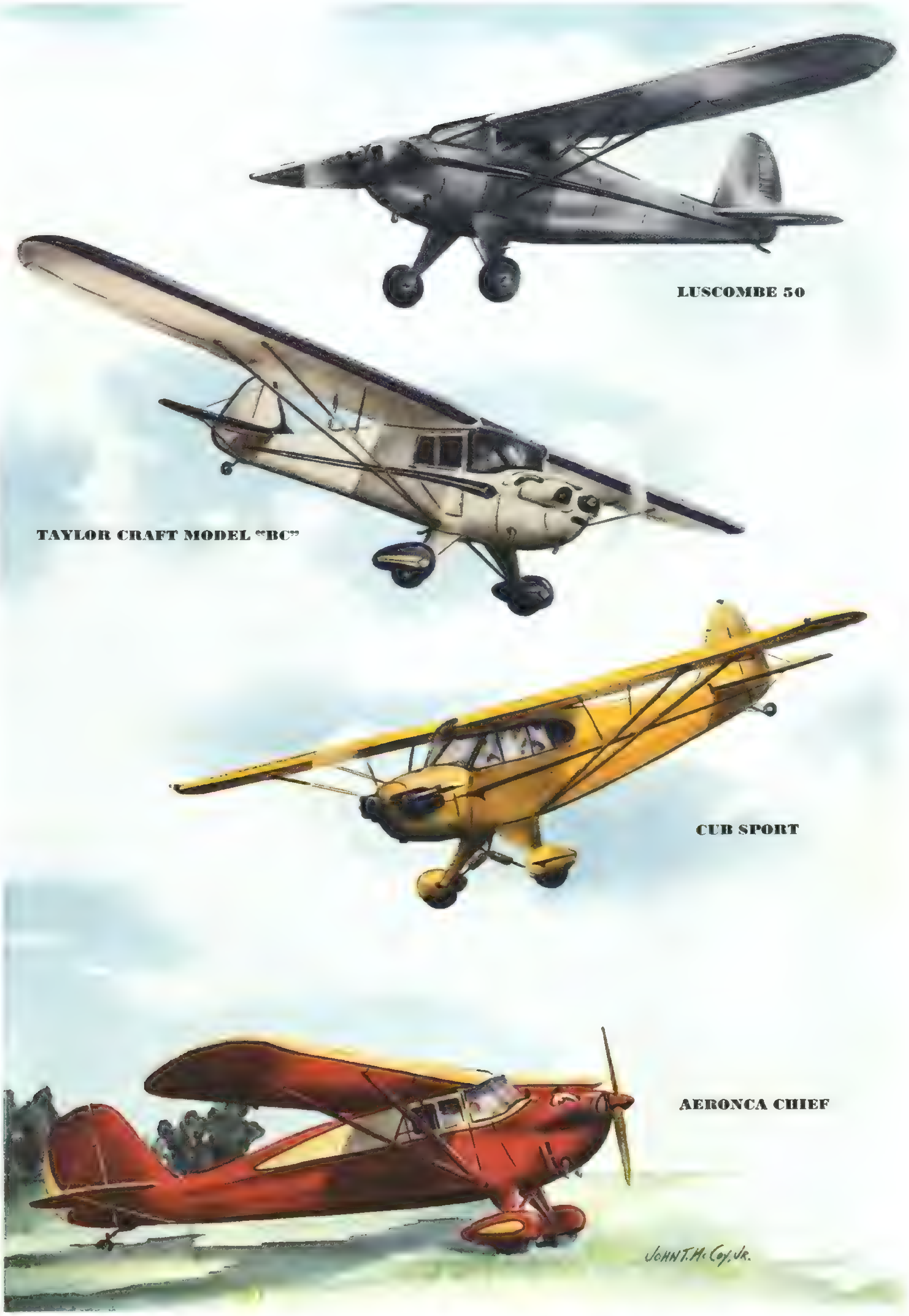
"Maybe I don't know."

"Giles!" Weatherbee turned his huge bulk towards the car; Giles was hobbling across the dewed grass, swinging a horsewhip over his head. The whip slithered through the air

Continued on page 102



*"Don't look now of course, George—but the moon is simply marvelous tonight!"*

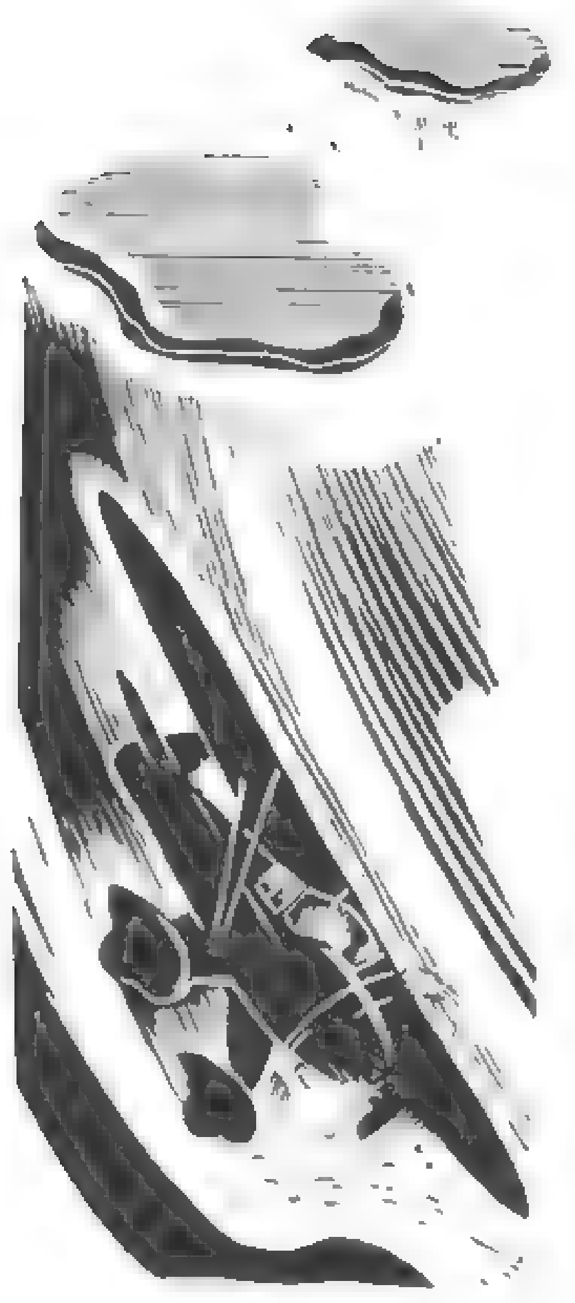


## "FLIVVERS" THAT FLY—*Drawn by* JOHN T. McCOY, JR.

All four of the small planes appearing in this illustration are two-place (pilot and passenger) and their prices range from $1,499 to $1,917.50 fly-away. Fastest is the Luscombe 50 with a maximum speed of 107 m.p.h., cruising speed, 94 m.p.h., and climb first minute, 750 feet. Its range is 400 miles, its useful load, 550 lbs. Second from the top, the Taylor Craft Model "BC" has a maximum speed of 97 m.p.h., cruising speed, 88 m.p.h., climb first minute, 450 feet. Its range is 275 miles, useful load, 486 lbs. Lightest of the group is the "Cub" Sport (Tandem). Maximum speed of this ship is 98 m.p.h., cruising speed, 86 m.p.h., and climb first minute, 650 feet. Its range is 255 miles, its useful load, 500 lbs. Shown on the ground, the Aeronca "Chief" has established a maximum speed of 100 m.p.h., a cruising speed of 90 m.p.h. Its climb first minute is 550 feet, its range, 250 miles and its useful load 460 pounds. Landing speed of the four planes varies from 30 to 37 m.p.h.; their weight, empty, runs from 600 to 670 pounds. They can all be licensed as seaplanes on Edo Floats which cost about $695 to install.

# So You Want to Fly?

## The standard plane lands slowly, won't spin unless it's forced, and is mastered in three to six hours



### *by* WILLIAM L. HOPSON

• ARTICLE •

Now that the government is making preparations to train 20,000 pilots every year for the next few years, perhaps you're beginning to think about the automobile's place in the American home twenty years ago, and toying with the idea of learning to fly just as you perhaps once toyed with the idea of buying an automobile.

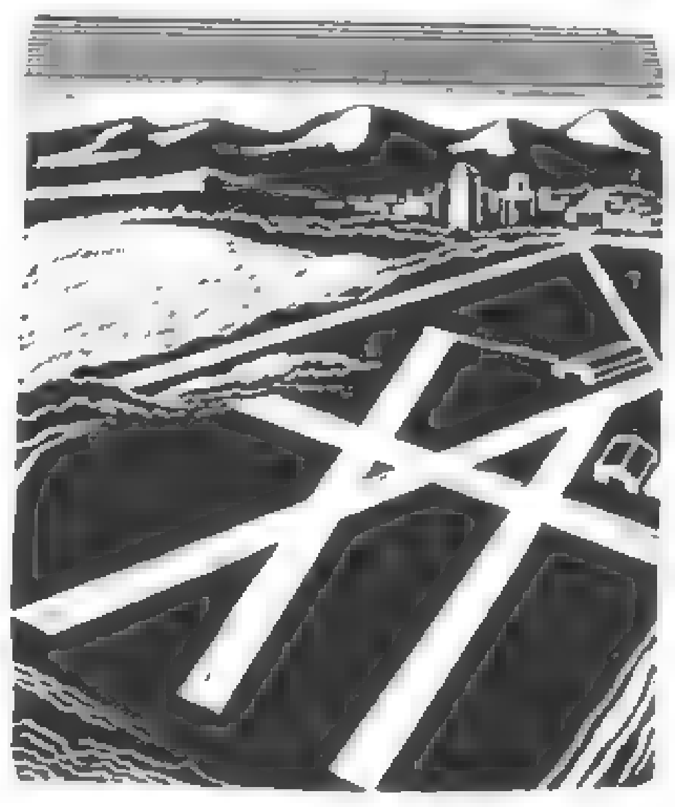
And why shouldn't you learn to fly a plane? You're an average American man or woman, you can drive a car, and you realize that in the not too distant future the American home will not be complete without an inexpensive plane taking its place in the family garage beside the family automobile. The answer is that you can learn to fly quite easily, and quite inexpensively.

But before you receive your first armchair flying lesson, suppose we take a look at some equipment. After all, you can buy a new light plane for from $950 to $1800, on terms about the same as in purchasing an automobile. Down payments will cost you from $300 to $495.

A few months ago at Santa Monica, California, an engineer named Waldo Waterman demonstrated to a surprised public his "Arrowbile," a combination airplane and auto powered by a standard six-cylinder 100-horsepower Studebaker engine. With the Arrowbile you now can fly anywhere at 105 miles per hour, land at the nearest airport, remove your wings in three minutes as well as disconnecting the propeller, and then proceed on downtown in a three-wheel tailless automobile coupe at speeds up to 70 miles per hour. You operate the Arrowbile something in the manner of a regular automobile, and it's just as easy to handle. You'll be able to buy it for $1400 very soon.

And then there is the Gwinn Aircar, which also operates much like an automobile. It has a steering wheel, a foot accelerator, and two other pedals exactly like the clutch and brake on your own car. To take off you simply press down on the foot feed with the right foot and the left pedal with the left foot. The Aircar does the rest. To land you simply lift your foot from the accelerator—and that's all there is to it.

But until these new marvels start coming off the assembly line suppose we stick to the conventional type of plane—the Cub, Porterfield, Aeronca, and others—for your first armchair lesson. You can master any of these in from three to six hours of practice. They land very slowly—from twenty-five to thirty miles per hour—and will not spin unless forced into one. Cost of instruction will average five dollars per hour, with lesser rates for solo time.



And now for a trip to the physician appointed by the Department of Commerce to examine applicants. The test isn't too stiff; enough to weed out the bad hearts, bad eyes, the alcoholics, and those others who make automobile accidents a 20-to-1 ratio as compared with the same number of planes. Yes, you're much safer up above the highway than down on it.

Out at the field you'll find your instructor to be the most competent type to be found anywhere. You'd understand why if you knew what he'd gone through to get his license. He seats you beside him in a small cabin plane, whose interior is not unlike a luxurious coupe. Before you are two sticks, two rudder bars, two hand throttles, and a few simple instruments such as are on your own car. An oil pressure gage, air speed indicator to replace your speedometer, a compass, and so on.

"First time up?" asks your instructor, warming the motor. To your surprise the sound of the motor outside does not drown out conversation.

You tell him you've flown several times before. "Good," he replies. "Now look: To get it down to the barest essentials this stick between your knees controls the elevators on the tail and those movable ailerons out there on the wings. The rudder works exactly the same way as the rudder on a boat. That is, if you want to turn left you press left rudder and push the stick to the left a couple of inches. To turn right you push right rudder and press the stick to the right. To go down you push forward on the stick, and to climb you simply pull back on the stick until the nose rises above the horizon. To fly level you simply hold the nose of the ship even with the horizon."

That will about sum up your instructions for the first thirty-minute flying lesson (which is costing you approximately $2.50 to $3). You sit silently as he guns the motor, shoves forward on the stick to bring the tail up, and then pulls it back for the takeoff. At three thousand feet he levels off in a straight line and lets you take the stick, telling you to keep the nose of the plane on an even keel with the horizon. Never mind about the rudder.

Gingerly you take hold of the stick, eyes glued to the horizon out beyond the disk of the spinning prop, and almost instantly the plane begins to wobble. When the nose dips down and you pull back on the stick to bring it up it comes right on up past the horizon and starts a steep climb. You push it down but instead of stopping at the horizon level it plunges right on past for a steep descent. One wing is also slightly awry, and you can't help but feel a bit discouraged.

Then you feel the steady hand of the man beside you right the plane and hear his casual voice saying: "You are over-controlling, just as all new students do. A plane's controls are far more sensitive than those on your automobile, hence it's only necessary to move the stick not more than two inches in any direction to right it. Now try again." Within ten minutes you're delighted to find that you can keep the plane on an even keel without too much effort. You ask to be allowed to take over the rudder too.

As a rule, he confines your first lesson to the stick alone, but he senses your eagerness to try a few turns and lets you slip your feet into the rudder stirrups.

"You might have noticed," he says casually, "that all race tracks are banked at the curves just as all automobile highways are banked the same way. That's because if a person tried to take a curve on the highway that was flat they would skid right off the road. We do the same thing flying. If you made a left turn by simply pressing on the left rudder pedal, the plane will scoot sideways. So when you push left on the rudder, you also push left on the stick to bank it. Now try a gentle left turn. Not more than an inch on stick and rudder."

Under the gentle manipulations of the controls and his helping hand, the plane starts a

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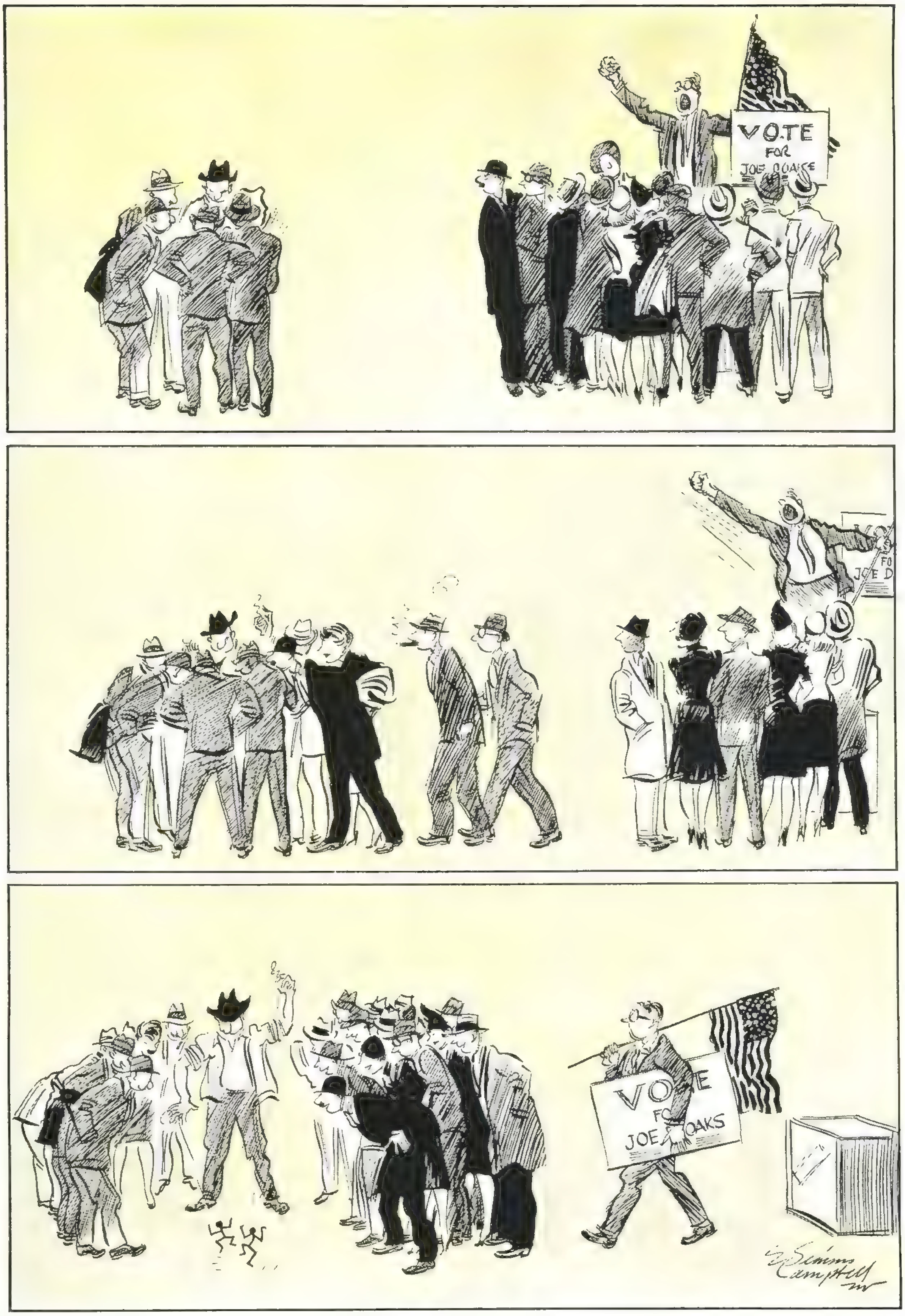
VOTE
FOR
JOE OOAKS
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E. Simms Campbell

*The American Mind*

# Ten Cents from Times Square

### The flops must have reeked to heaven if such tripe as *No Time for Comedy* and *The Philadelphia Story*, play on

### *by* GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

By September 15, the theatrical producers of New York City will be sure of these things:

that the World's Fair did not kill the theatre;
that it did kill some pretty awful plays;
that it left alive some good entertainment and some bad;
and that winter is coming and there are going to be twelve hit plays as usual, so why not take a chance.

But I am writing this in midsummer and the consolations listed above are not much use at the moment. The faces of the producers are long; their pocketbooks are lean; they are inclined to whimper if a door bangs suddenly—they think it's the sheriff. And they hate the ten-cent ride which takes a hundred and fifty thousand people out to Flushing Meadows and the biggest free show in the world every day.

THEATRE
1939
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

I don't think the World's Fair has killed the theatre. If the theatre is a little on the dead side today, it's a case of semi-suicide; mortification, I think, has set in. And well it might. Because the producers of commercial exhibits and the builders of national pavilions and the planners of free water fountains and skyrockets have managed to satisfy the craving for *esthetic pleasure* far more surely than the intellectuals and artists who run the theatre.

To my certain knowledge, three shows are terrific hits at this moment; there may be a couple of others. Of these three, *Hellzapoppin* is a monumentally satisfying show, a sort of all-time-high in the production of fun; it's a small World's Fair concession all by itself. The only comparable thing at the Fair is Billy Rose's Aquacade which has also its mad splendor—and charm added. But the other two money-makers in New York City are the important notes: they are Miss Cornell in *No Time for Comedy* produced by the Playwrights (monopoly in restraint of trade: Sherwood and Rice and Behrman and Anderson and Howard) and Miss Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story*, produced by the Theatre Guild. There you are: the highbrows are making off with the treasury. Messrs. George Kaufman and Moss Hart have to declare a moratorium on *The American Way;* but the intellectual comedies can take a World's Fair in their stride.

In brief, I have seldom seen two more contemptible plays than these two successes; and if these have survived the ravages of time, what must the others have been? When the best the theatre can offer is no better than these stale and cheap productions, a one-ring circus on a vacant lot could kill it—and be welcome.

For ten cents each way and seventy-five cents to get into the grounds, you see at the New York Fair a number of displays; judging by the pictures you get the equivalent in San Francisco. In the New York Fair you get, conspicuously, a fifteen-minute display of waterworks; I've seen something of the sort since I was about ten years old and was taken out to Willow Grove, near Philadelphia. The fountains are supposed to tell a story, a different one each week, but few know there is a story and of those few, none cares. What you get is pure delight in color and form, without significance. It is a simple pleasure, but a rare one. If I had been planning a fountain display I would have hesitated about sending skyrockets into the jets of water; but it happens that the smoke of the rockets adds an extremely fine effect.

But, of course, the thing has no meaning. The theatre is the place where significance can be found. We will now examine the significance of the two successful works, produced by the more intelligent men and women of the stage—plays by the thoughtful Mr. Behrman, the pensive Mr. Barry. Here's the theatre doing what it always should do; here's the theatre at its best.

I confess a difficulty about the first of these plays, *No Time for Comedy*, because I saw it on the 20th of April and on the 23rd, finding myself on shipboard with one of its producers, I was unable to remember enough of it even to make my objections clear. I've since checked up and put down the main lines of the theme, but it still assays somewhere between zero and one per cent meaning. There's this playwright, you see, and there's his wife, and this other woman wants to make the playwright—and also make him write dramas of greater significance than he has done, and she's trying to get him away from his wife, and in a maundering way they talk about an important play but Laurence Olivier goes back to Miss Cornell (you guessed that) and they start talking about an idea for a play—in the words of Bunker Bean, I can imagine nothing of less consequence. I can't remember the lines; some were witty as Berhman's usually are; some were vulgar. Miss Cornell acted tremendously; tremendously well; she was exactly like Sarah Bernhardt in a play by Sardou. Any play by Sardou.

After the Fountain display at the Fair you have plenty of time to see the Aquacade. It has no significance. There are some good moments of comedy in the water, Miss Holm and Tarzan swim in waltz time, and the diving is prodigious; Billy Rose has taken a crackerjack vaudeville act about some plasterers and added it in for good luck; the costumes are weird and terrible. The first time I saw the show, the girls were crying on account of the cold and I didn't feel any too comfortable myself. But it is a sweet production, smooth and delightful. It means nothing.

*The Philadelphia Story* must mean something. There couldn't be quite so many English words spoken in succession meaning nothing. I'm in better shape about this play because I just saw it. Every detail is sharp in my mind, including Miss Hepburn being allowed to act a little like Patsy Kelly. Maybe the reason why Miss Hepburn flopped in the theatre and went strong in the pictures is that the movie-directors were simply more intelligent than the stage directors. Never in any picture has Miss Hepburn been allowed to slug with all her might for comedy as she is forced to do in this play. The Theatre Guild producers have done her an evil turn and I hope that Hollywood will forgive them; I don't think that the stage has already spoiled Miss Hepburn for the screen, but she'd better go back quickly and get some good sensible direction, or her skill will be corrupted.

About the play, though; the significance thereof. There's this girl, from a Main Line Philadelphia family, and she's about to marry this labor leader, but her former husband comes along and this girl gets drunk for the first time in years and goes swimming bare and when another guy pulls her out and

*Continued on page 161*

# The Censor Marches On...IV

## Censorship proceeding from coercion is stupid, dangerous, and from the censor's own point of view, futile

### *by* MORRIS L. ERNST & ALEXANDER LINDEY

• ARTICLE •

> *"In many ways this Society is of avail for good in this community, as will be seen in the report which our efficient Secretary and his too small staff now make. But sometimes we are tempted to feel as Elijah felt when, in his protest against a corrupt civilization, he thought himself alone. But our list of subscribers proves to us that there is a large body of men and women who are not misled by the clamor of the prejudiced press and reporters and too eager self-styled literati."*
>
> —ANSON P. ATTERBURY,
> *New York Vice Society Report* (1929)

#### *WHO IS THE CENSOR?*

SOMEONE once said that there could never be a good censor, because any man wise enough to be one would also be wise enough not to tackle the job.

The loose use of the word "censorship" has led to much confusion. There are several kinds of censorship, many kinds of censors, and many kinds of things censored. The members of motion picture review boards are admittedly censors; organizations like the New York Vice Society and the Boston Watch and Ward deny that they perform any such function, though there can be little doubt about their aims and the results of their work.

On the other hand, it would be absurd to say that a story is "censored" because a magazine refuses to print it, or that a painting is "suppressed" because a gallery refuses to hang it. Only recently the League of American Writers called a meeting "on the subject of Censorship in Book Reviewing," saying that many progressive writers felt that a certain amount of censorship existed in regard to their books. Isabel Patterson, the New York *Herald Tribune's* Bookworm, deplored the misapplication of the word "censorship."

> Whatever a "progressive" writer may be (she wrote), he is evidently just like any other writer in feeling that the reviewers have done him wrong. We can only guess that by "censorship" in this respect is meant that their books don't get enough space or sufficiently favorable comment to please their aforesaid progressive authors . . . Well, nobody's books do . . . Including our own . . . But it would be just as reasonable for the reviewer to "complain" that a book has been "censored" because it is not about some subject, or because it does not contain what the reviewer thinks it should contain, as to make such a complaint of reviewing.

#### *THE CENSOR DEFINED*

*Webster's New International Dictionary* gives the following definitions of the word "censor":

> 1. One of two magistrates of Rome who took a register of the number and property of citizens, and who also exercised the office of inspector of morals and conduct.
> 2. One who acts as an overseer of morals and conduct, especially an official empowered to examine written or printed matter, as manuscripts of books, plays, foreign newspapers or magazines, etc., in order to forbid publication, circulation or representation if containing anything objectionable.
> 3. One who judges.
> 4. One given to fault-finding; a censurer; an adverse critic.

For our purposes here, a censor may be defined as one who, by reason of his judicial, administrative or quasi-official position, exercises control over public morals by dictating what kind of matter shall be placed before society, and suppressing what he deems objectionable.

#### *VOLUNTARY CHOICE VERSUS COMPULSION*

Every one of us exercises a personal censorship every day of our lives. We decide to read one book, not another; we vow never to see another play by a certain dramatist; we fulminate against an editorial that clashes with our views. Our action may depend on a number of factors: our upbringing, our education, our glandular make-up, our tastes, our prejudices. We may not be content to reserve our judgment to ourselves; we may try to persuade our children and our friends.

With this type of censorship no liberal will quarrel. It is predicated on the freedom of personal choice. It is dynamic and democratic; through the processes of education the standards which govern its exercise are constantly molded and improved. But the moment some official steps in and deprives us of the right to exercise our choice by making a book unavailable to us even if we want it, we get another kind of censorship: one that proceeds from coercion, one that comes from the outside instead of from within, one that is stupid, dangerous, hostile to progress, and, from the censor's own point of view, futile.

#### *PREVIOUS RESTRAINT*

Historically, censorship meant previous restraint: material had to be submitted to an official censor for approval prior to publication, and could be published only if licensed by the censor. When Caxton set up his printing press in Westminster in 1476, the Crown quickly perceived the vast potential power of the printed word and strove to control it, by forbidding all printing except by royal license. Maintained under close governmental supervision, presses were made subject to the decrees of the Star Chamber. In 1557, the Stationers' Company of London, a guild of stationers, received the exclusive privilege of printing and publishing in the British dominions.

Queen Elizabeth went further; she demanded that all books be read and approved by loyal bishops and councillors.

Printing presses multiplied in number; unlicensed books poured forth; courageous printers risked mutilation and death. The people, hungry for knowledge, impatient of restraint, nullified all efforts on the part of the Crown to fetter the press. The Star Chamber's strict edict of 1637 was of no avail; the Long Parliament's re-enactment of it called forth Milton's *Areopagitica*, but did not stem the tide of books. Prepublication control of the press was finally abolished in 1695.

The motion picture censorship of today is a true example of the historic type: supervision through previous restraint, for the review boards are authorized by law to examine and license. When a jittery publisher, afraid of trouble, submits a manuscript to Mr. Sumner before publication, we get a hybrid kind of pre-censorship: there is no warrant in law for the publisher's submission or Mr. Sumner's examination, nor does it necessarily follow that if the publisher proceeds in defiance of Mr. Sumner's recommendation, he will become liable criminally.

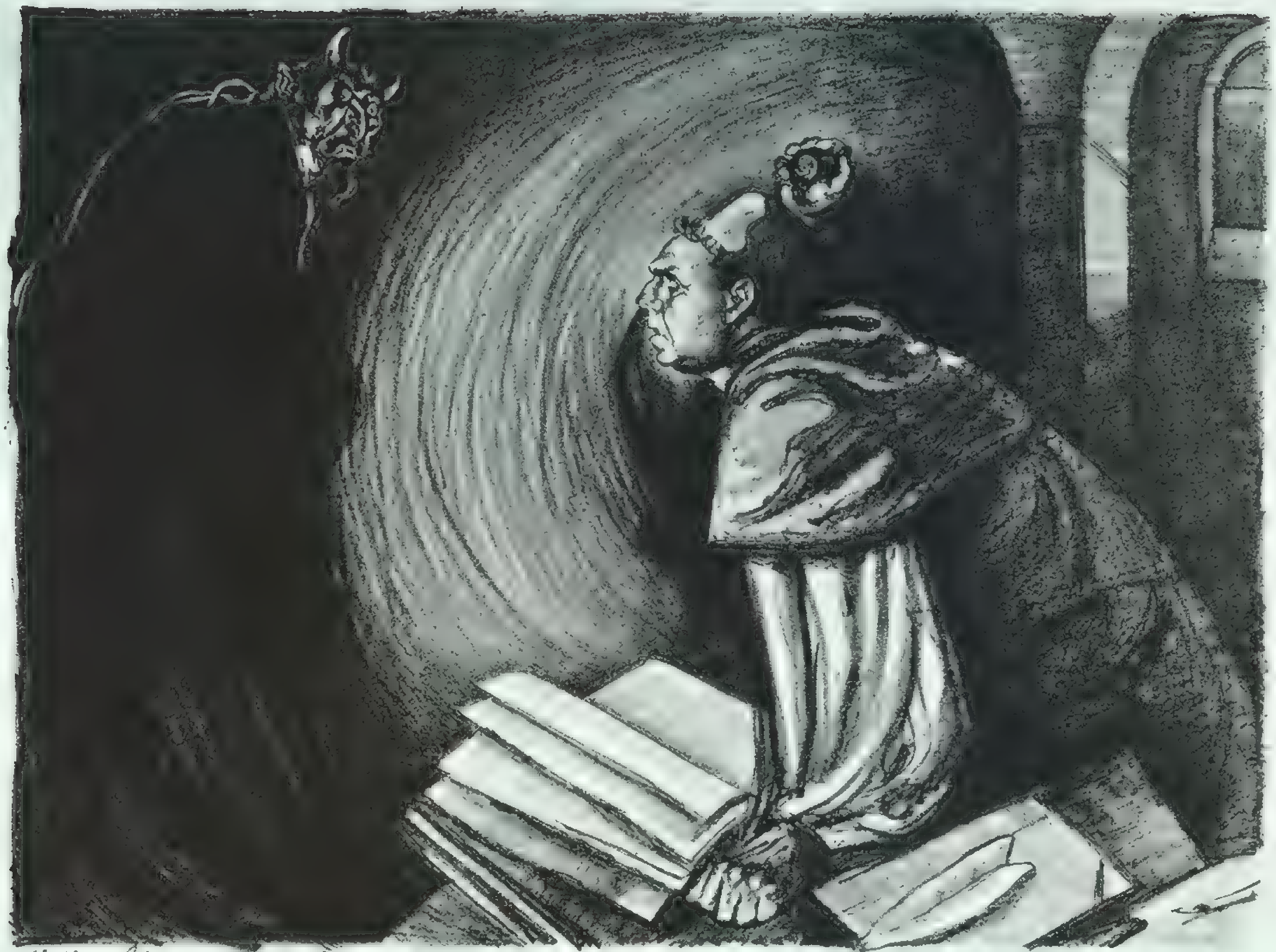
#### *SUBSEQUENT PUNISHMENT*

The non-historic type of censorship, far more extensive, imposes no previous restraint on dissemination; it merely prescribes some form of penalty if material is found to violate some law after it is placed in circulation. The manuscript of a book need not be submitted to a censor before publication, but if it is adjudged obscene afterward, the author as well as the publisher and the bookseller may be fined or sent to jail.

The immediate practical effect of both these types is the same: the suppression of "objectionable" matter. The important difference is that pre-censorship stifles creative effort before birth, so that—to borrow Edgar Lee Masters' expression—freedom is not left free to combat error; whereas subsequent restraint gives the novel or the play under attack a chance to get before the public, to rally sentiment, and to be tested out in the courts. For obvious reasons it is easier to fight the latter type of censorship. During the last decade or so numerous significant victories have been won in battles over books, and the frontiers of literary decency have been extended. In the field of motion pictures very little advance has been made.

In 1912, prior to the enactment of state censorship, an ordinance for the licensing of films was presented in New York City. Mayor Gaynor vetoed it, saying:

> It has hitherto been the understanding in this country that no censorship can be established by law to decide in advance what may or may not be lawfully printed or published. Ours is a government of free speech and a free press. This is the cornerstone of free government. The phrase "the press," includes all methods of expression by writing or pictures. In past ages there were censorships to decide what might be published or even believed . . . The few were very anxious not to give freedom of speech or of the press. They thought the many were not fit for it . . . But in the course of time . . . censorship and all interference with freedom of speech, of the press and of opinion began to give way . . . until in the end . . . they were abolished. There seem to be a few . . . who wish to retrace our steps and resort to censorship again in advance of publication . . . Do they know that censorships of past ages did immeasurably more harm than good? If this ordinance be legal then a similar ordinance in respect of the newspapers and the theatres generally would be legal . . . Once revive censorship and there is no telling how far we may carry it.



*According to Ludwig Börne, when Martin Luther was translating the Bible into German, one day the devil appeared to interrupt him. Luther threw the inkwell at him. And ever since, they say, the devil has been afraid of ink*

LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

### *WITH AND WITHOUT BENEFIT OF OFFICE*

There are official, semi-official, and unofficial censors.

Official censors are those empowered by law to exercise powers of supervision and suppression. They include judges (despite their oft-repeated declarations that it is not the functions of the courts to exercise censorship); administrative bodies like film review boards; administrative officials like the Postmaster General or the Collector of Customs or License Commissioners. Administrative bodies and officials operate under specific statutes which outline their powers and prescribe the procedure they must follow.

The judges interpret and apply the law in cases that come up before them, as where the seller of an "obscene" book is prosecuted criminally. They are also supposed to act as a check on bureaucracy—an important function, but one which has been all too often abdicated through judicial policy. The rule is that an administrative decision, though palpably wrong, will not be disturbed by the court unless it can be shown to be clearly "arbitrary, capricious or oppressive," and if the question permits of any doubt, the decision will be binding on the court. Stupidity is not enough to warrant a reversal, so long as it is the kind of stupidity an "honest" man may be guilty of. Blundering is not enough. The fact that the court disagrees with the decision is not enough. The situation must be shocking in the extreme to induce the court to interfere.

The semi-official censors are bodies that have no specific powers under the law, but have been organized for the express purpose of moral uplift. The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice and the Boston Watch and Ward Society belong in this category. Some of these agencies possess limited police powers. They work in co-operation with the authorities. They seek to justify their existence and efforts by saying that although the police are in a position to get after offenders of every other sort, they are unable to cope with those who seek to corrupt the morals of society through books and otherwise. They ferret out alleged violations, act as complaining witnesses, prod the police and the district attorney.

Needless to say, they refuse to be styled censors. The annual reports of the New York Vice Society, for example, are strident with disclaimers. Says the 1929 Report: "Frequently this Society has been accused of trying to set itself up as a Censor of Public Morals. Emphatically, we deny this offensive charge. We are simply trying to sustain the laws established for public order." And again the 1935 Report: "Let me make it plain that the position of our Society is not in any way that of a censor, which is far from the thought or purposes, but simply that of a law enforcement agency acting in the public interest with public officials on individual complaints received. These complaints come from very many sources. We are constantly co-operating with the police in purely police cases, and we are always working in thorough harmony with the prosecuting authorities—especially with the police department, and last and most important of all, with the Courts, whose decisions represent the final word."

The Motion Picture Production Code Administration, too, comes within the group of semi-official censors. Although publicized as "self-regulatory," it exercises a degree of surveillance and controls a battery of sanctions wholly out of keeping with voluntary adherence to industry standards.

Non-official censors are scattered individuals—crackpots, busybodies, meddlers, irate housewives, psychopathic "smut-snufflers," scandalized parents who find their adolescent children reading a book on sex, and expect the worst—who raise their voices in warning or indignation from time to time, and call upon the authorities to do something. They are a menace because one never knows when their scoldings will be heeded by the police or the district attorney.

### *CENSORS STATE AND FEDERAL*

Under our system of government certain spheres of activity are under national control, and others are left to the states. The federal government has exclusive jurisdiction over the mails, and interstate and foreign commerce. The Postmaster General sees to it that the mails are not contaminated, and the Customs Bureau bars from our shores whatever material may be thought to imperil the morals of the American people. On the other hand, whatever happens within the confines of a particular state is regulated by that state itself. The movie censors, for ex-

***Continued at top of page 159***

# First Nights & Passing Judgments

### By their theatre-going record, you may judge those boys who annually award the Pulitzer grand for drama

### *by* GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

WITH the new theatrical season just around the corner, a consideration of the various prizes, awards and citations which are annually ladled out at the seasons' ends may be undertaken with some potential profit.

First, the Pulitzer prize, not—surely—because it possesses the slightest authentic importance, but because it is more widely known in the hinterland than most of the others. In New York and the other larger cities, it is of course recognized for exactly what it is, which is to say an award which, though without integrity and most often without the slightest critical sense, has its occasional advertising and box-office values, particularly with regard to such fauna as are impelled to buy ketchup, chow-chow and anything else in bottles and cans in proportion to the number of World's Fair and African Colonial Exposition medals reproduced on the labels and as are further impressed by the endorsements of that miscellaneous critical Pollyanna, William Lyon Phelps, and by the austerity of Nicholas Murray Butler's dress-shirt launderer.

The value of the Pulitzer prize as a gauge of merit is nil. That at least one committee of recommendation, composed of the Messrs. Walter Prichard Eaton, Clayton Hamilton and Austin Strong, resigned in complete disgust because its suggestion as to a play that merited the prize was dismissed in favor of a considerably less worthy one is sufficiently known. That on at least one occasion the decision of the upper board was overridden by a single member who insisted the prize be given to one of his old pet students at Columbia is also known. And that the rules governing the award have been altered so often in the last decade that a committee of Bronx lawyers has to be called in each successive year to interpret them to the awarders is common gossip.

As if in despair at all this, the award board several years ago apparently made up its collective mind comfortably and safely to forget all about questions of merit and simply bestow the prize upon some play that had made a particularly good box-office showing during the year and that seemed to please most of the people, of whatever nature, who had seen it. Thus, three years ago the cordon was given to *You Can't Take It With You*, an amusing and commercially successful farce-comedy that couldn't even momentarily have been considered for an award by anyone possessed of the faintest esthetic critical sense. Thus, two years ago the award went to *Our Town*, a safe and moral dose of sentiment which had met with safe and moral popular approval—and in a year that witnessed the production of John Steinbeck's notable *Of Mice And Men*, which, however, had a few disturbing cuss words in it, to say nothing of a blonde in a short skirt. And thus this last year the prize was given to *Abe Lincoln In Illinois*, an immensely popular patriotic exhibit which had packed the box office and giving a prize to which was as popularly safe as giving one to the Dionne quintuplets.

This practice of arbitrarily handing out the Pulitzer grand to theatrical best sellers has also seemingly extended to the novel and biography. This year the mazuma was distributed to Marjorie Rawlings' *The Yearling*, which topped the fiction best-seller list, and to Carl Van Doren's *Benjamin Franklin*, which topped the biography best-seller list. In previous years, it has been peddled to such best-selling novels as John Marquand's *The Late George Apley*, Margaret Mitchell's circus seller, *Gone with the Wind*, Caroline Miller's *Lamb In His Bosom*, Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth*, and Margaret Ayer Barnes' *Years Of Grace*. And among the biographies have been such fancy sellers as Henry Pringle's *Theodore Roosevelt*, Allan Nevins' *Grover Cleveland*, Douglas Freeman's *R. E. Lee*, Odell Shepard's *Bronson Alcott*, and Tyler Dennett's *John Hay*.

So self-conscious are the Pulitzer people about the criticism of their awards, particularly in the case of the drama, that they refuse to make public the names of the persons who at present constitute their play-recommending committees. Were they to make the names public, the laugh in all probability would be even louder than it is. For it is reported that most of the appropriate gentlemen who have been approached to serve on the committees have abruptly declined and that in desperation a group of amateur stand-ins has been drafted into service. Stark Young, drama critic for the *New Republic*, for example, thumbed his nose at a renewal of the invitation, as did Gilbert Gabriel, former drama critic of the New York *American*. This year's committee, it is rumored, was accordingly made up of that hardy perennial, Billy Phelps, who has been steadily committeeing on the Pulitzer and other prix bodies since before Della Fox was born, Miss Phoebe Danzinger, who teaches drama classes at Washington Irving High School, and Owen Davis, Jr., actor and son of the author of *Bertha the Sewing-Machine Girl*, *Marry the Poor Girl*, *The Haunted House*, *Beware of Widows*, and *Gentle Grafters*.

This and committees like it suggest the prize winner to still another and advisory committee which deliberates the recommendations and either follows them or independently follows its own sweet whim. And then this advisory committee passes on its suggestions to the trustees of Columbia University who, dog-like, publicize them.

Consider, if you will, the personnel of the advisory board in especial connection with the drama award. Its members are the following: R. L. O'Brien, former publisher of the Boston *Herald;* Ralph Pulitzer, sportsman; Nicholas Murray Butler; Joseph Pulitzer, publisher of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch;* A.M. Howe, once an editor in Brooklyn; Julian Harris, of the Chattanooga *Times;* William Allen White; Kent Cooper, of the Associated Press; S. H. Perry, publisher of the Adrian, Michigan *Telegram;* Frank Kent, political columnist of the Baltimore *Sun;* H. S. Pollard, editorial writer on the New York *World-Telegram;* Walter Harrison, of the Oklahoma City *Oklahoman;* and S. Brown, of the Providence, Rhode Island, *Journal*. All thoroughly estimable gents, to be sure, but what they know of the theatre and drama might comfortably be put into a quinine capsule, with plenty of room left to spare for a copy of the Lord's Prayer, a photograph of Calvin Coolidge, and one of Anna Held's pink garters.

Moreover, this advisory board which annually dispenses the Pulitzer drama prize apparently has so little interest in the theatre that neither collectively nor singly does it ever bother itself much with theatre attendance. Extended and careful investigation reveals the appended entire scope of playgoing on the part of its members during the last theatrical season:

R. L. O'Brien saw just three shows during the whole year: *Abe Lincoln In Illinois*, *Hellzapoppin* and the Maurice Evans *Hamlet*.

Ralph Pulitzer, the most active theatregoer on the board, saw the following nine: *Hellzapoppin*, *Abe Lincoln In Illinois*, *Leave It To Me!*, *The Boys From Syracuse*, *Kiss The Boys Goodbye*, *Oscar Wilde*, *Knickerbocker Holiday*, *One For The Money* and *Outward Bound*. (Five musical shows, that is, one revival, one farce-comedy, one English importation, and the play to which he voted the family prix.)

Nicholas Murray Butler saw seven out of a total of eighty-odd productions. They were *Abe Lincoln*, *Hamlet*, the D'Oyly Carte *Pinafore*, the musical *Hot Mikado*, the revival of

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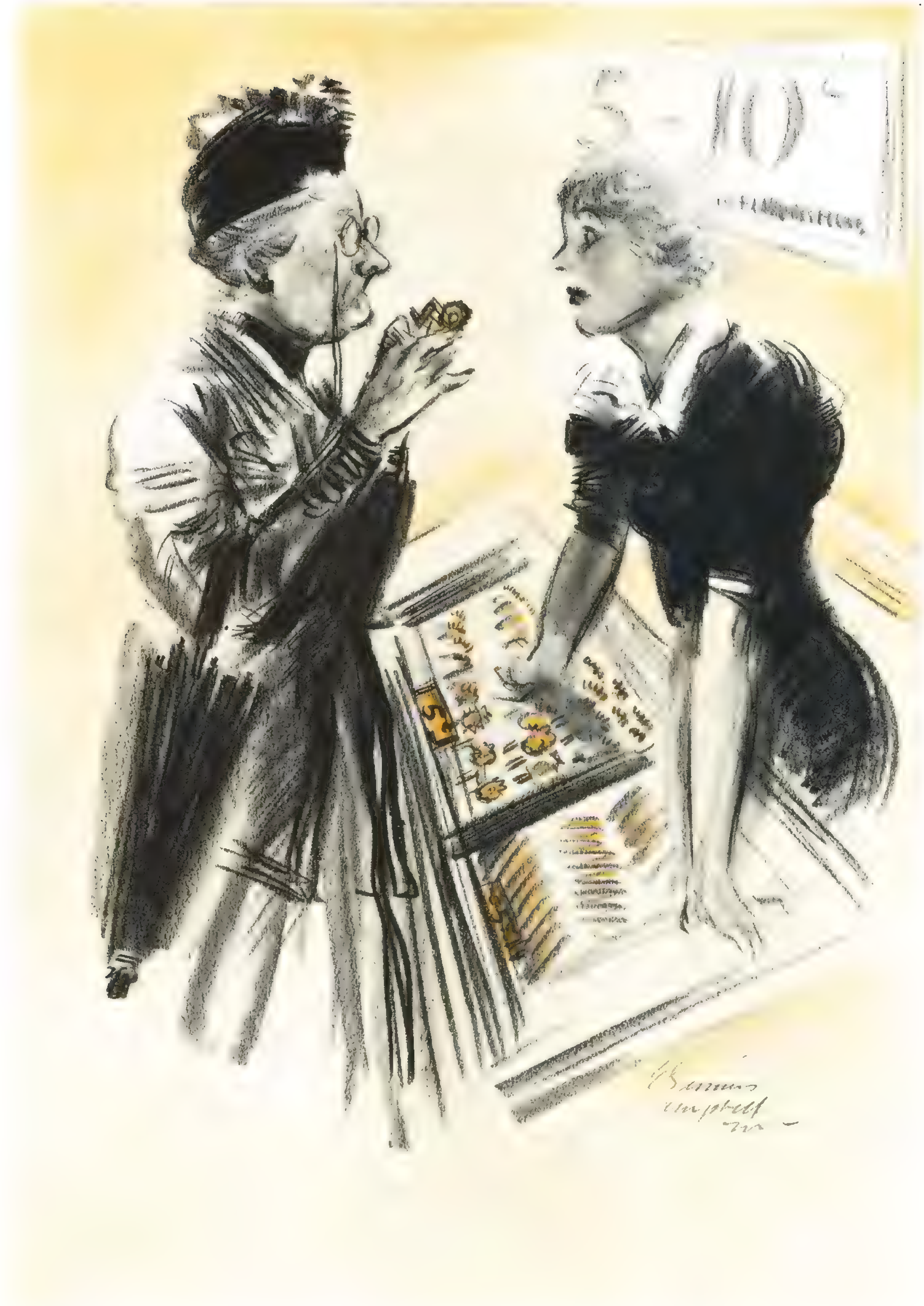


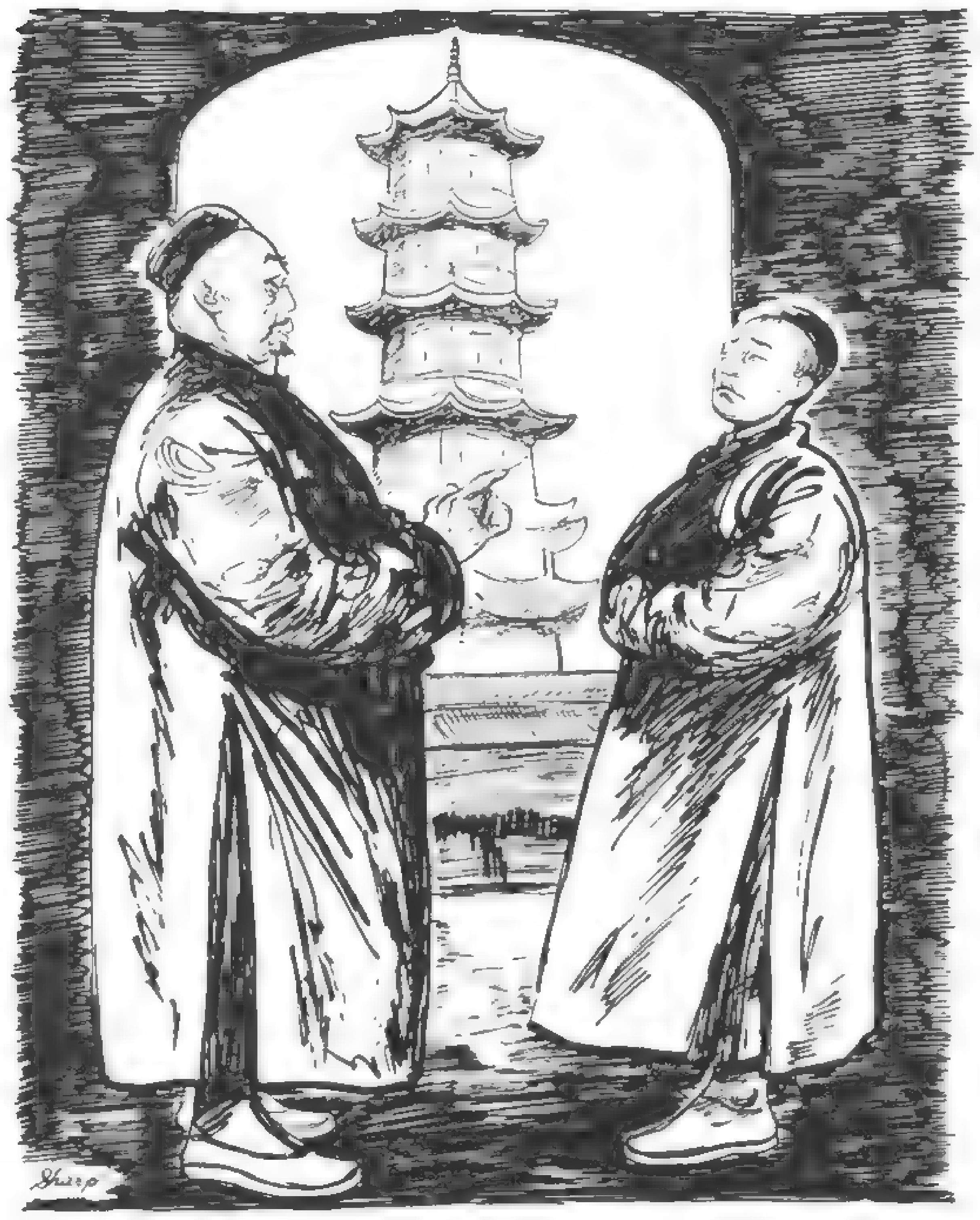
*"Is it guaranteed?"*

# Tale of Chinese Poison

### Kan took the small scraps the temple priest allowed him, remembering that opportunity comes but to the patient

### by BRADFORD SMITH

• FICTION •



In the little city of Luhai there stood at the end of the main road, just before it turned off toward the river, a large temple which enshrined the image of Buddha of the Hundred Hands. The temple was empty at present for Lin Kai Wei, the priest, was in the living quarters which adjoined the temple at one side, busy instructing the boy whom he had just engaged as his assistant.

"And besides the cleaning of the temple and the living quarters," he was saying, "it is expected of you to keep the supply of water always full, to sweep the garden paths, polish the things of brass, and attend at the door to sell incense and relics to the faithful. As it is convenient for me, I shall teach you the mysteries of the priesthood. But if you are lazy, or noisy, or greedy"—the boy looked through lowered eyelids at the paunch of Lin Kai Wei, a thing truly phenomenal in this land of hunger—"I shall send you back to your father to work and starve with the rest. Now go and clean the temple."

And the priest of the temple of Luhai indicated that he had done with the whole matter. Bowing low, Kan felt his way backwards to the door, bowed again, and let himself out. Left to himself, he found the cleaning things and went into the temple where he timorously approached the altar. Not quite sure whether the priest intended that he clean the holy place itself, he paused a moment while his mind was active in the invention of epithets for this man before whom he must pretend to abase himself. "Fat paunch," "Sow belly," "Ox-jowled" were a few of those that first occurred to him. His quick mind, sharpened by a privation which was habitual, even ancestral, assured him that he had to deal with a stingy master. Well, he must make the best of it.

While he stood there his eye happened to light on a large vase standing at one side of the altar. It was beautifully shaped and the dim light in the temple shone on the little gems set as eyes for the painted dragons until they seemed to be glaring at him. He knelt before the vase to get a closer look at the dragons. Suddenly a voice behind him said:

"Take care how you handle that vase. If ever it should be damaged you will pay for it with your skin. And now stop your staring and get about your work." And Lin Kai Wei disappeared as noiselessly as he had come before Kan dared to turn around.

As the days went on Kan discovered that his master was, if possible, stingier than he had thought. He superintended the amount that was to be cooked for each meal and took good care that when he had finished there was scarcely a good mouthful left for his assistant. Accustomed to poverty, even Kan began to languish under such rigid dieting. But he bided his time, knowing that opportunity comes only to the patient.

On a certain morning his master sent him off to buy a piece of pork, counting the exact number of pennies into his hand and warning him to bring back full measure. (Lin had never discovered that his assistant, by altering the arm of the scales with which the purchases were checked, had found a way to circumvent him.) Coming home by a back way and taking good care to remove from his face any signs of the food he had purchased with the copper he had saved, Kan slipped in at a back gate and, with a gesture of contempt, laid the scales and the meat together where Lin could verify the purchase. And then, hearing voices at the temple entrance, he went to a door, peeked through a grill, and saw Lin receiving a gift from a man whose wife, so he said, had been made fruitful by the power of the god who lived there. He saw, too, how Lin opened the box when the donor was gone and took out a luscious cake which he proceeded to eat with gluttonous delight before hiding the box under the altar.

Lin said nothing about the cakes when he returned to weigh the meat, and Kan pretended to know nothing about them. But even cakes, as he knew, could be won with patience. Many times that day his belly longed for them. He even wondered whether it might be worth the punishment to steal them. But prudence taught him that there would be a better way.

Several days later Lin Kai Wei called him into audience again.

"I am going on a journey," he said. "I shall be gone for two days. Food enough has been left for you." (Kan knew how much that was—so much as Lin could consider one fair lunch for himself.) "I expect that you will be diligent while I am gone. If not—we shall find means to mend it when I return. Two warnings I have to leave you. The vase by the altar—you know how I treasure it. See that your clumsy hands do not destroy it, or I shall destroy you. Then, as to the cakes which you have no doubt discovered by your prying. They are poisoned and if you eat them you will die. Now I shall go."

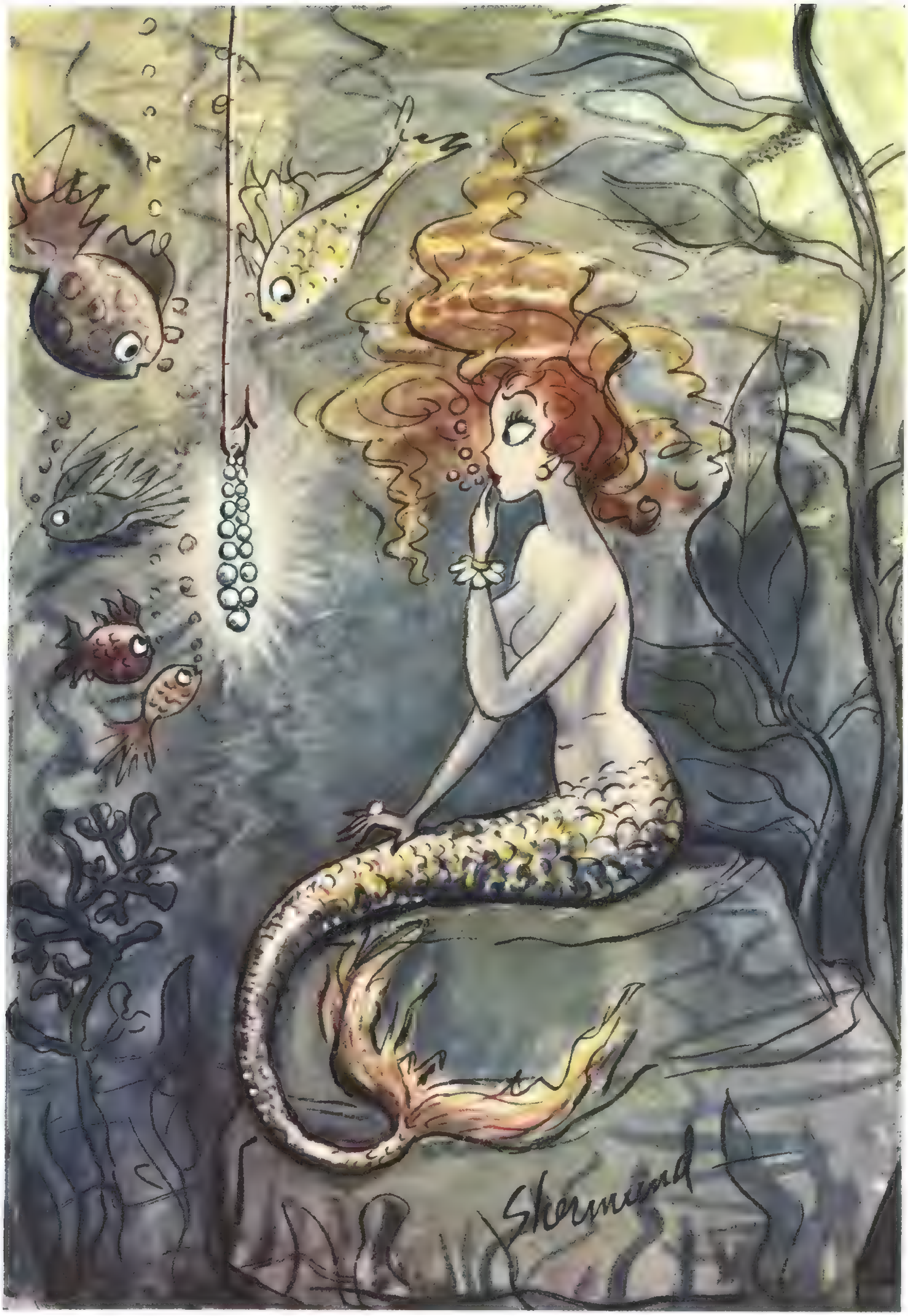
And Kan, hiding his pleasure, wished him a prosperous trip and a speedy return while his mind's voice uttered the richly nurtured string of epithets which a lively invention had been producing for days. Lin was not yet out of sight when his assistant drew forth the cakes and, adjusting himself comfortably on the temple steps, proceeded to eat them up. What was more, he did not seem to be the least apprehensive if one could judge from the pleasure, as much intellectual as gastronomic, with which he ate.

During that day and the next he allowed the temple to get dirty and ignored the leaves on the garden paths which until then he had been forced to keep as tidy as the temple floor. He tried on such of the priest's vestments as were not locked up, burned incense which was supposedly for sale, and at least once an hour returned to the big box of cakes which was being steadily emptied. Then, shortly after noon on the second day, he took up the beautiful vase, and after carrying it to the door where he could look upon the flashing eyes of the dragons, deliberately smashed it against the stone base of the altar.

Lin Kai Wei, entering the temple in the afternoon, went immediately to the altar, presumably to give thanks for a safe return and undoubtedly to see if his cakes were safe. But as soon as he saw the fragments of the vase lying on the floor, he rushed with a complete abandonment of his habitual dignity into the living quarters. And there on the floor lay Kan, the empty cake box beside him.

"Stupid pig, whose father was a son of pigs," said Lin, "what have you done?"

"Forgive me, master," Kan said. "I have broken your vase, and now I have taken the poisoned cakes. I hoped to be dead before your return. The poison must be very slow. But I tried my best—I ate them all." #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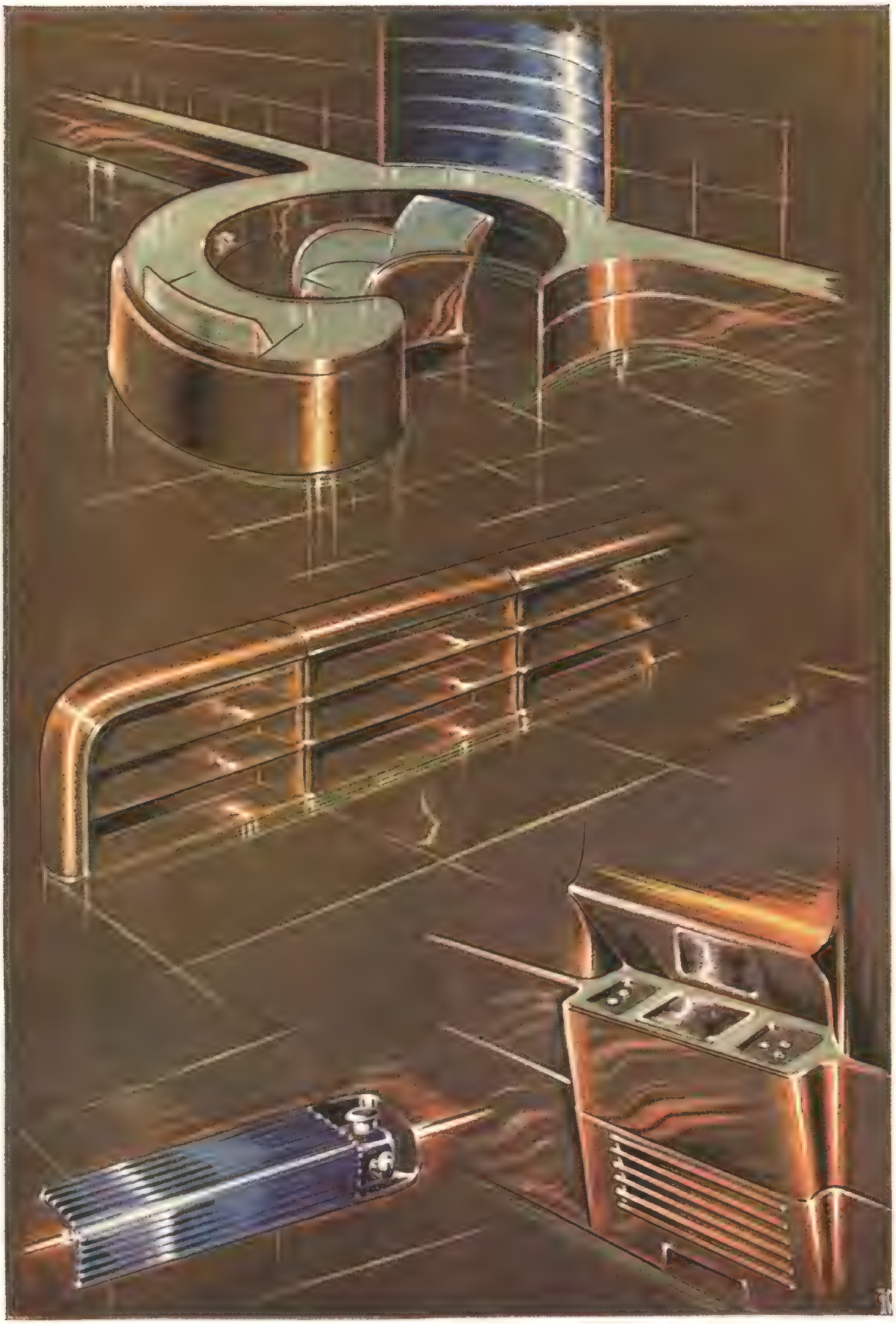

## OFFICE FOR BIG SHOTS *by* ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

What won't they think up next! Here's a design so simple (once it's explained) you'll kick yourself for not suggesting it first. A shallow shelf runs along the walls and becomes, of all things, a desk. Cute? It's a natural for conferences. Because four or five yes-men can be grouped at points equidistant from the Boss, so that nobody gets an edge. If reports become tedious, the executive can play with the instrument board, holding clock, thermometer, barometer and many other gadgets. Confidential files and a phone are within easy reach. Green leather, or plastic material forms the top of the shelf and desk, matching the leather in the chair. The semicircular window is non-transparent and hermetically closed, the office being, of course, air-conditioned. The center sketch shows a streamlined bookcase. Lights are concealed in its curved top. But the main dish is the television set. It's blended into the wall, precluding the nasty suspicion it might be an afterthought. Lower left, something rather nifty in air-conditioning grills. Of cool blue plastic material with recessed controls.

# Roulades and Cadenzas

### Reminding late comers, coughers, whisperers and program rattlers: concerts are played to be heard

### *by* CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

I haven't been in a concert hall for six weeks, and I still live. Moreover, I can safely trust myself to speak about the subject.

Concerts, as we know them, are barbaric affairs, endured only because there seems to be no less painful way of participating in certain musical experiences. From the point of view of the really cultivated listener, the average concert is an absurdity. First of all, the notoriety that attaches to our top-flight warblers and thumpers, and their understandable desire to collect the maximum rent on their talents, forces us to hear them in the company of several thousand others, in barns four times a natural size . . . and under circumstances that successfully defeat their efforts.

Music that was written for an 18th century salon is now performed in settings that dwarf the Yankee Stadium. Not a half dozen cities in the land have a theatre suitable for a program of intimate French songs, or Schubert or Wolf lieder. And those that have, do not use them. Pianists are busy turning their fingers into steel hammers and experimenting with electric sounding boards. In the newest concert halls, the instruments of our forefathers can no longer be heard. Amplification, or "re-enforcement systems," as they are politely termed, are needed. Not only is there little possibility of intimate absorption with the music, but in six seats out of ten you get anything but a true reflection of what is being performed. Either you are in the lap of a performer who is gauging his effects for listeners a quarter of a mile away, or you hear only an etching. Distortion is inevitable.

The ease with which this escapes listeners puzzles me. They seem to assume that so long as they are within four walls they hear perfectly all that goes on. They complain now and then that they can't see, but never that they can't hear. Obviously, they listen with their eyes. Their actions prove it. If you are skeptical, be on hand and use your ears, whether at the Metropolitan Opera House or any other theater. Invariably, half the audience talks uninterruptedly through the entire orchestral introduction, settling down only when the curtain rises. And again, the moment the curtain falls, no matter how significant or touching the final chords, they start right up again. Never once at the Met have I been able to hear the end of the first act of *Die Walküre.*

The entire matter of applause needs regulating. It is tolerated, after all, because performers need it—in fact, wheedle it from the audience: observe a Kiepura "triumph." It does serve to relieve the tension, and apparently no less obtrusive way of showing appreciation exists. But the pounding of palms after a particularly expressive bit of music certainly carries us straight back to our monkey days.

The actions of most people at concerts are reminiscent of the jungle. They chatter, gabble, fill the air with small talk, bat their programs over their knees, and catapult from side to side in their seats. They come late and leave early. If they aren't thrashing through a score, they hum every familiar tune. If they have a paunch and a stiff shirt, they snore. In summer as in winter, they sneeze and cough and call to each other in every key but the right one. In short, they succeed in making concerts a cross between a nightmare and a morning in the chest and lung ward of an Arizona State Hospital.

The critics one overlooks. After all, it's their job. For them, music is a bore; and deadheads never properly appreciate anything. Like me, they doubtless have discovered that the best way to listen to music is horizontally. But, paying customers . . . ? No wonder my Viennese friend was sure we were lousy with money. "Yes, New York is the wealthiest city I know," he said. "Think of all the people who pay from three to eight dollars merely for the privilege of talking through Wagner." More astounding is the fact that they out-talk him. I know concert-goers —not lately arrived from Yonkers or the Antipodes, but residents of Park Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street—who can and do drown out the Philadelphia trombones and trumpets. Only the orchestra's entire battery offers them serious competition . . . and they are sure to have the last word.

QUIET PLEASE!
WATSON

All this, plus the prize-fight atmosphere, the does-Koussevitzky-do-it-better-than-Toscanini approach that plagues public music making in New York City, causes thoughtful lovers of the art to seek consolation at home. There, at least, they can create their own milieu, and listen with an intensity unimagined by the boors, snobs, and ill-bred Babbitts who go to be seen. The human organism (fortunately) adjusts itself to many things. But when a 250-pound heifer bedecked in jewels, accompanied by a pork-packer, thuds down the aisle every Monday night in the middle of the second act and squeezes by me, stomping over my patent leathers, only to squeeze out again fifteen minutes before the end, I see the point of the guy who said music should not be performed at all; that having been conceived by the composer, it should remain *in vacuo,* "like some unexpressed dream of the Almighty."

* * *

Of course, we've improved. At least, a few Americans today dare to be direct and spontaneous in their response to music. And the notion of a silent audience exists. In the days when Charleston, S. C., was the musical capital of America and *concerts* of music were first given there by the St. Cecilia Society, "the noise and buzzing of conversation kept up the whole time, despite the fact that placards asking for silence hung on every door and wall." The first open-air concerts in New York, held in the Battery Gardens in 1765, were advertised as "a complete band of music plus genteel fireworks," and newspapers announced "Music Ministering Comfort to the Afflicted Heart" and "Orchestral Pieces with ice cream thrown in with the price of admission."

Nowadays, people buy tickets to hear an entire symphony. The first French conductors to visit us interspersed among overtures and single movements of symphonies the "Katydid" polka, the "prima donna" waltz, and the "Firemen's Quadrille" with actual squads of firemen from a nearby company. The playing of single movements of a symphony was *de rigeur* those days. In fact, symphonies were played piecemeal all during the last century. In Paris then, as now, the most cultured and sophisticated city on the Continent, Berlioz doled out the Beethoven Symphonies, one movement at a time . . . and played single sections from his own *Symphonie Fantastique.*

When Chopin gave his farewell concert in Warsaw 110 years ago, the principal item was his E-Minor Concerto, and he played it with the first and the last two movements separated by an aria. At that time, audiences were not yet prepared to swallow an entire concerto at one sitting, any more than the audiences of Handel's time were prepared to swallow the whole of *Israel in Egypt* without having its parts interspersed with lighter ballads.

Pondering the progress that's been made, we may hope that some thousand years hence, concert goers will find out that possessing ears is not a sufficient qualification for understanding music . . . that listening is more than a passive function . . . that a listener may make quite as fruitful a contri-

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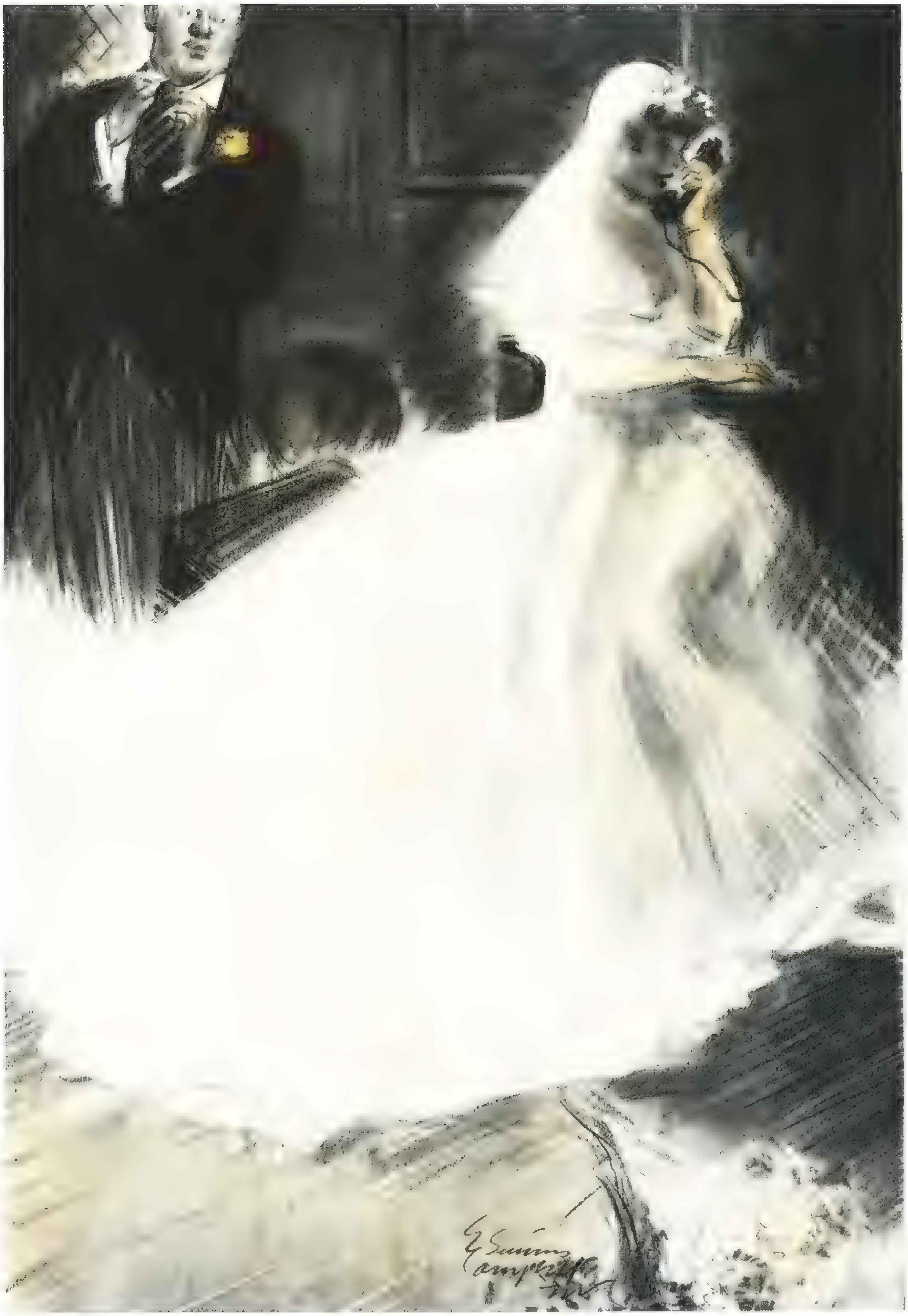

*"Hello Mom—th' house has twenty rooms—and you and Joey and Edith and Ed and Lucius can live with us now"*

# A Bellyful of Bums

### Moan from a chump who paid good money to watch Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Braddock and other so-called champions

### *by* ROGER TREAT

• SPORTS •

THIS is in no way an article on prize fighting by an expert. The writer has no qualifications to claim the title of "Fight Expert." He has never had the insight and keen knowledge of the sport to enable him to see the "next heavyweight Champion" in such worthy leather pushers as Knute Hansen, Kingfish Levinsky, Roberto Roberti, Paulino Uzcudun, Tuffy Griffiths, Jimmy Adamick, Buddy Baer, or Tommy Farr. Yet each and every one of these was so labeled early in his headline career. We (the editorial We) have always wanted to be a sports writer, but we guess we will never make it without the ability to spring such history making scoops for our readers. We haven't the space to quote, but if you are interested, you can go to the file, and see which of your syndicated favorites knew his stuff well enough to make these terrific predictions.

On the other hand, this article is a low moaning complaint by one who does more than his part to keep the big bums alive. Not the guy who buys a Ringside when the Championship is on, but the guy who goes every week and sits in the balcony if there is one, who goes direct from work to get the pick of the rush seats, the guy who finds no subway ride too long, no crowd too smelly to be there every time the doors open. And when it is heavyweights—Oh Boy—then we really get excited. At least, we used to. But now you can take your Manassa Maulers, your Pottawatomie Giants, your Hard Rocks from Down Unders, your Black Uhlans, your Merry Madcaps, your Cinderella Mans, your Two-Tons, your Brown Bombers and you can send them all to the Brooklyn Dodgers. Let's look at it this way. Willard became Champion twenty-four years ago this spring in April. Let's concede the point that Jack Johnson was an outstanding performer and look at the history from then on. How many heavyweights can we call first class, grade A, either champions or not? Dempsey-one, Tunney-two, Louis-three. How many Champions have there been? Willard, Dempsey, Tunney, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer, Braddock, Louis—nine. Nine Champions, twenty-four years, 67% of those Champions second raters or worse. That is why we are taking up chess, that is why we go to the movies more, that is why we put a double lock on the radio on fight nights. Even the cool, calm, vivid descriptions by Clem McCarthy (anyone making catcalls or throwing vegetable matter will be asked to leave the Auditorium) cannot lure us back to the path trodden so long in the belief that we were following skilled athletes.

From now on, this article takes on a bitter tone. Be it understood that no unpleasantness is meant toward the men themselves. This is the Fight Fan's Revenge on Boxing—not on the men who do it. Reversing the usual procedure, we will mention nothing praiseworthy any of these men ever did in the ring. With one eye on a pile of ticket stubs representing enough money to buy a big new car, we will turn the venom loose and let the reputations fall where they may. If there is any place to fall from where they are now.

Max Schmeling first. We go way back in the records for some choice bits on Max. Disqualified in two rounds in 1928 while boxing Jimmy Lyggett. Disqualified again in 1929 with a Herm Van t'Hof. Lost a ten-rounder in 1925 to Jack Taylor. And there is an All-Expenses-Paid Trip to the World's Fair waiting for someone who can tell us who those babies were. But that is not all. Max was knocked out in one round by Gypsy Daniels in 1928. We know who he is. He is rassling around the tank towns under the name of Chief Chewacki. Max went on from there to his crashing victory in the title fight with Sharkey. After taking a beating from Sharkey for three rounds, Max kerflumped to the canvas and won his title sitting down—amidst general hilarity. On from there to a stirring defense of the title with Willie Stribling who could always win from his sparring partners but hardly ever from anyone else. Back to Sharkey again, to lose the title in the dreariest mauling match many of us have ever dozed through. Heil and Farewell Black Uhlan—we won't be seeing you some more—we hope.

Jack Sharkey—what a man, Ah what a man. And what a record: Lost to Eddie Record and Jim Maloney in 1924, knocked out by Quintin Romero-Rojas the same year. (Remember good old Roll Over Rojas?) Lost to Charlie Weinert and Bud Gorman in 1925. Knocked out by Jack Dempsey in 1928. Dempsey was rude enough to swing while Sharkey was telling the referee about his petunias. Lost again to Johnny Risko the same year. A draw with Mickey Walker—only a welter-weight—in 1931, knocked out by Carnera for the title in 1933 and lost to King Levinsky and Tommy Loughran. Coming back in 1936, a loss to Tony Shucco, a draw with Tony Shucco, and that earned him the honor of being dropped by Joe Louis. That, Ladies and Gentleman, was the record of a Champion. For that, he held the richest bauble in Fistiana's crown.

We will skip lightly over Primo Carnera. He could not fight a lick and no one ever thought he could. How Sharkey ever managed to get himself knocked out by Carnera is another proof that the hand is quicker than the eye and things are not always what they seem. Our feelings toward Carnera should be one of sorrow and contrition. Any one of us who as much as bought a ticket to the bold faced hippodromes that made his record added a few more thumps to the head of the big good natured oaf who was made to think he was good, who did not have sense enough to go down easily when he found out he wasn't. To the everlasting shame of us all, the battered hulk of the courageous Italian reminds us of the ever present side of boxing we would prefer to ignore.

Maxie Baer—big beautiful Maxie, the co-eds' delight. Not such a bad record here. The nearest to a first rater of these five we are griping about. A man who had it all and threw it all away. He had the punch, the courage, and the physique to stand punishment. No one who saw it could say that Baer quit to Louis. No one without a large amount of personal animosity toward Baer. He took a terrible thrashing that night. Perhaps worse than Dempsey gave Willard. Worse because he could absorb more, and there was more of it coming over. His record on the way up shows losses to Tiny Abbott, Les Kennedy, Ernie Schaaf, Tommy Loughran, Johnny Risko, and Paulino Uzcudun. Then all wins to the Braddock fight. As we have been told a million times, that loss can be charged to Max's extracurricular activities. Granted he was a damned fool, wouldn't some of you like to go through the same adventurous times and be the same kind of damned fool?

For the last bellyache we will scan the record of Jim Braddock. Braddock's record proves forever that anything can happen, that you do not have to be worth a hoot to be Champion. Of course, Carnera had already proved that, but his record showed all wins. Even though they did not mean much, at least, they were wins. Braddock drew in 1927 with George La Rocco and Joe Monte; drew in 1928 with Joe Monte again and Nando Tassi; and lost to Joe Sekyra; lost in 1929 to Leo Lomski, Yale Okun, Tommy Loughran, and Maxie Rosenbloom; lost in 1930 to Leo Lomski, Billy Jones, and Babe Hunt; lost in 1931 to Ernie Schaaf, Joe Sekyra, and Al

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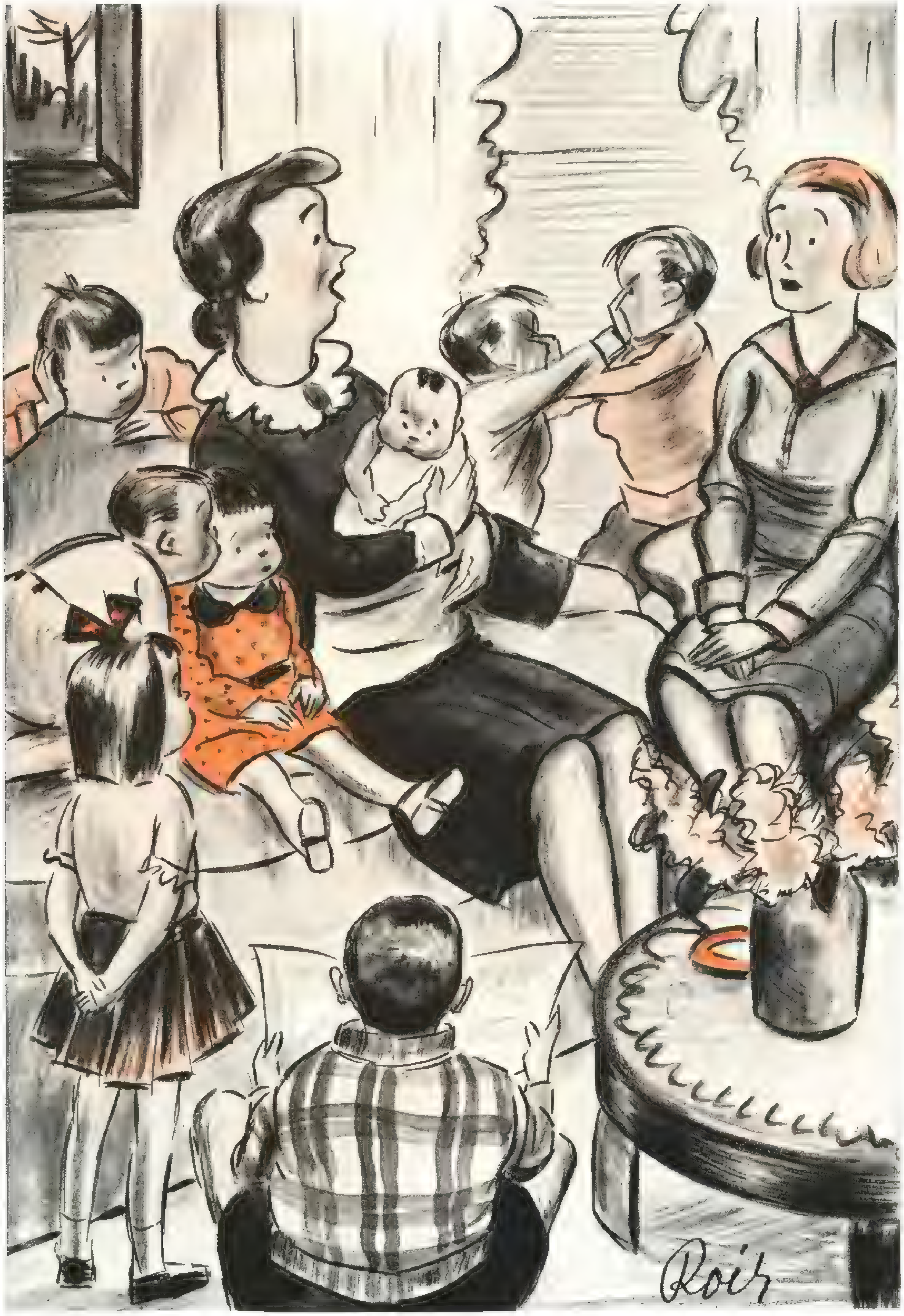

*"My husband is a simple man with simple tastes!"*

# The Battle of Bridges

## Herman Chayes barnstormed the country bellowing into the ears of his fellow dentists the evils of fixed bridgework

### by SIDNEY CARROLL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

It is not mentioned in *Who's Who*, but among his other scientific talents, Dr. Herman E. S. Chayes was certainly the most charming of liars. He could play spontaneous tricks with the truth. There was the time, at the height of his fame, when the swarthy little dentist was on his way to Europe. A fellow passenger asked him, in jest, whether he was going over to treat Mussolini's teeth. Chayes looked surprised. "How did you know?" he asked. And then: "That happens to be exactly why I'm going over!" He immediately proceeded to spin a story about his proposed visit to Il Duce. When he finished he had convinced the admiring throng around him—he was always the center of any group—that Benito Mussolini's mouth was to be the next repository for a fancy set of Chayes bridgework.

He didn't go in for small-time whoppers. When Isadora Duncan had already scaled Parnassus and started reaching for the moon, she invited the great artists of the world to come and be fathers to her children. Shaw and d'Annunzio were two of the men who got invitations from Miss Duncan. Herman Chayes intimated that he too had been invited to indulge.

That was the Chayes type of improvisation. Self-beatification was his personal form of fantasy. Sometimes he hid his laughter behind a poker face; sometimes he was really serious about his own heroics. But calling him a liar because he was a chronic maker of fairy tales with himself as Prince Charming is too harsh. To call him an "untruth teller" would be more accurate, and more kind. It would also be the abstract kind of description that Herman Chayes himself would have favored. For Chayes was a philosopher, orator, poet, mystic, and occultist. It was only an accident that made him the greatest dentist of his time.

His first job in this country—he got it when he was thirteen—was as apprentice to a dentist. It is tantalizing to imagine what would have happened to him had he first become apprenticed to a philosopher. Chayes, for all his inventive skill, for all the impatient genius in his hands, was innately closer to philosophy then he was to dentistry. But dentistry got him first because it gave him his first job, and dentistry kept him. Philosophy should have been his business and dentistry his hobby. That arrangement would have made Chayes himself a happier man in the end. But it is lucky for American mouths—perhaps for American minds—that dentistry happened to be his profession.

They called him the Leonardo type. He was precocious, he was versatile. In 1908 he was drawing designs for an airplane that was too far ahead of its time. His poetry might have been banal, diffuse, but it was poetry, and there was certainly plenty of it. He was an impassioned, a great orator. He was a super-salesman, he was a shrewd business man. The young men worshiped him. When Moses Diamond, now Professor of Dentistry at Columbia University, was a starting practitioner, he met Chayes. After a few months of friendship Diamond gave up his practice and started to learn his dentistry all over again with Chayes.

Chayes had the crazy streak. It was impossible for him to dissociate science from the supernatural and he went head over heels for every nut invention from every nut sawbones who claimed he could prolong life or cure the pip by some new form of magic. He was a sucker for astrology, numerology, and fortunetelling. Chayes went hog-wild over the Immoray, an electric attachment that was supposed to add decades to the normal life span. He used to drink gallons of radium water. He went in for all sorts of new therapies. He hollered loudest and longest for the Abrams Electronic Theory. Abrams was a California doctor who suddenly decided that all the diseases of the human body were the offspring of three mother diseases. These were Cancer, Tuberculosis, and Syphilis. Abrams nailed together a machine that would determine from a smear of blood whether the owner of the blood were tubercular, cancerous, or syphilitic. He also claimed to be able to tell your height, weight, color, and religion from a drop of your blood. People from all over the world attached a ten dollar-bill to a smear of blood and mailed both to Abrams in California. The energetic little doctor would diagnose each case with his electronic machine and mail the diagnosis back to the former owner of the ten-dollar bill. Then the skeptics started to mail in chicken blood. Abrams diagnosed it as human blood. Even when they mailed in smears of brick dust that had been dissolved in water, Abrams gave them a thorough electronic diagnosis.

Even after Abrams was discredited, even after Abrams died, Herman Chayes continued to believe in the electronic theory. Scientist and supernaturalist, he was ready to believe heart and soul in anything that would bring heaven closer to earth by prolonging human life.

Chayes was a smallish man with jet black, close-cropped hair. He was born in Russia (his father was a rabbi). The family moved to Austria, where Chayes got his early education. Chayes came here when he was thirteen. Ever after he retained the slightest of accents. His ideas began to pop out of him when he was young enough to be considered presumptuous by the established members of his profession. He was a dentist at twenty-three. When he was twenty-six he made his first original contribution to dentistry (an improvement on the cantilever bridge). When he was thirty he presented his first paper on removable bridgework. In 1911 Dr. William Hunter, an eminent English dentist, gave an address at McGill University. It was a vilifying, scornful, factual denunciation of American dental methods and Hunter called it *Septic American Dentistry*. It created not only a furor but an international crisis. It so happened that a few months before Hunter's address Herman Chayes had written and published a paper called *Empiricism in Bridgework*, in which he said substantially the same things as Hunter said. Hunter's address brought him renown; Chayes' paper brought him only notoriety. When Chayes was thirty-two he read a paper before the Central Dental Association of Northern New Jersey. His subject was *Public School Clinics*, an idea he *fought for* all his life. This

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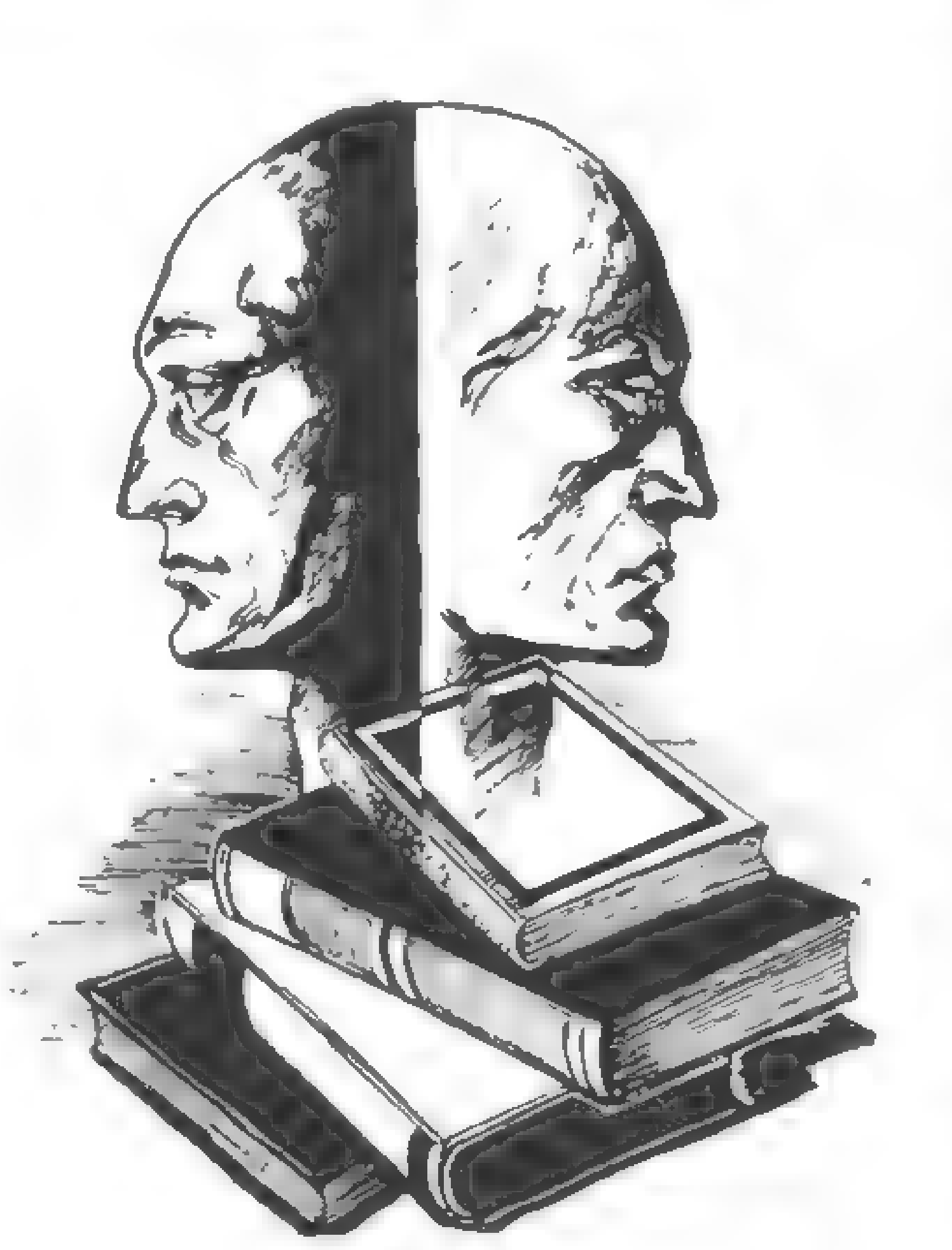
# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

## Judge Pecora's *Wall Street Under Oath* points a moral for bulls and bears as well as innocent lambs

### by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

• BOOKS •

THE Communist Party is in the book news, put there by two of our front-line novelists. Old friend turned enemy, John Dos Passos goes after it with a spiked club in *Adventures of a Young Man* (Harcourt Brace, $2.50). While from the vantage point of his brotherhood mysticism, Waldo Frank piously urges it upward and onward in *The Bridegroom Cometh* (Doubleday Doran, $2.75). For a side dish, an Austrian novelist has his hero go back to it after a period of tired liberalism. *Masquerade*, by Vincent Brun (Carrick & Evans, $2.50).



*Adventures of a Young Man* is the story of Glenn Spotswood, who paid more for his integrity than it was worth. But maybe not. That integrity was, after all, the only thing he got out of life.

As a boy, Glenn was shy and sensitive, the product of a conscientious mother and a pedagogue father who brought him up to be a Christian gentleman. The doctrine of conventional goodness formed the bedrock of his character: help the weak, be just, honest, moral. As a young man, Glenn discovered that the social "order" was founded on injustice, so he joined the party, which, he figured, was fighting that injustice. He only asked a leader to send him into battle.

All his life Glenn had met stupidity, and suffered from it. Now he meets it among the Communists, who sell out some strikers Glenn was sent to organize. When Glenn protests, he's accused of being a sentimentalist. Let there be martyrs, says the "leadership"; that's the only way in which the workers can be educated. Glenn strikes out against this cold-blooded program, and is forthwith excommunicated.

There's a good deal more to the story than this: Glenn narrowly escaping death in his dangerous work for the striking miners. Families fighting for life against a lawless society, and betrayed by the party. The promise of a real workers' awakening smothered by the same gang of doctrinaire tacticians.

Against this background Dos Passos is saying: Look, here's the party mind at work—stopping democratic discussion by labeling opponents "petit-bourgeois" or "social-fascist," permitting no dissent or debate by the rank and file with the policies, which that rank and file also has no voice in forming.

Although the Communists have not been expecting any fellow-traveling from Dos for some time, this anti-Stalinist propaganda novel will be a hornets' nest in every cell and meeting. The main defense will probably be that the accusations are leveled against abuses which have been reformed out of the party since the change in the "line" from boring-from-within to the tactic of the democratic front.

As a story, *Adventures of a Young Man* is disappointing—a comedown from the high level of *The Big Money*, and one more illustration that good fiction is hard to create out of personal animus. The novel is pamphleteering on a special theme. Glenn Spotswood isn't a real character. He's merely a dummy Dos Passos stuffs to use for the purpose of belaboring the party. The reader who is remote from this battle and knows nothing about the merits of the argument, can only hope that it will do somebody some good, and pass on.

When he passes on, it may be to bump into Waldo Frank's *The Bridegroom Cometh*, which has broader appeal. It is not, thank God, a novel about the Communist Party, but the story of Yankee Mary Donald's attempt to find out where she belongs sexually and mentally. We see her first as an inhibited, neurotic girl of 15, true daughter of bigoted Protestant parents, dreaming of becoming a missionary. Her life is a series of revolts—against a narrowing religion, against the stagnation of college; still later, against a marriage of pity and the dullness of smug, upper-class home life. She tries many men and many classes of society, and ends up in the ranks of the worker radicals.

But the mysticism of Waldo Frank makes it hard to do justice to this story. The overtones are important, and here the overtones say that the tale of Mary Donald is the saga of the Newer Woman. As Doris, the sex-unhappy Red, tells us: "There's a new race of woman in this country . . . Lilie's restlessness is not what you think. It's *mind* in her, stirring . . . The new race of woman in America means just that: the emergence of mind." Women must and will reject the old conventional roles. It is their destiny to deepen and broaden the struggle for a better life.

Mary typifies this emerging New Woman, outgrowing one set of lives and environments after another, arriving at last to the point where she must act upon events, instead of letting them act upon her. Mary's road is from the ancient passivity to action.

Under Waldo Frank's mystical wand Mary becomes Woman—and Woman is Love. And love is all-encompassing, all-pervading. Because it has spiritual, mental, and physical sides, Mary—any woman—can never reach happiness except in a situation in which all three aspects are satisfied.

Mary as a Communist finds narrowness and lack of love in the party, and this is her end-of-the-book problem. We feel that she is outgrowing this situation, too. Waldo Frank seems here to be asking the party members please to spend a little time trying to be the kind of individuals they are sure the New Order will develop.

Among the factual "reportages" of our time, this novel is an odd number. It's at the opposite pole from the hardboiled school. There are labored passages, and some too-hot interludes, but they're not enough to drag it down. I think it is the finest thing Waldo Frank has done, and an important novel. The critics have been having one hell of a time with it, speculating about its merits and message. Waldo's reputation as a "difficult" writer, and a too steady diet of the Jimmy Cain school of writing, has ruined many of them for *The Bridegroom Cometh*. I hadn't realized until I read this book how much I needed it.

Vincent Brun's *Masquerade* is a fast-moving impressionistic triangle story. Time and Place: Italy just before Hitler helped himself to Austria, and when he first began to make himself at home in Il Duce's yard. Martin Boldt is a liberal Austrian journalist representing a Viennese newspaper in Italy. The paper fires him because in anticipation of Nazification its policy is going to be German and tough. Boldt and his mistress Rosika, a Hungarian hot number, travel from Rome to Siena. En route, they're joined by a Nazi who is infatuated with Rosika and is spying on Boldt to find out if Boldt in the past had been connected with German radicalism.

In a style suggestive rather than explicit Brun, himself an Austrian journalist, manages to work you up about the heat, Rosika's flirting and Boldt's jealousy, the sights and sounds of Italy in fiesta and siesta, and the growing suspense of the political situation. The triangle ends in tragedy, and Boldt crosses into Italy once more to take his place in the "movement"—this time probably underground.

*Masquerade* is as fresh as today's paper, by which I see that "German Influx Angers Italians; Mussolini Protest Is Ignored." The Gestapo has practically taken over the Italian OVRA, or secret police, under the guise of assisting it. Both the news article and the book reveal that the Italians hate the Nazis. It's a comforting thought that maybe the political thieves will cut each other's throats in some coming crisis.

The Frenchman Jean Giono, author of *The*

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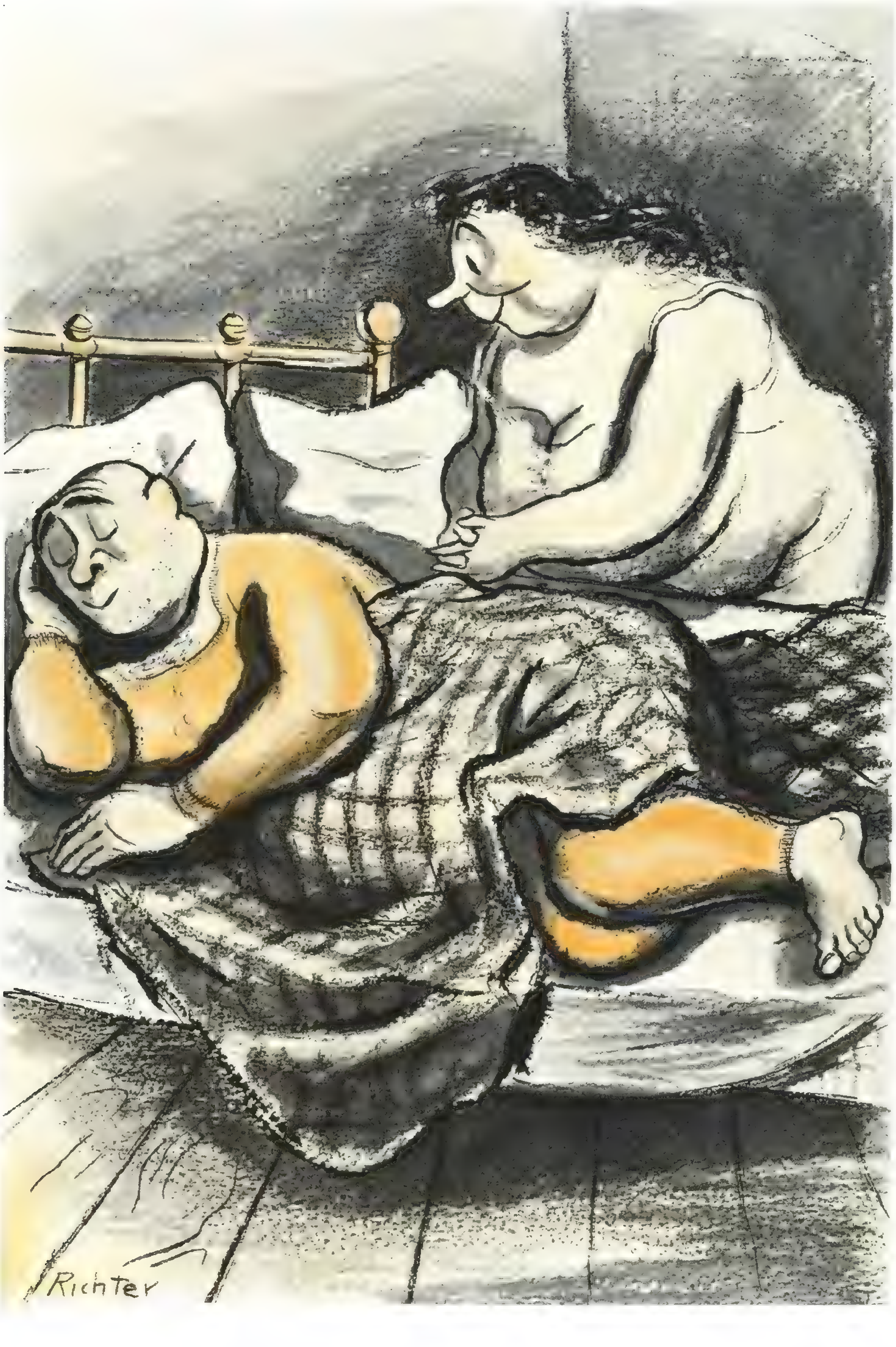

*"You're such a child, but I love you"*

# For the Love of Peat

### One snort of their whisky and you'll understand why the Scots have never learned to say when

### by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

The human nostril may not look as though it had amorous propensities, yet there are times when it is a wolf, and never more so than when a turf-tanged whiff, arising from Scottish whisky, curls up its chimney. With *that* wooing it, there's no whoaing it. A real affair is on.

Predestined, you might say. But it wasn't the Three Fates that got together and schemed this romance, it was Caledonian Flora—all by herself. That is to say, mosses, ferns, heather, gorse, and other wild growths (knee hair excepted) had the foresight to lay themselves doon and dee en masse so that they might be resurrected some day as the select fuel for flavor. Consequently, when a Scotsman loves his native soil, he's got good reason.

And how sincerely he voices his devotion to it!—speaking a language which is all gutturals as though the gullet it came from were a faucet gone dry. He inherited this style of utterance from his primitive ancestors, the parched Picts, who, frenzied by the lack of they knew not what, pounced upon berries, herbs, and roots, which only worsened the pucker. History is a bit hazy as to details but we get a picture of grim six-footers with throats as stiff and arid as uncooked macaroni, and of the same caliber. Finally, in the late fifteenth or early sixteenth century, pot-stilling sprang up, apparently spontaneously, and the Campbells did as camels do upon reaching an oasis.

Today there is an industrious Campbelltown, asimmer with pots. Located on Scotland's westerly fringe, upon a tongue of land which hangs out seemingly in token of the thirst it caters to, this town enjoys the distinction of producing the smokiest liquor, thanks to the character of the surrounding peat beds. The Isle of Islay, its neighbor, is runner-up in the rich smoke competition. Together they provide a potent pungency which goes into the making of bouquets. But they need combination with the contributions of other localities where the tone is blander. Palates outside of Scotland *could* take them straight but would be a trifle jolted. Just as a liking for bagpipes doesn't mean that one's eardrums crave a dozen full-blasting in the living room, so one is willing to do with only as much of these Western heavy hitters as one can accommodate conveniently. What gives Scotch the constitution we admire is the system of checks and balances. Its heart and most of its body come from the Highlands, its glands from the West, and its lilt from the Lowlands.

When you come to think of it, blending was more or less in the cards. For peat itself is a mixture, and comparisons between the effects imparted by one district's diggings and another's were inevitable. In all regions, except the Lowlands, the grain used is identical: Scotch barley, such as mutton broth is cargoed with—except that before matriculation at a distillery it must be malted. Which means moistened till the life in it starts to sprout. Then checked by heating. And here's where the local peat comes in, administering a smoke kiss that stays.

Subsequent procedure involves conversion into maltose in a mash tun, fermentation with yeast, and a steam trip up through the screwy proboscis of an old-fashioned pot still, to emerge as a "low wine." Repotted, it attains its full strength but no color. The color job is a lazy one, accomplished in old Sherry and Madeira casks which still hold influential memories.

If the Scots chose to, they could save themselves a lot of time by using modern methods, but somehow the suggestion just doesn't take. Set in their Non-Conformist ways, they balk at anything that smacks of new-fangledism. Their feelings toward whisky are exact duplicates of those of Keats toward a Grecian Urn:

> Thou still unravished bride of quietness!
> Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time.

Accordingly, the stuff in their distilleries and warehouses doesn't get step-child treatment. They mother it and teach it to come to mamma.

Yet when you expect them to talk whisky, they talk water. The right kind of springs, braes, burns. Crystaling and sparkling down the right kind of valleys—amid bracken and what not. Glenlivet, for example, is gurgle-fed with a choiceness which numerous proud distilleries each pipe a piece of. And all over the map of the Highlands, you meet the same story, applied locally—every dot a boast. Even up in the pony-famous Shetlands there's a kettle establishment which is positive it's the best ever.

With about one hundred such sources to draw upon, the blender is like an organist with a whole console to work on. But he wouldn't get very far if he put in his time improvising, because his public likes the classics it knows. So his performance is strictly a request program—recreating harmonies put out under individual brand names; or rather (if we may kick his music box out of the picture) the job of "following" one single brand so faithfully that persons accustomed to a whisky with that particular makeup can count on getting it with unvarying uniformity, no matter where on the globe they ask for it. They specify it because it meets their personal preference and they aren't looking for a stranger.

The plain fact about brands is that, like magazines, they live or disappear according to the public's attachment to them, or the lack of it. If the Editor of Esquire should go wacky and come out with an issue emulating "The Housewife's Home Needlework Guide," you'd feel pretty annoyed—that is, assuming you asked specifically for Esquire and didn't just say to the newsdealer, "Give me one of your magazines," thereby drawing the worst dog he was stuck with. Ditto as regards bottled goods. "Old MacStench," sponsored by Deskroom & Co., may not be physically risky—but is it your idea of whisky?

Even with the benefit of those proved pleasers Scotland's conquest of England seems remarkable when you take into account the scarcity of ice. The British may act cool at times, especially toward persons they haven't been formally introduced to, but their tall drinks are partaken of well-nigh at room warmth. Your "Scotch and Splash" is served you with the water "chilled," by having stood on the scullery floor, official parking place of syphons and the mineral contingent. And in crisper weather the water is from the teakettle, without sugar, lemon, or spice to toddy it up. Just a nice hot highball!

Bewildered at these Anglican phenomena, we tinklers are apt to be remiss in our respect for the old hands across the sea who, as should ne'er be forgot, taught us our first jiggers and today fondle the same bottles that we do. A great people, really. Conservative in their outlook and at the same time liberal in their outpourings. And wiser to themselves than you might think.

That intercousinal snooteur can be scotched

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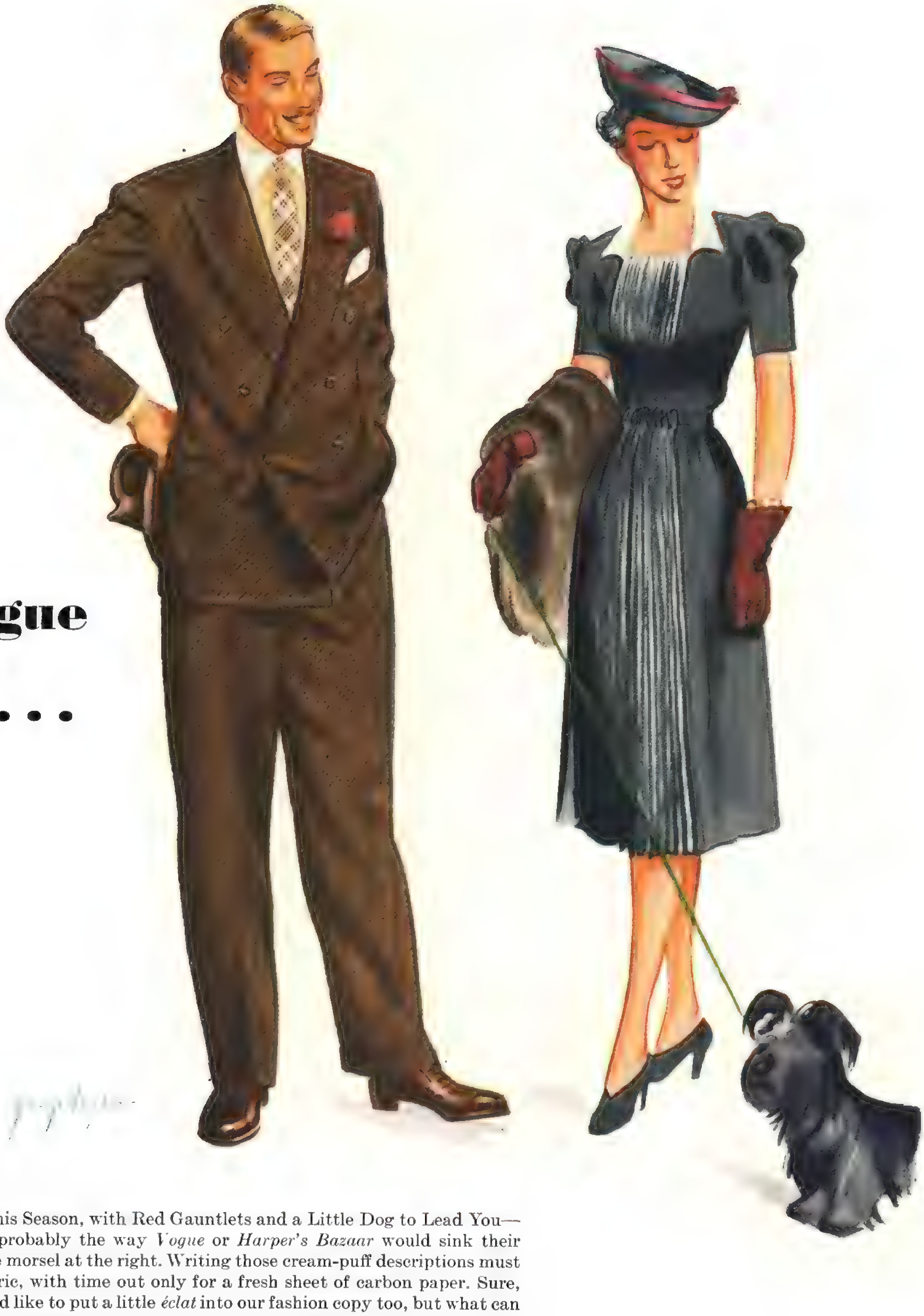


# More vague than bizarre . . .

BE Brave in Black this Season, with Red Gauntlets and a Little Dog to Lead You—or something—is probably the way *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* would sink their teeth into the feminine morsel at the right. Writing those cream-puff descriptions must be all very stratospheric, with time out only for a fresh sheet of carbon paper. Sure, we're just jealous. We'd like to put a little *éclat* into our fashion copy too, but what can you do with a man who is wearing a brown suit and a silly grin? About all we can do is give you a blow-by-blow account of what he has on, to wit: an ivory color broadcloth shirt, separate starched collar, silk tie with white ground and brown plaid effect in the long, narrow bar shape, brown calf semi-brogue shoes, and lightweight Cavalier hat. The brown suit, however, is something to conjure with, slightly. It is respectfully directed to the attention of the members of the I-Can't-Wear-Brown Club, for it is a diagonal-pattern worsted toned down with black in such a way as to make it compatible to men of any complexion. The model is a double breasted, with lapel rolled to the lower button, achieving an easy effect and giving the shirt and tie a break.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

# La Boule Blanche

### Only occasional white visitors to the island misunderstand the pure love for dancing behind the beguine

### by KAYE DUNN

ARTICLE

Upturned faces from the arched bridge of the canal. Even the boatmen stop as though hypnotized. One franc fifty centimes and the Palais Schoelcher is yours. Without that you stand outside, on the bridge, if possible, because the bridge is arched and the arch carries you that much nearer the coveted goal. If not to dance, just to see. To hear the insinuating clarinet and to feel the pulse of the bass viol. A slight twitching in the muscles of your neighbor's abdomen. He takes up the tune, and unconsciously rotates his haunches in the double rhythm of the beguine. His hands are low on the hips of the girl before him. We are crowded on the bridge . . .

"Ancinel levee,
Ancinel tombee—
Di Laisse les hommes
Moin ka vini di mettez lumie!
Ancinel levee
Ancinel tombee!"

Ancinel is the chief of police. Cigar in his mouth, a shrewdness in his keen blue eyes—get your bluff in first. He was a policeman in the states and is indelibly marked. He hates the Negroes, and they hate him. Not only do they hate him, they hold him in ridicule. He carries a gun and is always accompanied by a vicious, green-eyed dog who has been trained to kill at any encouragement. The Negroes retaliate by writing a song about him. The tune was brought over by a Trinidad orchestra, by curious chance an ancient Calypso song written about a tyrant jailer. Someone in the streets of Martinique thought it a very fine vehicle for the ridicule of the chief of police.

"Ancinel rose
Ancinel fell—
Say let the men alone
I've come to say put the lights on!"

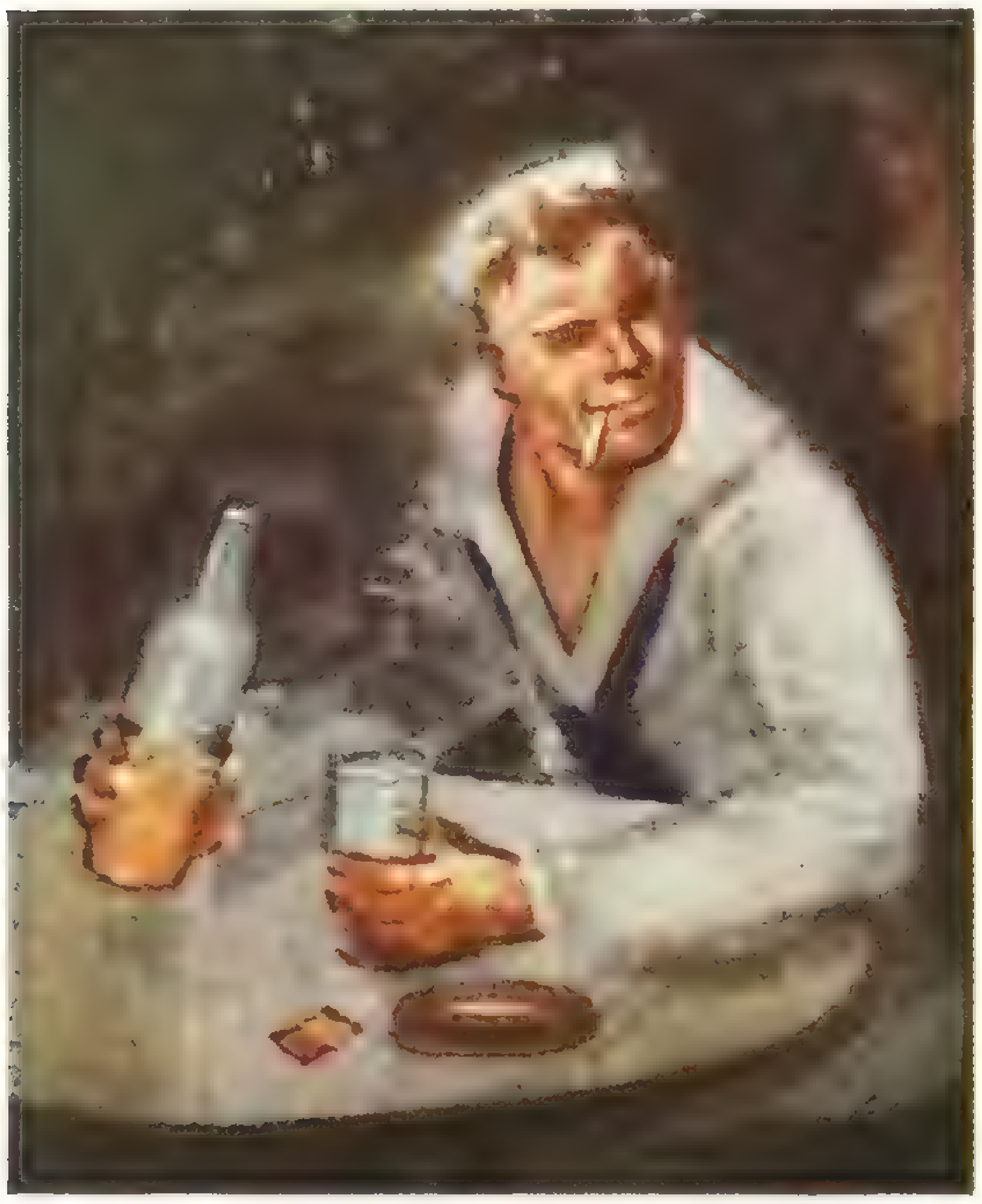
Verse after verse, sometimes senseless, sometimes double entente and ever more ribald. An excellent beguine, the tune on every creole lip and always exciting a burst of laughter.

"Ancinel tombee!—Ai ya!"

I slip away and the crowd melts into the spot where I stood. There are too many lights in the Palais Schoelcher, and I have been there many times. Tonight the Boule Blanche—

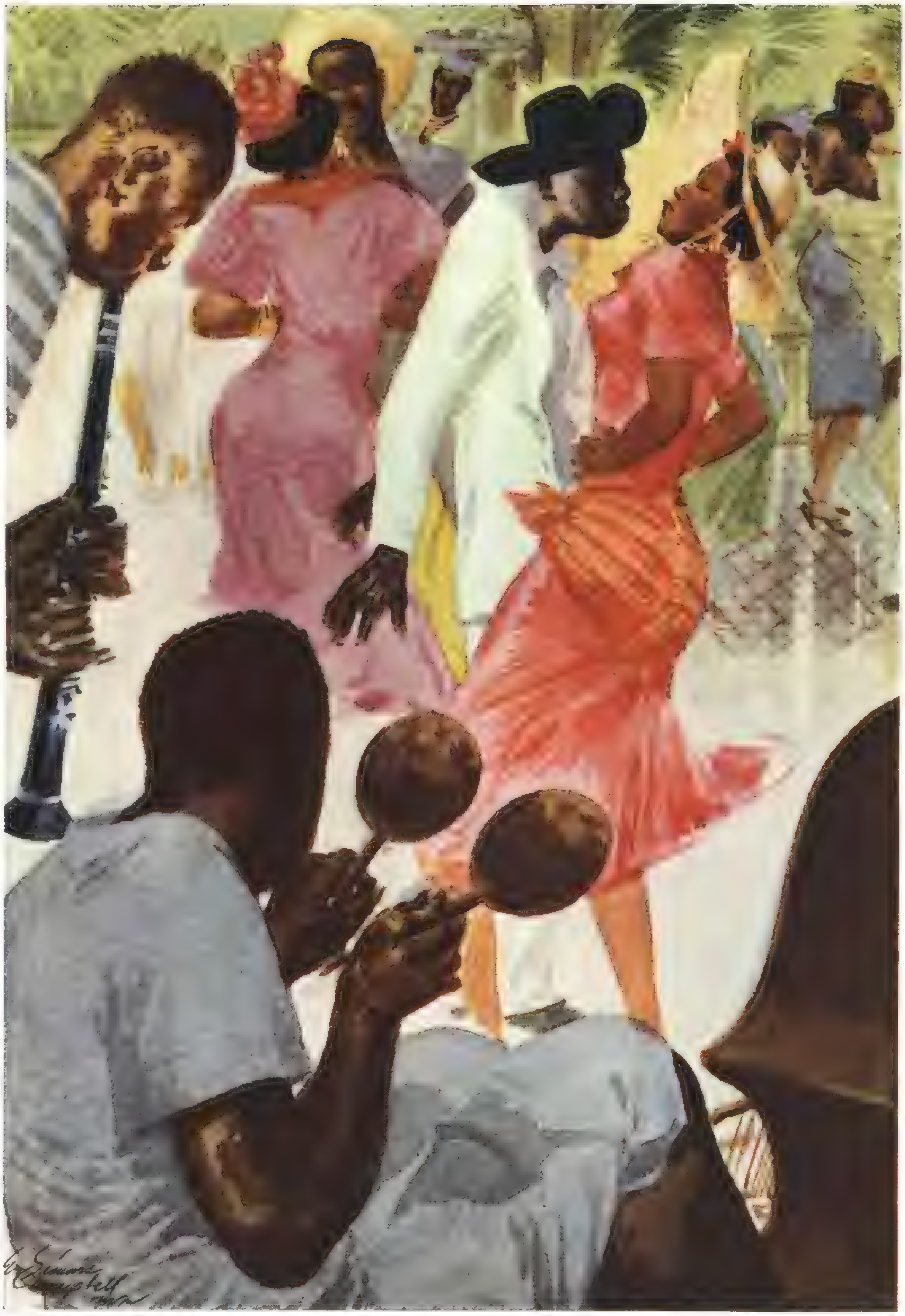
* * *

The Boule Blanche boasts a balcony. On the balcony two rows of chairs for those who wish to look the field over well before they choose a partner; for those who come as onlookers, not to dance; for the petite "femme taxi" who wishes to advertise that she is here for definite business purposes; for those who wish to remove their shoes and rest their aching feet. In the corner a rough bar and a nonchalant waitress, her striped "madras" tied in two points, indication that she is looking for a lover. Beneath the balcony, the orchestra. Clarinet, indispensable for the beguine, bass viol to simulate the vibrant throb of the hand drum, sha-sha made of seeds in a tin cylinder, banjo on special occasions, and a piano with every other note missing. There are two rows of chairs downstairs too. Colonial French prudery, the cavaliers and their ladies are never together in the interim between dances. They sit facing each other across the long dance floor. They eye each other speculatively. They form in little cliques of the same sex and discuss little cliques of the opposite sex. There are "blancs" there—French, Martiniquans, Europeans of all descriptions. Sailors, and now and then ships' officers. Young "hommes de couleur" of upper class. There is Mons. Victoire, and with him a young doctor and two engineers. Monsieur Victoire is a professor at the Lycée. Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sunday nights he alternates between the Boule Blanche and the Palais Schoelcher. We can exchange salutations unreservedly, though I am very friendly with his soft-voiced wife and six large-eyed boys. There is an unwritten law—the women of Martinique must know nothing about the Boule Blanche and the Palais Schoelcher. Others know of them only at carnival season, that glorious fete of unrestricted purging of the inhibitions. Masked, they go places and do things that would be decidedly anti-social and un-moral at any other time, and the "esprit du carnival" receives credit—or blame. Mme Victoire is at home now, sleeping soundly . . . The men are impatient from Sunday to Thursday, from Thursday to Saturday. There is nothing to do in Fort de France. No other amusement at all in Martinique, one might say, but the dance. At first I thought that these men of better families came for rendezvous with the many little attractive "femmes taxi." But I know now that it is fundamentally a love of the dance that brings them. Only in Europeans, the "blancs," do I see the actual degeneration of the dance to a medium of sexual stimulus. My creole friend André, for instance, always chooses a loose-mouthed, unattractive woman, old enough to be his mother, as dancing partner. She dances the beguine admirably. Every muscle in her worn, flabby body is conditioned to anticipate each gesture of her partner. André dances with her because she dances well.



There is not much variation. The beguine can be danced in two manners. One, a two-step with a very tricky little movement from side to side of head and shoulders, while the lower body swings to each side on slightly bent knees. This is the beguine taken from the sixth figure of the "contre-danse" or "haute-taille," Martinique versions of the European contre-danse and quadrille. It is still the beguine of the salon, and now and then at the Boule Blanche a couple will separate, and with mincing steps advance toward and recede from each other before closing in the conventional beguine. But that is rare. The real beguine of the "Boule Blanche," the "beguine-beguine," is a work of muscular art, with no particular floor pattern. The sailor who watches drools at the mouth and calls for more rum. For him this is a paradise of debauchery which justifies deck swabbing and empty nights with only a star and the rolling of the inky sea, and wharves smelling of rotten fish and tar and spoiling fruits and sweating bodies. The young creole "blanc" who comes frequently to the Boule Blanche is either looking for a mistress, is under a "cambois," (some little Martiniquese has put a charm on him) or, like the young man of color, he is merely seeking entertainment in the dance. Finding pleasure in this sole form of amusement.

Sometimes, too, the beguine is more fundamental. As with the Negro Delsuc. Delsuc is black. He comes from St. Pierre. He has not long been in Fort de France, and the bright



PAINTING BY E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

"BEGUINE AT LA BOULE BLANCHE"

lights are a little intoxicating. But he dances the beguine as his grandfather danced the "Jhum'bwa"... Intensely, fervently, passionately. He has a good partner, for though he is black (and this is no little consideration to the proud Martiniquese), he is handsome. His black felt hat is on the back of his head. His wrinkled grey canvas suit is wet with perspiration. He holds his partner away from him, and his eyes gleam. She has a wide straw hat tied under the chin and tipped rakishly over one ear. Her bosom is high and well formed. Two dark circles stand on either side where the perspiration has made transparent the pink satin dress. She is brown. Someone gave her the dress and it is too tight. Her full buttocks are almost bursting out of it, but artistically, that is all the more perfect. They dance the beguine as a ritual of fecundity. The consummation is in the dance itself. The conventional two-step has reduced itself to a slight elevation of first one hip then the other—a shifting of the weight. Now their hips are moving and they describe a double circle at opposite ends of a loop . . . a figure eight . . . "La Peau Fromage" . . . Beguine of the old St. Pierre before the catastrophe. But Delsuc and his partner are dancing only to the "tambour," and the movement is no longer side to side, but under and up, hips looping on rigid torso, knees bent, heads lowered as they look into each other's eyes, moving a half inch to the right with each under and up movement, each revolution of the abdomen. Strong feet and arches keep the rhythm smooth. They find a pleasure in the artistry of the dance. The sailor thinks that they will leave the floor together to meet in a moment on one of the dark porches off the balcony. He watches them greedily as the music finishes and the floor clears. Without a word they turn apart, seek chairs on the opposite sides of the room, and await the next dance, eyes roving the opposite wall for another partner. The dance ends there for them. They have enjoyed it. They are satisfied in the accomplishment of an artistic feat—in matching techniques. Now it is a new conquest of another dance, another partner. The sailor is disappointed, but he is new here. My first reaction to the beguine was basically the same as his. Extreme discomfort after an hour or so of watching the gyrating, undulating buttocks and abdomens. And then Henri suddenly left me to seek a little brown girl in a green "madras" and a yellow "foulard" tight around her hips. They danced together as one must dance at the Boule Blanche. When he returned to our table I asked him a question about her. "With one of those girls? *Mais non!* Zut!"

And he told me a thing or two about the wise little wench in the foulard. One of his friends had made the mistake and was just recovering. Then later—"But she's an extremely good dancer; I like to dance with her."

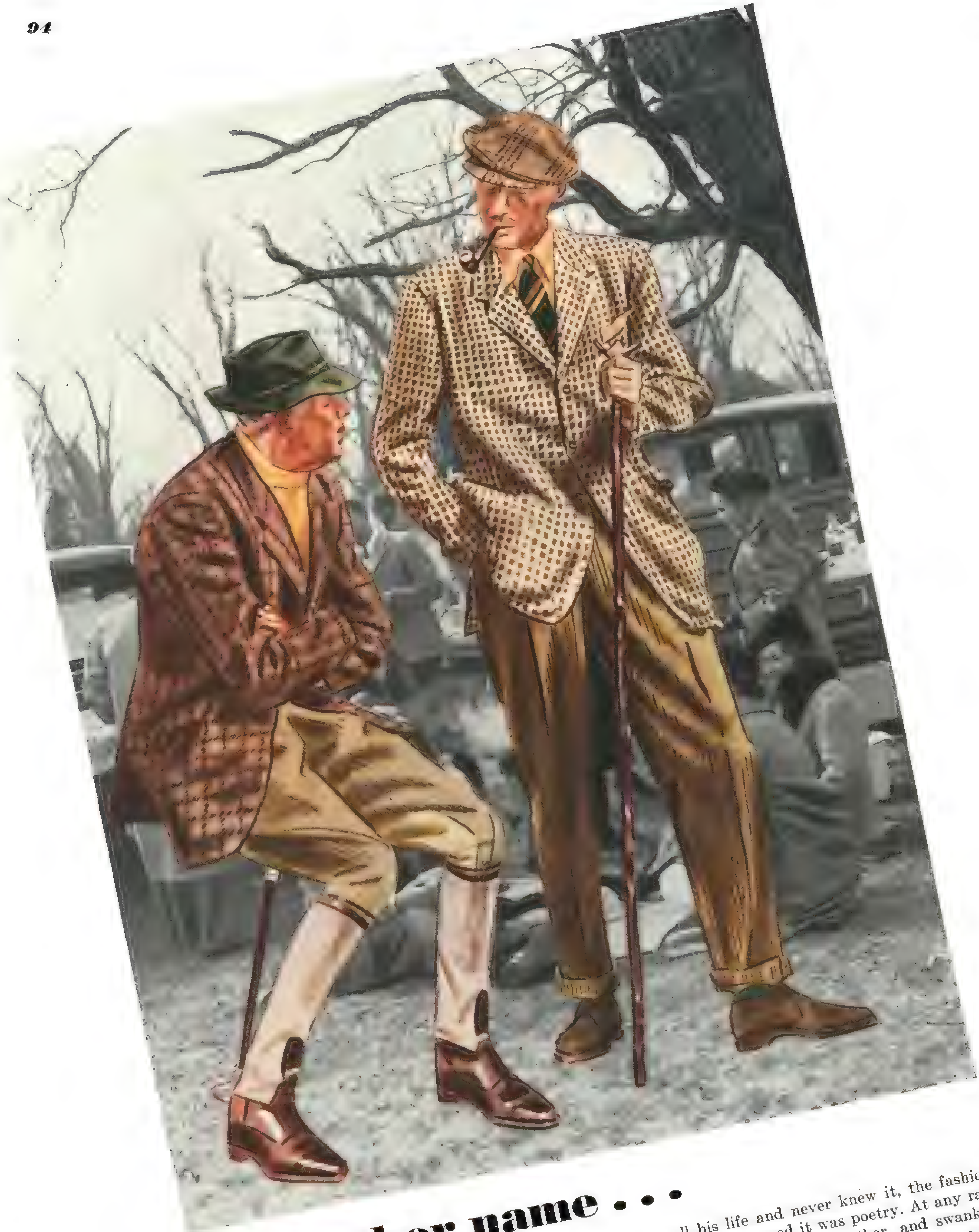
Another time I asked him, "But there are no other women here. Doesn't your sister or your fiancée or any of the girls of your own set ever come with you?"

"*Mon Dieu*, non! A girl's reputation would be ruined if she ever came here excepting at carnival, and masked then."

I made the observation that only prostitutes and men are free in La Martinique. This, of course, started heated discussion which was drowned by the next beguine.

For Henri, then, it was simply a love of the dance that brought him here every Thurs-

*Continued in center of page 158*



# Picnic by another name . . .

UNLIKE Molière's character who had been speaking prose all his life and never knew it, the fashionable Long Island set have been speaking prose but have always assumed it was poetry. At any rate, they have been going on picnics—even as you and I—but they call them by another, and swankier, name. In this instance, the occasion is a country race meet, which sounds fine but seems to shape up into nothing more pretentious than a picnic with horses (offstage). Perhaps, though, it would be more discreet to take our fashion ideas where we find them, with no questions asked. The man at the left wears a camel's hair and cheviot mixture riding coat in a subdued check, and velvet cord riding breeches with moleskin strappings. The accessories include a turtleneck sweater, Newmarket field boots with blucher front, made with comfortable canvas top, and semi-pork pie hat with regimental striped band. The *tout ensemble* is ideal for wear at horse shows, country race meets and cross-country exercising and hacking, but not for park riding. The other man wears a rather country squirish outfit. The shepherd's check Harris tweed jacket is in a three-button notched lapel single breasted model, loose in cut, with side vents and roomy pockets. It is worn with velvet cord breeks, the practical new country trouser with narrower bottom, reverse calf chukka shoes with crepe soles, lightweight flannel shirt with soft collar attached, regimental stripe silk tie, plaid tweed cap with flat top, and last and surely least, a blackthorn thumbstick.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

# On the Record

### The irrepressible Chaliapin changed rhythm and vocal line and sang pure gibberish when it pleased his fancy

### *by* CARLETON SMITH

**• RECORDS •**

FEODOR, the son of Ivan Chaliapin, was not only the most picturesque operatic personality of our century, he was also the greatest of all singing actors.

On his deathbed, newspapers reported he mistook the hospital room for a theatre. If he hadn't, it would have been fitting that he should. All his life the world was his theatre. Every room he entered became the center of a drama. Every board he crossed was a stage. Born in a squalid mud hut in the town of Kazan, near the Volga, some four hundred miles east of Moscow, he struggled upward through poverty and revolution to become a historic personality, a figure unique in the annals of song.

As a man, he had all the qualities of a folk hero. Six feet six, a big blond giant, he dwarfed his surroundings and did everything in a big way. And what he liked to do best was indicated by the first words he learned in English. "Yes, I spik English," he told interviewers. "How do you do? Et puis good bye, et puis I drrrink, you drrrink, he drrrinks, et puis I love you!"

It was nothing for Chaliapin to spend twelve hours at the table. He breakfasted on bowls of raw, chopped cabbage, which he argued was good for his voice and vitality. Sometimes he began the day with a trio of whiskey and sodas or vodka.

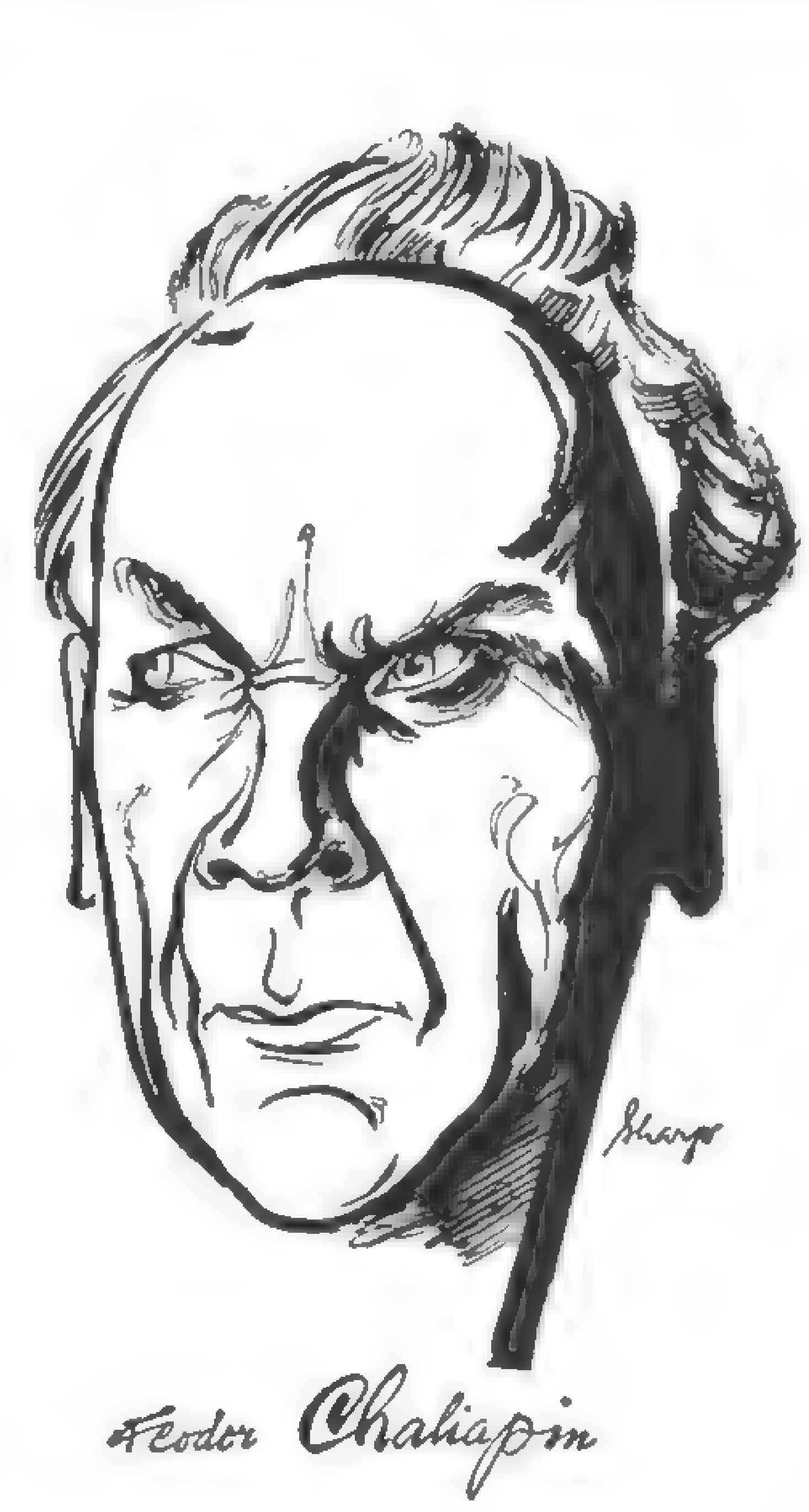
A singularly elemental male, he was handsome to look upon, and admirers flocked after him. He shooed them away with tales of his one hundred children. He had, in fact, an infinite capacity for living. He wanted to kick the bucket, having done and tasted everything. The hardships of his early years, instead of embittering him, gave him a large and sympathetic understanding for other unfortunates. He never forgot the realities and tragedies of the insulted and injured, those of the "lower depths" whose lives he knew. In his heyday he enjoyed the homage of the great, but no triumph could rob him of the common touch. He drew from his experiences for his realistic, human art.

Chaliapin learned by doing. Ideas came to him while on the stage. His work was hewn from nature and his own intuition. It was his response to a life which was difficult and dangerous and fascinating.

He was excitable when he worked, often tense and irritable. Before his first broadcast he paced the floor like a caged lion, swearing he couldn't sing *Boris* before a microphone. Once, in London, he became so annoyed because his accompanist didn't follow him that he lifted the man off the stool and shoved him out the door. When he flew into a rage over a film re-take his son brought up a chair and begged him to sit down and rest. "Is not my bottom that hurts," he shouted. "Is my soul!"

At the opera he quarreled with his colleagues. He seldom came to rehearsals, but if he did, there was no room for anyone else. He took command. In *Boris* rehearsals he beat time, not merely for his own songs but for the whole opera. Once the conductor handed Chaliapin the baton, yelling, "Here, you conduct!"

He instructed other artists on their stage postures, their acting, even their singing. He went so far, publicly, as to show Giuseppe de Luca, considered tops among exponents of *bel canto*, how to produce his voice.



Feodor Chaliapin

Chaliapin sang in his own way. If he didn't feel like it, he did not bother to learn the words of a role. As Mephistopheles in Gounod's *Faust*, he sang gibberish all the way through, fitting whatever sounds happened to suit his fancy to the music. Gigli says that one night during this opera he suddenly shouted to his servant in the wings: "Go back to that lousy hotel and get the two bottles of wine I forgot and bring them here—we leave as soon as this damned opera is over!" As Leporello in *Don Giovanni*, he often blandly lapsed into Russian recitative, throwing the rest of the cast entirely off. One reviewer said that, as a servant, Chaliapin viewed all the other characters through the wrong end of the telescope.

As Don Basilio in *Il Barbiere*, he blew his nose without benefit of handkerchief and wiped it on the hem of his soiled and disreputable costume. During his first rehearsals for this opera at the Met, he stopped the stage crew in the midst of setting up the new sets designed by Joseph Urban. "This door," said Chaliapin, "should be where this window is. That window where that door is . . . and that door over here. Understand? This, here! That, there!" The men followed his shouted commands in amazement. The impact of his personality was such that no one dared dispute him. Gatti-Casazza had to come to settle the matter.

Unfortunately, his debut here in 1907 resulted in unfavorable comparisons with the suave elegance of Pol Plançon. As Mephistopheles in Boito's opera, Chaliapin's half-nude figure, smeared with luminous paint, seemed more sensational than artistic. Critics disliked his realistic method of singing, labeled him a "Cossack with a cold." He retaliated:

"Criticism in New York is not profound. I am a singer, but the critic has no right to regard me merely as a singer. He must observe my acting, my make-up, everything. And he must know about these things.

"Opera is not a fixed art. It is not like music, poetry, sculpture, painting, or architecture, but a combination of all of these. And the opera critic should have studied all these arts. Besides, there is something the critic cannot get by study—the soul to understand. That he must be born with.

"I am not a professional critic, but I could be. I have associated with musicians, painters, and writers, and I know something of all these arts. As a consequence when I read a criticism, I see immediately what is true and what is false. . . . I have been sometimes adversely criticized and the most profound of these criticisms have taught me to correct my faults. But I have learned nothing from the criticisms I received in New York. After searching my inner consciousness, I find they are not based on a true understanding of my artistic purposes.

"It is unfair, indeed, to judge me on the parts I have sung here, for most of my best roles are in Russian operas, not in the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House. The contemporary direction of that place believes in tradition. It is afraid of anything new. There is no movement. It has not the courage to produce novelties, and artists are prevented from giving original conceptions of old roles.

"New York is a vast seething inferno of business. Nothing but business! The men are so tired when they get through work that they want recreation and sleep. They don't want to study. They don't want to be thrilled or aroused. They are content to listen forever to *Faust* and *Lucia*. In Europe it is different. There you will find the desire for novelty in the theatre. There is a keen interest in the production of a new work. It is all right to enjoy the old things, but one should see life. The audience at the Metropolitan Opera House reminds me of a family that lives in the country and won't travel. It is satisfied with the same view of the same garden forever. . . ."

Chaliapin certainly wasn't, as he proved when he returned here in 1921, the highest-paid singer the Metropolitan ever had. He received $3,000 a performance! In all the times I heard him, he never gave two performances alike. Even in *Boris*, you never knew whether he would take certain upper

*Continued in center of page 144*

# The Candid Cameraman

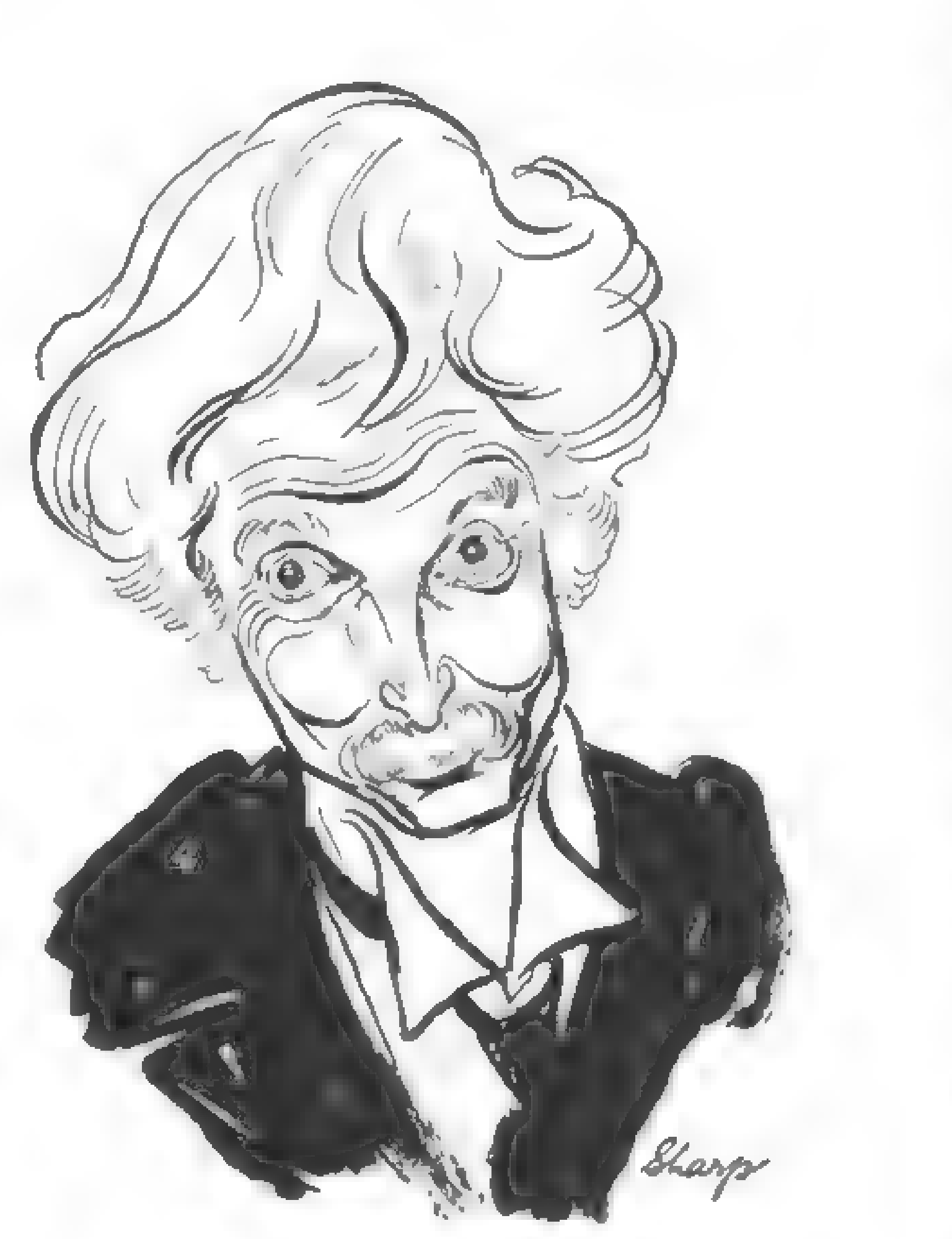
## Robert Donat does a splendid job in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips,* in spite of the limitations of James Hilton's story

### by PATTERSON MURPHY

• MOVIES •

Today's lesson is about acting in motion pictures, and the examples are old Mr. Chips and young Mr. Lincoln, as portrayed by Messrs. Robert Donat and Henry Fonda, respectively. Both performances put the boys right up there among the great, with Charles Laughton, Walter Huston, Emil Jannings, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy.

And in the cases of two boys who were thought to be merely pretty, though both had previously dropped hints of talent, this bloom of virtuosity is pleasant indeed. Maybe there are more such around and all each needs is a role.



Robert Donat "Goodbye Mr. Chips"

Mr. Donat of course has been growing from the straight romantic lead roles that he used to play in Alfred Hitchcock's intellectualized detective thrillers; he had grown, by *The Citadel*, to the point where he appeared to be England's only leading man, combining the appeal of a young Ronald Colman, a slim Clark Gable, and a dark Melvyn Douglas, with an obviously complete technique. But now he has enlarged his field of dominance and would seem to desire a monopoly on all English acting (male), including the domain of character acting. For in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, Mr. Donat exhibits a technical range unequaled in the memory of this reviewer; he does that most difficult of all acting chores: he ages gradually, exhibiting a man in all the stages of his adult development, both physical and spiritual, he does this without the aid of that main prop—a beard. But more. His physical change is the visible expression of his inner change. And that is shown so rarely as to be practically a new thing, in films.

We have seen people age in the flesh, get wrinkled, sag; and that kind of thing is a mere technical improvement on the old-time subtitle that said, "Years pass." You can read it in a subtitle or read it by a beard and wig. In *Mr. Chips*, Mr. Donat ages, let us say expressively. The chirp in his voice, the eccentric skip in his walk is not merely a notation of passing birthdays. The chirpy voice is a kind of retreat into impersonalized sing-song after the death of his wife: a further retreat from contact with the world; he no longer talks to his schoolboys, but talks at them with that formalized voice. The hurried, almost frenzied little walk, so characteristic of old professors, is the movement of a man so uncertain of his world that he will not give himself pause to look at it, for fear that he should be shocked out of his life-long illusion of home.

Mr. Donat's analysis of Mr. Chips goes deep; and yet, after all is done, after the technical and histrionic marvel has passed from the screen, the impression is one of littleness, of narrowness. This is no fault of the actor. The conception of Mr. Chips, in the original book, and faithfully translated to the screen, is a rather patronizing, typically British, rather upper-class conception. Here, says author Hilton, is one of that class of nice, noble, genteel, really sweet folk who spend their lives in one place doing one job, really indispensable to the proper education of the boys of our better families. He's a sensitive and shy fellow, awfully sentimental chap, and he has his little joys and sorrows, especially when he falls in love and his wife dies in childbirth—tough, old man—but he survives in the good old British way. Don't you think he's pretty nice?

Mr. Donat makes him pretty nice, a figure beloved in all our memories, as we all love and wonder about our old school teachers. But Mr. Donat can't make a full man out of Mr. Hilton's pretty specimen. Perhaps this is because Mr. Hilton made his man entirely of sugar. And we happen to know that the British boys' school is no candy store. No character can achieve reality in a fake background.

Mr. Hilton's "typical British school," Brookfield, is a similar conception to his Shangri-La, a timeless place where culture reposes and youth is permanent (here, in the ever-renewing sameness of young faces in the classrooms). Like Shangri-La, it is an institution devoted to the permanent conservation of civilization's higher attainments: in this case, the British character, whose distinctive quality is to be kept inviolate by Mr. Chips' adherence to the old as against the new method of teaching Latin.

Like Shangri-La, Brookfield is an escapist invention of the nastiest type because it permits distortion of reality under the imposing cloak of philosophy. With a dash of practical mysticism, free. Mr. Hilton dishes up an intellectualized variety of Eddie Guest content-platitudes; in Shangri-La he presented the ideal society as a place where the fine people, the hierarchy, lived in a palace on the hill and devoted themselves to the preservation of Culture, with the aid of every modern comfort dragged up there on the backs of coolies, while the folk over whom they ruled lived in a most primitive state in the valley, performing their peasant toil by the ancient, laborious methods. In Brookfield, Mr. Hilton presents the ideal Mr. Chips in the idyllic occupation of preserving the Culture of the great families who send their sons to Brookfield, generation after generation. He is not presented as an American school teacher might be, and certainly there must be British school teachers too who are interested in the progress of pedagogy, or who are interested in research in their particular fields of learning, men who are intellectually alive, men who live full personal lives, as well. Mr. Hilton's ideal is a sheltered little soul who puts forth one timid shoot when a woman strenuously tries to bring him alive, but this is snapped off by unkind Fate, but it is just as well, Mr. Hilton seems to say, for look at the beautiful recompense Mr. Chips found in a long sweet life of service to generation after generation of noble youth. And look how he finally sent them off to war. Mr. Chips becomes the intellectual counterpart of that well-defined figure, the British butler, who knows his place, and is proud to spend his life keeping a polish on the silver. Mr. Chips is just as happy to spend his life keeping a polish on British platitudes.

Actually, as we know from more honest British writers, such as Mr. Alec Waugh, the British boys' school and the type of master who teaches in it, if properly presented in a film, could give us a great deal of enlightenment about the British character; such a film could help us to understand the nature of the world today, for this British character is a major factor in the present world pattern, and involves our own fate, too.

The realistic literature of British schools shows them to us as the hardening-pits of the Briton's soul; and remember that the British foreign service is composed almost entirely of men who have been through these pits. They go in as tender kids, sweet-faced lads. Lonesome the first time away from home. They are immediately plunged into a prolonged game of polite savagery, all with meticulous rules; and the little scene in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* where the students tear the new master almost literally to pieces is only an externalized joke about what really goes on. The film shows the boys in their dormitories, once, engaged in the scandalous pastime of sharing a box of sweets from home. Mr. Chips, catching them at it, indulgently smiles and pretends he didn't see. Well he might, if he found them for once at so innocent a diversion as that.

The film shows Mr. Chips once, upon the supreme provocation of an unpatriotic remark

*Continued on page 114*

BRENDA MARSHALL
Hurrell Photograph

DOREEN McKAY
Hurrell Photograph

# Why Be a Badger?

*Continued from page 36*

famous doubles team of Ward and Wright, both undergraduates at Cambridge. He later represented the United States in the Davis Cup matches. It was Ward who invented the reverse twist service which he followed to the net to such good effect that he won the singles title in 1904.

Ward would like to but doesn't quite dare. Years ago when he was chairman of an important committee he gave the impression of a man who didn't want to fight at any cost. It was the winter the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association cleverly saved Vines for amateur tennis by a trip to Australia following a tough summer campaign abroad. Didn't Ward know Vines would crack up the next summer? (Vines collapsed the next July on the center court in Paris.) Didn't he realize the Association was tennis-bumming the boys all over the world and presumably supporting the ideals of amateur sport at the same time? He wiped his forehead nervously. "Yes . . . yes . . . but I've got a business to run. I can't spend my time trying to change things in the Association."

Now he spends all his time and energy on the game, and in his two years as president if there have been no revolutionary changes in the setup, the United States has recaptured the Davis Cup and held it successfully one year. More important still, the game has made progress in many sections of the country (although much of this must be attributed to Vines, Perry, Budge and the professionals by their exhibitions). Junior tennis has been developed, and there are 800 clubs now attached to the Association, more than ever before. His enemies, of whom he has some, admit this. A member of the Executive Committee who frequently disagrees with him said recently, "Holcombe Ward has done more hard work than any of his predecessors, and much of it has been constructive and worth while." When you get one badger praising another that's news.

The difference between golf and tennis today is that new blood must come into the former game but seldom does in the latter. The old guard of tennis is responsible. They are a group of men who have been running the show for years, were doing so in 1929 and are still at it. Doesn't Ward recognize this by asking in his annual report last winter for young men to interest themselves in the sport? Whether they will or not depends on whether the setup is changed. The Executive Committee which plays an important part in settling policies and making major decisions in tennis, if indeed it does not dominate the game, is composed of the current officers, 5 ex-presidents (4 from New York), 13 sectional delegates and 8 delegates at large. Most of the latter two classes live in parts of the country where they find it difficult to attend meetings. No account of these meetings is ever made public, the whole thing is clothed in the secrecy the officials in charge desire, while no minutes even are taken of the Advisory Committee, the second most powerful body of the Association. Today amateur tennis is merely a training camp for the professional game, and the ranking players frankly admit they are in it only until they get a good pro offer. Facing Don Budge, however, is like facing the Yanks. There does not seem to be anyone equal to the task.

Ward is a gentle, shy man, kindly, devoted to the game, honestly hating publicity and write-ups. He grants interviews willingly enough because it's part of the job, but seldom says anything. In fact, whenever you ask a tennis official a straight question the reply is always another question. The poor lads have been hammered so much they're gun-shy. When they do answer, they act as if they were trying to cover up something. As a rule they are not, but that's usually the impression they give and accounts to some extent for the bad publicity they receive. Ask a golf badger a question and usually you'll get a yes-or-no answer. Ask a tennis badger why there isn't any open tournament such as there is in golf, and you'll get a string of reasoning taking you back to the rules of the International Tennis Federation, the rules of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, Bill Tilden, Paris, London, etc. All completely confusing the innocent bystander whether intentional or not.

Specimen No. 1 of the perfect badger, and possibly I should have begun with him, is Mr. Gustavus Kirby, Treasurer of the A.A.U. My first meeting with the illustrious Mr. Kirby some fifteen years ago was staggering. It happened at a debate on amateurism at which I was down-throwing the present amateur standard, if that is the right name for it, while Mr. Kirby took the affirmative. He took it with both feet, completely overpowering me, speaking as a kind of athletic Father Coughlin in which he used all the stops, referring in a tremulous voice to that . . . old . . . track . . . shoe . . . which was his most cherished possession. It seems he meant the sprinter's shoe that he used in winning the Intercollegiate title years ago, and which now hung up in his study where he could feast his eyes on it every day.

It was an impressive performance. Since then Mr. Kirby has grown slightly grey round the gills, but no track meet is official without his presence—in a dinner suit if it's indoor in winter and in white flannels and blue coat if it's outdoors in summer. No Olympic Committee is complete unless he serves on it, either. He was treasurer of the 1936 Olympic Committee, and gallantly stifled his prejudices against dictators and the Hitler regime by putting on a drive for kale which took the boys across the ocean to see for themselves what it was all about. To be really successful as a badger you must have something to use for money, and Mr. Kirby is well provided with this initial requisite. He lives on the east side of New York, has a country place in Westchester where he dabbles in dogs and horses, and in fact is really one of the big badge boys of sport.

Yet his chief claim to fame will always be his touching friendship with Eleanor Holm, the fascinating mermaid now performing for hubby-to-be Billy Rose in the Flatbush Meadows. While aboard the *Manhattan* in the summer of 1936 as a member of the Olympic team going to Berlin, Mrs. Jarrett, as she then was, ran afoul of the badgers. They accused her, not apparently unjustly, of looking on the fizz when it sparkled. Mrs. Jarrett in rebuttal accused the officials and Mr. Kirby in particular of performing a mock marriage one evening on the trip. Mr. K., so it seemed, was the minister.

More than that, she said the whole affair was risqué. Now Mr. Kirby being risqué is a good deal like Mayor La Guardia doing a fan dance in the middle of the World's Fair. Mr. Kirby admitted the mock marriage, but denied firmly that there was anything risqué about the ceremony. Furthermore, he added that the bride carried a bouquet of vegetables. If your reaction to mock marriages is the same as that of most citizens, Mr. Kirby is hereby convicted without further testimony, and sentenced to be de-badged immediately and completely.

So far we've mentioned the amateur badge boys. There are also the functionaries, regularly paid badgers connected with every game. They do the dirty work for the higher-ups. These paid watch dogs never wear any insignia of office, and usually function under the title of Executive Secretary, or Executive Director, which indicates a weekly pay check attached to the job. Whatever they make they earn.

Typical functionary badgers are Eddie (I-can't-comment-myself) Moss, of the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association, and Asa Bushnell who sits in a suite at the Biltmore Hotel in New York as the "Executive Director of the Central Office for Eastern Intercollegiate Athletics." Don't let this get you down. Bushnell's task is to keep the fifty colleges he represents from spitting in each other's eyes about sport. Then there is Dan Ferris who performs a like function for the Amateur Athletic Union in lower Broadway. Dan is Exhibit No. 1 of the *genus* Executive Secretary. Like the majority he is popular with all and sundry.

Want to see what a sprinter is like 30 years after? Take a look at Dan behind his desk. You'll note a man about 50, with clear blue eyes and white hair brushed back from his forehead; a man slightly paunchy and good-humored despite the punishment he has taken from every side since leaving school. For Dan came into the A.A.U. in its early days back in 1909, and has never had another job. Just how he has managed to keep his sanity no one can discover. He was a track star and football player at Pawling High School, N. Y., before the War. (Don't confuse this with the Pawling School, geographically next door but socially as far apart as New York and the Sahara Desert.)

Dan is the typical Executive Secretary. But he's more than that. He's the Jim Farley of sport. Not only is Dan an adroit politician, but he knows everyone in his constituencies throughout the country, calls them all, officials and athletes, by their first name, and what is more, is liked by everyone. You'll have to work hard to rouse cheers for Avery Brundage, his chief, but all those who know Dan like him. For one thing, he doesn't lack courage, for another, when he says something he means it. Somehow he has managed to keep his peace with two such bitter enemies as Brundage and Jeremiah Mahoney, both forces in A.A.U. politics. This is a feat which would have taxed the ingenuity of Jim Farley himself.

Dan makes $7,500 a year, and as stated, earns it. All the duties of organizing the Olympics really fall upon his office, which for six months every four years is a minor league madhouse. Dan is a walking encyclopaedia of track lore. Ask him the world's record in the pole vault, who won the 100 metres in the 1924 Olympics or what firm Abel Kiviat is now working for, and he'll answer immediately. Like all Executive Secretaries, however, Dan is careful never to commit himself on anything controversial. Does Glenn Cunningham get paid for running? "How can we prove it?" he'll reply. He doesn't say yes or no. He answers with another question, a habit of badgers.

Dan is underpaid for his work. There are badgers who possibly may not be. Major John L. Griffith is the sportskommissar of the Big Ten and gets $10,000 each and every year from the colleges. Don't ask what he does to earn it. Major Griffith was a major in Washington during the War. He still calls himself "Major."

But these men are all functionary badgers, and your real 100% specimen doesn't get a salary, nor as a rule five cents for his efforts. He's just a nut whose main interest in life is sport. A tennis official betrayed this fact to me once at a banquet. He made a speech in quavering tones about the dear old game, ending in an emotional voice.

"Tennis has been the one greatest thing in my life." The worst of it was, he meant just that. Tennis actually was the one greatest thing in his life. ##

# The Old Man's Odyssey

*Continued from page 48*

head. The brakes went on with a shriek, the car jolted to a shivering stop, and a head stuck out to bawl bitter, witty remarks.

The old man replied with a really tremendous Bronx cheer as he halted for the slow business of hauling one foot and then the other up the opposite curb. Firmly planted upon the sidewalk he paused again in momentary triumph. Block one had been met and it was his.

"Just wish he'd got out o' that driver's seat," went the muttered monologue as the shoes again shoved grittily forward. "'Take that an' that an' that' I'd'a said." Here he furiously fanned the air with his stick.

It was this, probably, that attracted the cur. A snotty little soiled white one, it had been slinking across the yard, all the ends of the world seeming to have come upon the head, and the tail more than a little weary. Now it stiffened to attention, both ends up.

"Hope it goes on by," thought the old man.

"Wonder if I dare try a bark," thought the dog.

The man hesitated in his shuffle. The dog ventured a yip, not too loud but a bit on the nasty side.

"Oh, oh, oh," thought the old man, coming definitely to a standstill.

"I think I've got him scared," the dog decided, "but I'd best go a little slow yet."

It closed in on the quarry, sniffing the pant legs in what it hoped would be construed a friendly fashion should there prove to have been an error of canine judgment. There had been no error.

The two-legged one was quite palpably nervous. The cur put a world of contempt into the final sniff. Then it fell back an inch or so and opened up.

"Rou, rou, rou," went the little bully's big voice.

"Go 'way," said the old man. "Go 'way."

"Rou, rou, rou," rejoiced his enemy, circling.

Panicky, he swished at it with his cane. The cur tore back into the yard, yelping in surprise and sorrow. The old man put himself into motion. But he just couldn't help looking back over a shoulder to see if the damned thing was sneaking up. It wasn't. But the backward look was fatal.

"He's got the wind up!" the dog deduced. "Oh, mama, will this be fun!"

Racing at top speed, it drew a great circle around its prey, loosing meanwhile an ecstasy of barking. Now it had the old man in a dither.

"Go 'way, go 'way," he quavered, loosing a stiff, minute kick like a mechanical toy.

Flattening itself to the sidewalk before him, the dog began to worm in his direction to the accompaniment of a continuous fierce, low growling meant to convey the impression that this time it really meant business.

The old man got the idea. He took a shuffling step backward. Then another. The dog hurled itself into the air in a very delirium of bliss and rapture. Another bound carried it right to the victim and, all the time giving tongue lickety-split, it leaped up and down snapping at palpitating hand and wavering stick.

The cap jounced from the old man's head in his frantic lurching and turning. His tormentor was on it like a flash. With the cloth waving from its mouth, it swaggered up into the yard trying its best to look as officious as a WPA road repair flagman and as terrible as an army with banners. There it settled down to easeful chewing and snarling. The old man stood on the sidewalk, whimpering.

Cap possibilities exhausted, the dog rolled a speculative eye and saw him still wavering impotently in that spot.

"Rou, rou, rou," it announced and had the satisfaction of seeing him cringe.

Shaking itself to all fours, the cur prepared to start in again. Then, across the street, it saw the man with the leather sack making his appointed rounds. There's no closed season on letter carriers, the comrades long ere this had revealed. Every dog is chartered to bark and snap at those dopes, said the comrades, and they have to like it. The cur never had accumulated the courage. But flushed now with victory, it fairly flew across the street intending to rack up another triumph and return to the old man at leisure. But the carrier paid no attention to its approach.

"Everything all right, pappy?" he shouted across the street.

"O.K., O.K.," said the old man. "Wind blew off my cap and I'm just a-goin' to pick it up."

The dog went into its leap and snap. The carrier caught it with the toe of a heavy shoe. The dog turned a flipflop and, torn between pain and astonishment, went scuttling down the street giving tongue to a profound sorrow and despair.

To the accompaniment of that sweet music, the old man doddered into the yard, retrieved his muddied head-piece, and triumphantly chuffed across the second intersection.

Two down, he mentally noted as he plucked a leaf from the hedge bordering the sidewalk and tentatively chewed.

He had progressed about half the hedge's length when there was a shrill screech and a face-overshadowing hat popped up above the foliage. BAM! BAM! BAM! went the blanks in the cap-gun covering the old man and not a yard away.

Startled, he froze and a small, terrified yip escaped him. Peals of laughter, a treble whoop of "Heigh-yo, Silver! Away!" and something small in a cowboy suit went scudding away between the houses.

"Drat that Perkins imp," breathed the old man, half in wrath and half in relief, as his limbs shook under him in release from the rigidity of sudden fright.

And putting stick to armpit in the moment of recovery, he drew a bead on the galloping urchin and quavered out a "Bang!" That restored his self-respect. Down, over and up the next crossing he went in a slow-motion prance and entered upon block four.

Part way along it, the rhythm of his shuffle broke and then halted. Hmmm. Something unfamiliar, something wrong down there. The old man wiggled his shoes in a cautious feel and confirmed their message to him by a downward look.

Yes, this was new. The sidewalk was cracked right across and part of it had sunk a good inch or so. Happened during that couple months he'd been away, of course. How do you suppose—.

While he pondered the rains came. It was a spring cloudburst that hit him with the sudden force of a malign, premeditated assault. Scrambling over the new bump he headed on in his fastest shuffle. No use. Halfway along the next block was The Haven but he couldn't make it in this. Soaked and panting, he maneuvered a left turn and made it up the steps to the porch of the Widow Hopkins' place.

Stepping out to collect the morning's mail, Mae Hopkins, forty and buxom, found him huddling in the porch swing she'd somehow never managed to "bring in" that past winter.

"Why you poor old dear," she cooed. "Come right in with me this minute."

The old man followed obediently, half turning his head in a wicked wink at a wet world as he slowly vanished through the door. Hot dog! This had possibilities. He'd been hearing about Mae the last year or so. Knew her way around, the boys at The Corner said.

The front room looked promising. Floor lamps and davenports and photographs everywhere. A radio giving out music at an hour when all the housewives of his acquaintance were tuned to serials and recipes. And, yes by golly, siphon and glasses on the end table.

Mrs. Hopkins installed him in a chair by the fireplace, clucking sympathetically of his need to be warmed and dried.

"Little shot o' redeye is all I ever take," lied the old man in carefully careless tones.

The hostess trilled a laugh from the kindness of her big heart and voiced the answer she considered conventional. "Why, you old devil," said the tones of artificial admiration.

The guest gave an ecstatic wriggle. What was the one the old rube in the vaudeville act used to spring on the girl? Let's see—. Now he had it. "Yes, by cracky. A good rubdown with liniment an' I can show any of these young fellows."

Mrs. Hopkins seemed not to hear him. "Of course," she said, but not in answer. "You're Mrs. Arthur's grandfather-in-law. I'll get you an aspirin and a cup of hot tea right now. And then I'll phone her to drive right up and get you." And the good woman bustled kitchenward.

Aspirin! Hot tea! Why here was that granddaughter-in-law of his all over again. And the humiliation of having That Woman come for him!

Calling on those reserves of agility as he had in escaping from home, he slipped stealthily and swiftly to the front door, opened and closed it without a sound, and was down the steps and off before he even noticed that the rain was over.

The curbs were easy in his panic haste and he made it well into block five before slowing down. Here was the beer parlor. Once past, he did his best to progress with an air of just having come out of it. One day he'd make Ed take him in, despite the Terrible Woman's ban.

Meanwhile, the grocery stores were slowly falling behind and here was The Goal. Cautiously detouring around a canine conference, the old man cut perilously in front of a small fry bicyclist and made it in.

Charlie, the youthful soda-clerk, gave hearty greeting. "The usual," ordered the old man. And subsided into *his* chair, at *his* table. Golly, he *was* tired. But an hour or two here and he'd be rested up and fit as a fiddle.

A great wave of contentment flooded in on him as he thought of the perilous passage achieved and the remote haven attained although all the Fates had conspired to defeat his quest.

Wild beasts he had overcome and fierce men, the raging elements and the wiles of the siren.

Well, it had been worth it. Here was an audience. And here was Charlie with the coke-and-lemon and the "art study" magazines the proprietor had given him license to thumb without payment.

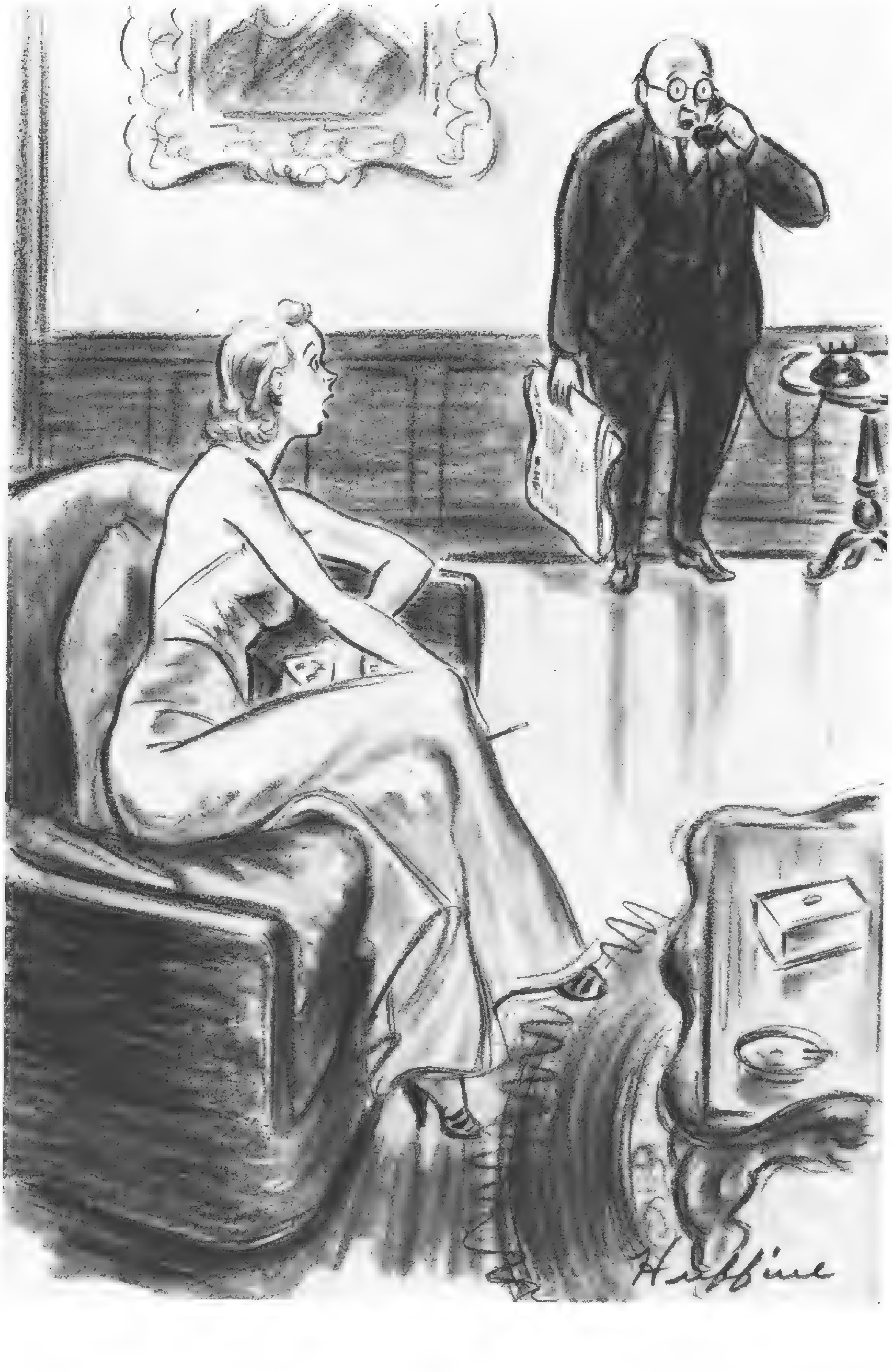
"Quite a stack this time, you bein' away so long," said Charlie.

"Heard any good ones?" asked the old man of the groups at cigar case and fountain.

"Not since you was last around, old timer," said one, and the others nodded. "These others come in and try to tell 'em but I always say that there's only one guy in this neighborhood can really tell a story."

So other suitors for applause had been around. And failed, of course, to bend the giant's bow.

Easily and lovingly, the old man stretched it to the extreme limits and let fly. "So the widow asks him in from the porch an' —" #



*"You must have the wrong number, young man—there's no one here by that name except my wife"*

## Night That Never Ends

*Continued from page 70*

like a snake, cracking just above Joe's head. And Joe was remembering long ago when he used to drive wagonloads of fresh-picked cotton to the gin, cracking his whip over the mules' ears. You could draw blood out of a mule's hide with a leather-platted horsewhip.

"You remember that name now, Joe?"

He didn't say anything, thinking *I must not say Henry Todd.*

The first sting of Giles' whip was not as bad as he had expected. *More a numbing pain,* he was thinking. But in a second it was awful, like fire, burning the blood from the skin rather than searing. And then another, and another.

"What's his name, Joe?"

The whip was alive, running up and down his back, and he whirled to snatch it, fight it away, so that it caught him across the face. Giles laughed, and hobbled closer.

"Goddam him," Weatherbee swore, and leaned to lift him from the ground. "Maybe his back is too tough." Joe felt his trousers pulled down to his knees, and the whip caught him from behind throwing him into the sandy grass.

"The bullheaded bastard—"

"Let's try the other un," Giles said, his voice shrill. *Like an intoxicated woman's voice,* Joe was thinking.

"Git up." Weatherbee kicked him, and he arose, staggering back around the corner of the cotton storehouse to the car. He saw Weatherbee jerking Martin from the running board, ripping his shirt over his head.

Joe dropped flat, stomach on the ground, watching, wondering if Martin would tell. His fingers dug into the wet grass. In the car sat the driver, calmly smoking a cigar, watching Giles swing his whip back to strike. They had walked only to the corner of the warehouse this time.

For a second Joe forgot the fierce pain of his back. Giles had struck, and he heard Martin's sharp cry of agony. Again the whip flashed. Martin was sick, leaning forward on his knees, his abdomen contracting violently, his mouth strained, when the whip cut. "Stop! I'll tell you, I'll tell!"

Joe was cold, his muscles rigid, as he rose to his knees. The man in the car was watching the three figures beside the warehouse. *If I run around the other side of the warehouse the swamp will shield me to the river.*

Joe was running, jumping forward around the building before the driver was shouting. A pistol shot. He heard Weatherbee's bull-like roar as he fled into the sucking mud and tangling reeds of the swamp. Over his head a flashlight beam was darting in the cypress trees, but the thick growth near the river was impenetrable to the light. Already he was running downhill; through the bushes he could see the river.

Behind him he heard Weatherbee's curses and the crashing of bodies pushing through the swamp. But the river was waiting for him, a friendly thing, the water caressing his burning back. He floated with the sluggish current, swimming effortlessly toward the opposite shore.

Across the river Joe drifted down under the dark shadows of overhanging trees, and pulled himself up grasping their exposed roots. For a moment he glanced back and saw Weatherbee's flashlight swinging back and forth in the swamp. Then he ran on up the rocky bank.

His back began shooting darts of fire again, and when he ran into the cottonfield the pain of dew-washed leaves flapping against the raw flesh was almost unendurable. The hard unopened bolls, hanging over into the row spaces, beat against his legs. *I always liked to pick cotton in the rich wet soil of the river bottoms; the plants grow tall and the picker does not have to stoop and walk upon his knees.*

His shoes were filled with sand now, the grains clinging to the moistness of the leather. He stopped, looking to right and left, trying to peer through the soft shadows of the night. Henry Todd's place was more to the left. He had to cut across rows now; the stalks became his enemies, clutching at his body, scratching at his back.

A row of black fire-scarred trees sprang up in front of him and behind them, he knew, was Henry's cabin.

His breath sucked in his throat; he could not cry or speak; he banged loudly on the door. The millions of stars were spinning in the sky. Roughly he shook the broken doorknob.

"Who there?"

"Henry! It's Joe." He couldn't say more. The door was open, and in time a kerosene lamp was flickering in the room.

"Hide the light, Henry. Get your things ready. Your wife and kids. We got to run. They know. They'll come quick." He was on his belly, the hot blood surging through his body, one vast ache.

Time seemed suspended. Henry was touching him, holding him upright trying to slip an old shirt over his arms; it clung to his blood-sticky back.

He did not know how much time elapsed before they left the cabin; he grudged each second as though it were a year.

But now they were walking swiftly through the field, Henry and his wife in front, each carrying a child and a small bundle. To Joe the low whimpers of the children and the rustling of the cotton stalks seemed to come from a long distance; his head was floating in space, surrounded by a wall that deadened sound. The cotton leaves flailed at him, and he was thankful for Henry's ragged shirt.

Before they reached the river he knew it was there, the smell of it, floating warm dampness around his head. He whirled around once, looking back, expecting to see lights and hear shouting men at the cabin, but the field was peaceful with the night.

Henry's movements were swift, sure; he knew exactly what he was doing. Joe suspected he must have planned this escape many days ago, planned and hoped the time would never come to use the way.

The sharecropper was pulling at a huge log, rolling it over into the river where it splashed loudly enough to quiet the noise of the frogs and insects. Fearfully his wife followed him into the water. They lifted the children astraddle the log. Joe followed, giving it a shove and they began paddling with their legs, drifting across.

One of the children began crying; the mother whispered, the crying stopped.

The place where Henry guided them ashore was grown so thick with vines and brush that in the darkness it appeared to be a solid wall. They splashed out of the river, their feet bogging in an ooze of water and dead plants. Henry began beating an opening with his huge bare arms. They followed slowly behind, stepping in his tracks.

Soon the ground became firmer; the brush was now interspersed with small trees. Under a low hanging cypress, Henry stopped.

"You all'll be safe here for a while. Road up this way a piece. I'll go get Andy's wagon. When I whistle twice, you all come up to road."

"Will we be safe in a wagon, Henry?" Joe was surprised at the huskiness in his voice. *Is it I who is talking? Has this happened to me?*

"Sho. We fix that." Henry was gone, his feet drumming on the grassy earth.

Joe sat humped forward on the turf, his head roaring with strange noises. He was thankful for the nearness of Henry's wife and the two children, sensed their fear of the night, and would have spoken but for the weariness that pressed down upon him.

In the grass before him he saw a lightning-bug crawling, its tail glowing, irritated at this interruption of sleep. Sleep. To sleep and forget pain. For minutes, hours, they sat, making no noise. The air became cooler, chill.

The sky grayed to the left. *Must be the east. Where can Henry be? Wonder if . . .*

His head was nodding forward when the whistle sounded sharp, then repeated. Joe lifted one of the sleeping children and stumbled down the narrow trail. The child twisted in disturbed sleep.

In the gray dawn the wagon waited, a wagon piled with bales of hay. Joe stopped, surprised, saw Andy's hand wave from the low seat atop the bales. "Hi, Joe."

"We can't ride out on that hay in broad daylight." Joe licked his swollen lip, the pain forgotten until he had spoken.

"Naw," Andy's voice drawled, friendly, good to hear. "We're goin' to stack it around you all."

Henry, coming around from behind the wagon, began pulling bales out from the end, digging a small cavern. "We'll have to hold 'em in place," Henry was saying. "Keep 'em from fallin' in on top us."

The woman and the children were lifted inside. Joe followed, sniffing the sweet hay smell. Henry on the inside and Andy from the outside stacked the bales close about them. Only one small opening was left, at the top, just behind Andy's seat. If the need arose he could close it quickly by shoving the top bale back a few inches.

As they rocked along the rutted country road, the bales twisted, jerked, seemed bent on leaping in upon them. But the two men stood half-upright, holding them.

Finally the iron tires were grinding on concrete, the hoofs of the mules clopped loudly, the going was much easier. But now the fear of human beings entered their minds, and their bodies instead of relaxing became more tense with expectancy. The children cried fitfully, Henry and his wife almost smothering them in their efforts to quiet them. The vibration of the wagon grew worse and awakened the deadened pain in Joe's back.

Joe wanted to inquire of Andy as to where they were, how many miles to Memphis, but he dreaded knowing, preferred remaining in doubt. For miles he stood crouched, pressing against the bales, in air that was stifling with the heat and moisture of their bodies.

Once he fainted, knew nothing until his head twisted up and he knew Henry's wife was standing over him, in his place, fighting against the jostling squares of hay. He got up at once, pushing her away without a word.

Sweat streamed from his body, its saltiness inflaming his swollen back, already tortured by the heat and irritated by dry shreds of hay punching through the shirt.

"Say." It was Andy's voice. Through the opening, Joe saw his teeth flash in a grin. "Here's the bridge."

Across the river was Memphis, and friends. And cleanliness, and relief from pain. A moment later the wagon stopped still. The square of light above was blotted out; Andy had shoved the top bale back, closing them in tight. They waited in dread, paralyzed by the sound of voices.

But now the wagon was moving again. They were safe.

As Joe fell forward, clutching at Henry's overalls, his mind was clear for just a second before it turned black.

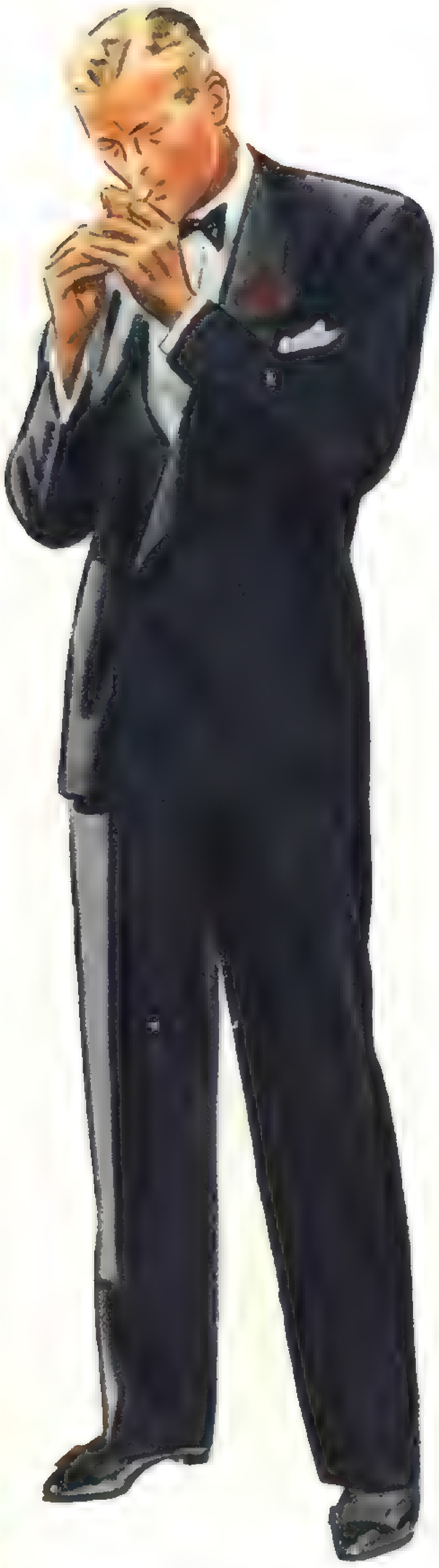
He wondered about Martin. Did Martin tell? Did he? A horsewhip hurts like hell, and Martin was sick, and maybe didn't know what he was doing.

But maybe Martin didn't tell, maybe he had run away, escaped.

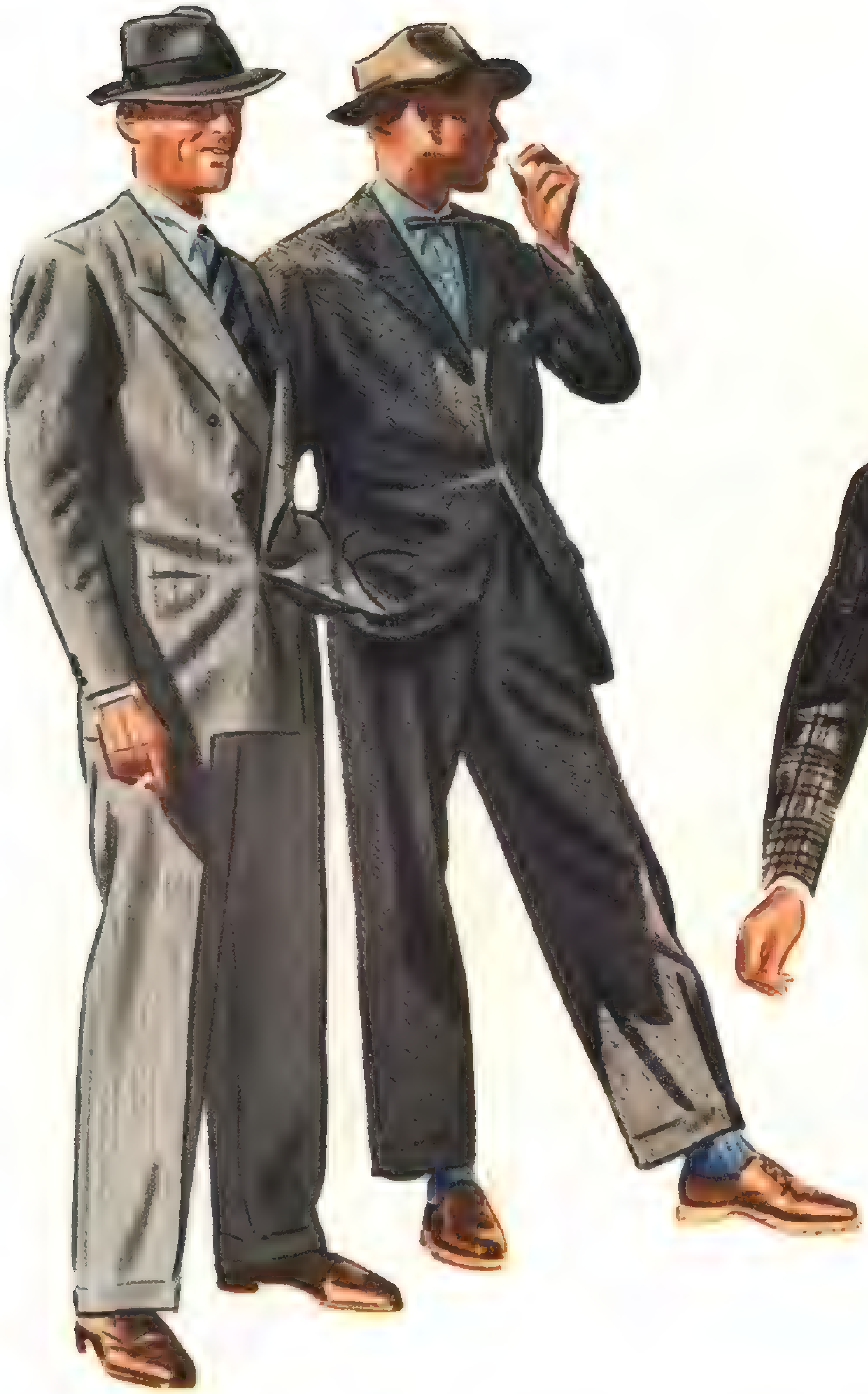
Maybe Martin didn't tell.

Joe hoped to hell he hadn't.

# Going Back to School



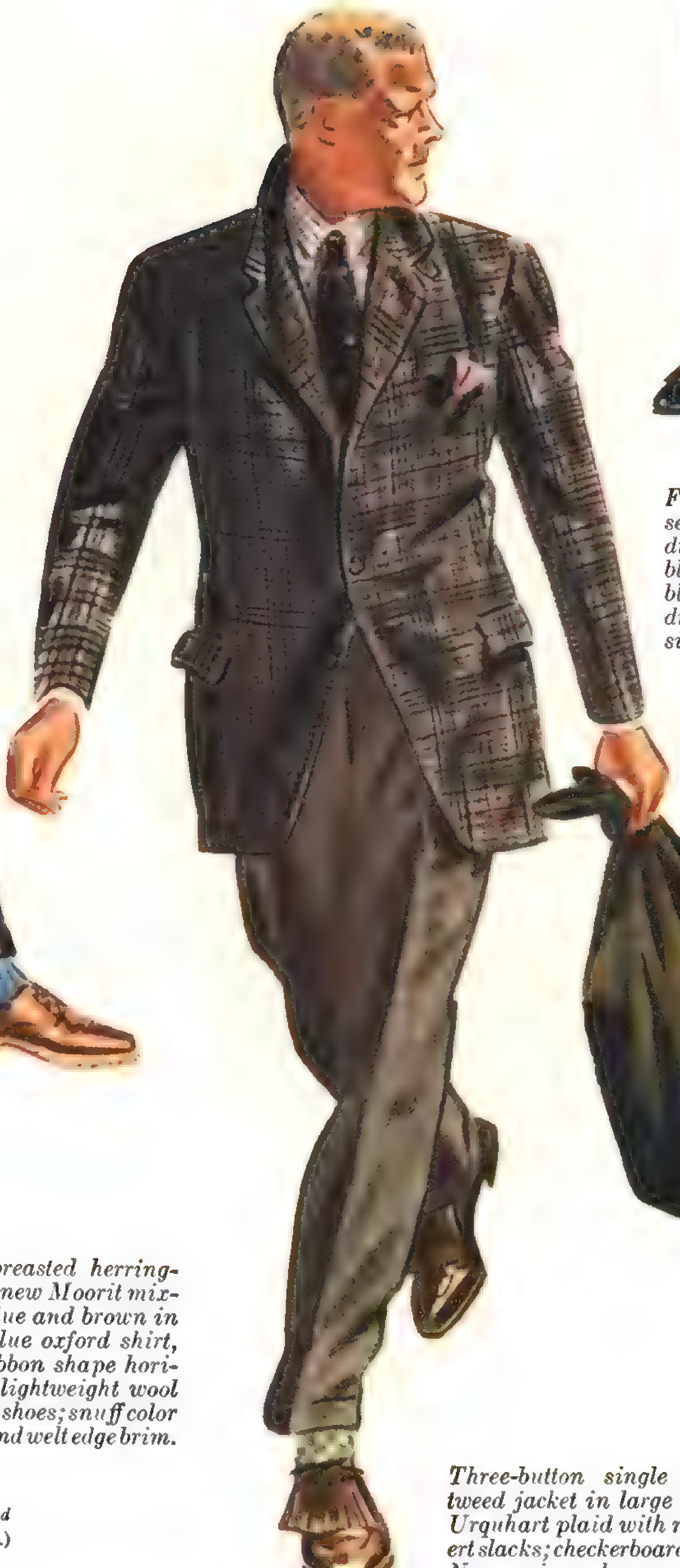
*Fraternity dances, smokers and other semi-formal evening functions find well-dressed undergraduates wearing the double breasted dinner jacket in midnight blue with satin shawl collar, soft dress shirt, satin semi-butterfly tie, silk hose and patent leather pumps.*



*For week end or dress-up wear, the double breasted grey unfinished worsted in conservative business patterns—this one with self stripe; blue striped broadcloth shirt with lounge collar attached; black and blue club stripe tie; medium grey felt snapbrim hat with light color welt edge; brown wing tip brogue shoes.*

*Three-button single breasted herringbone Shetland suit in a new Moorit mixture combining light blue and brown in a Lovat effect; Eton blue oxford shirt, button down collar; ribbon shape horizontal stripe bow tie; lightweight wool hose; brown calf blucher shoes; snuff color felt hat with low crown and welt edge brim.*

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*



*Three-button single breasted Harris tweed jacket in large Lovat green Glen Urquhart plaid with red overplaid; covert slacks; checkerboard design wool hose; Norwegian shoes with overlapping tongues; button down oxford collar-attached shirt in red, white and green club stripes; green background foulard tie.*

# University Livables

## A bit of fatherly advice to undergraduates, covering a small multitude of potentially annoying sins of omission and commission

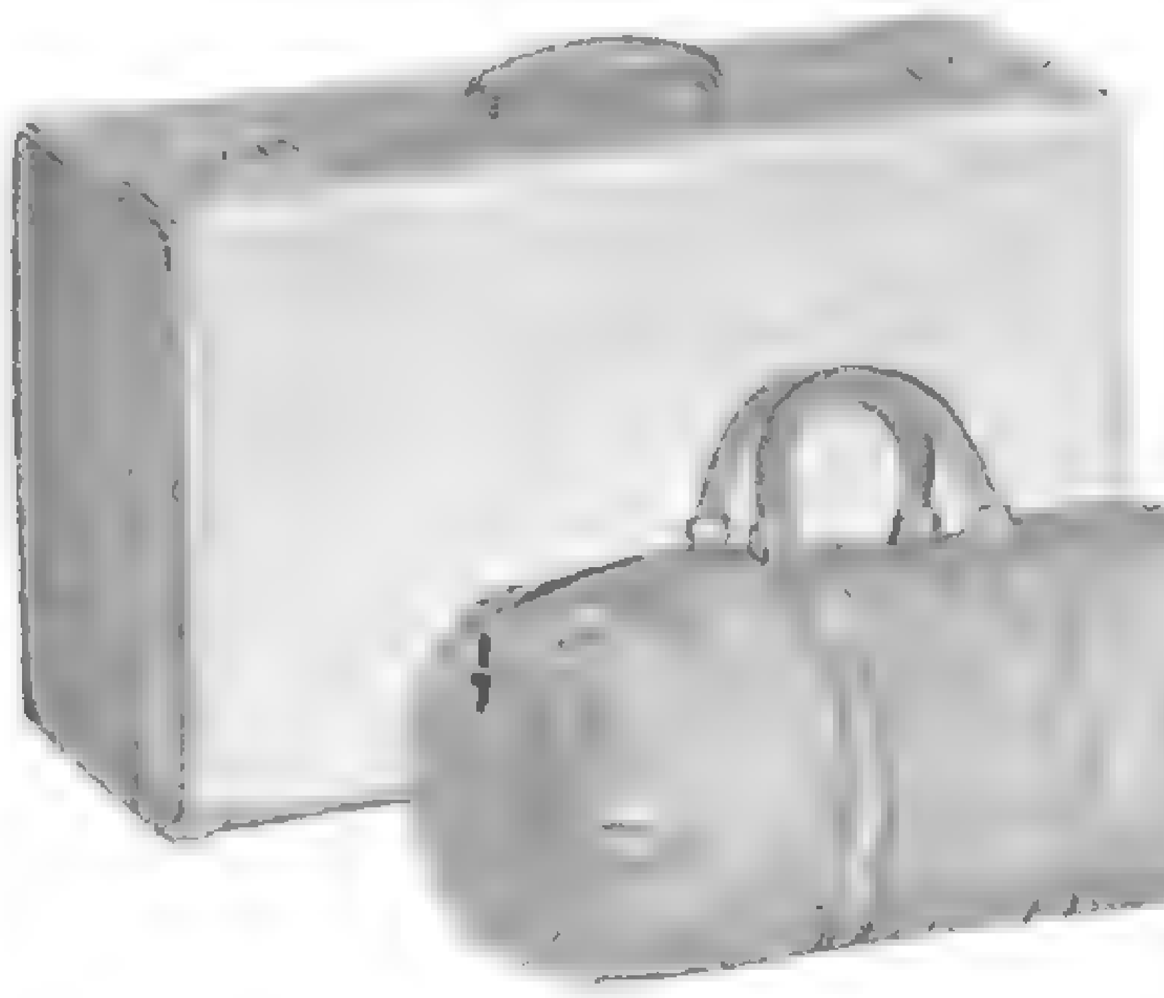
### by FASHION STAFF

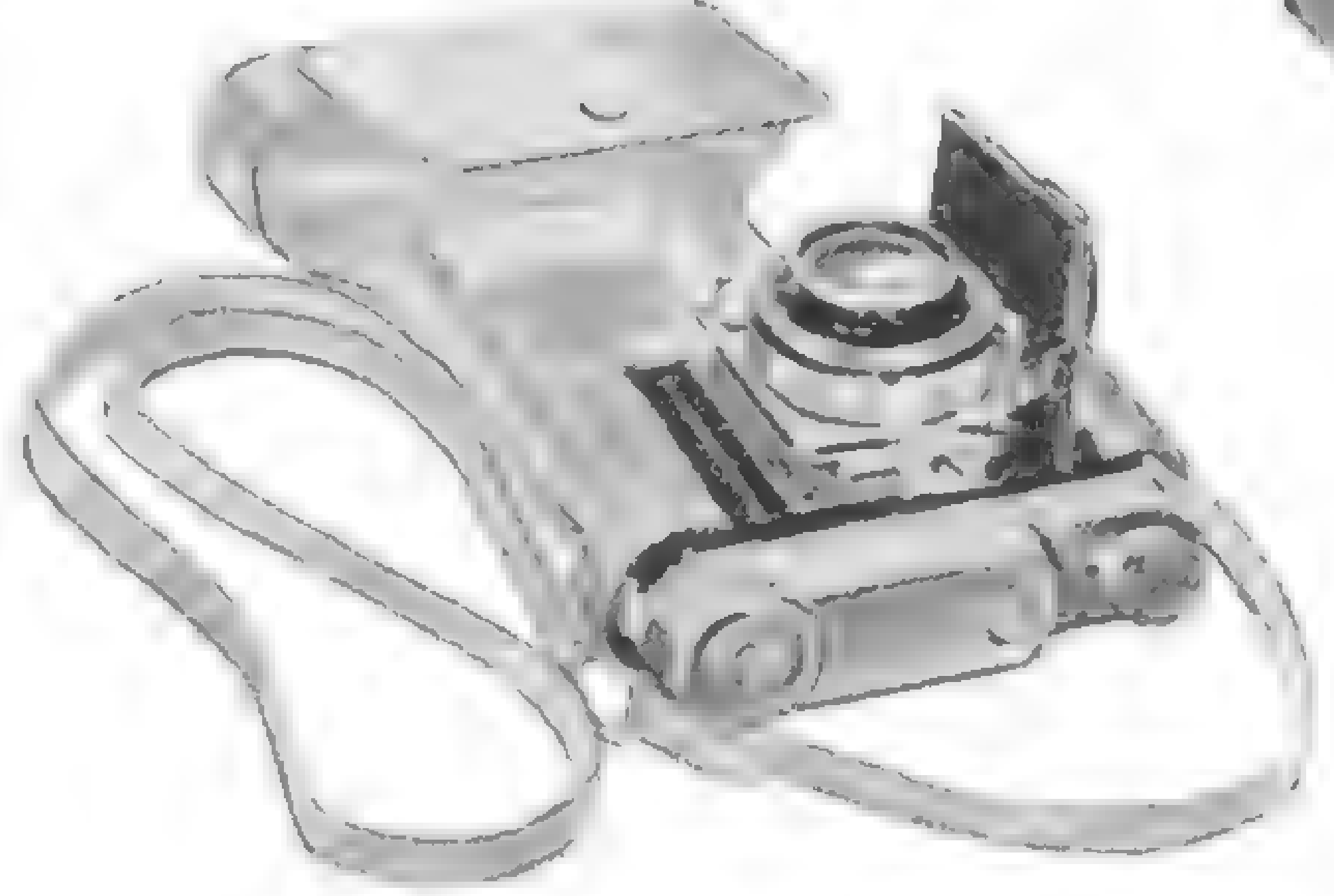
• WEARABLES •

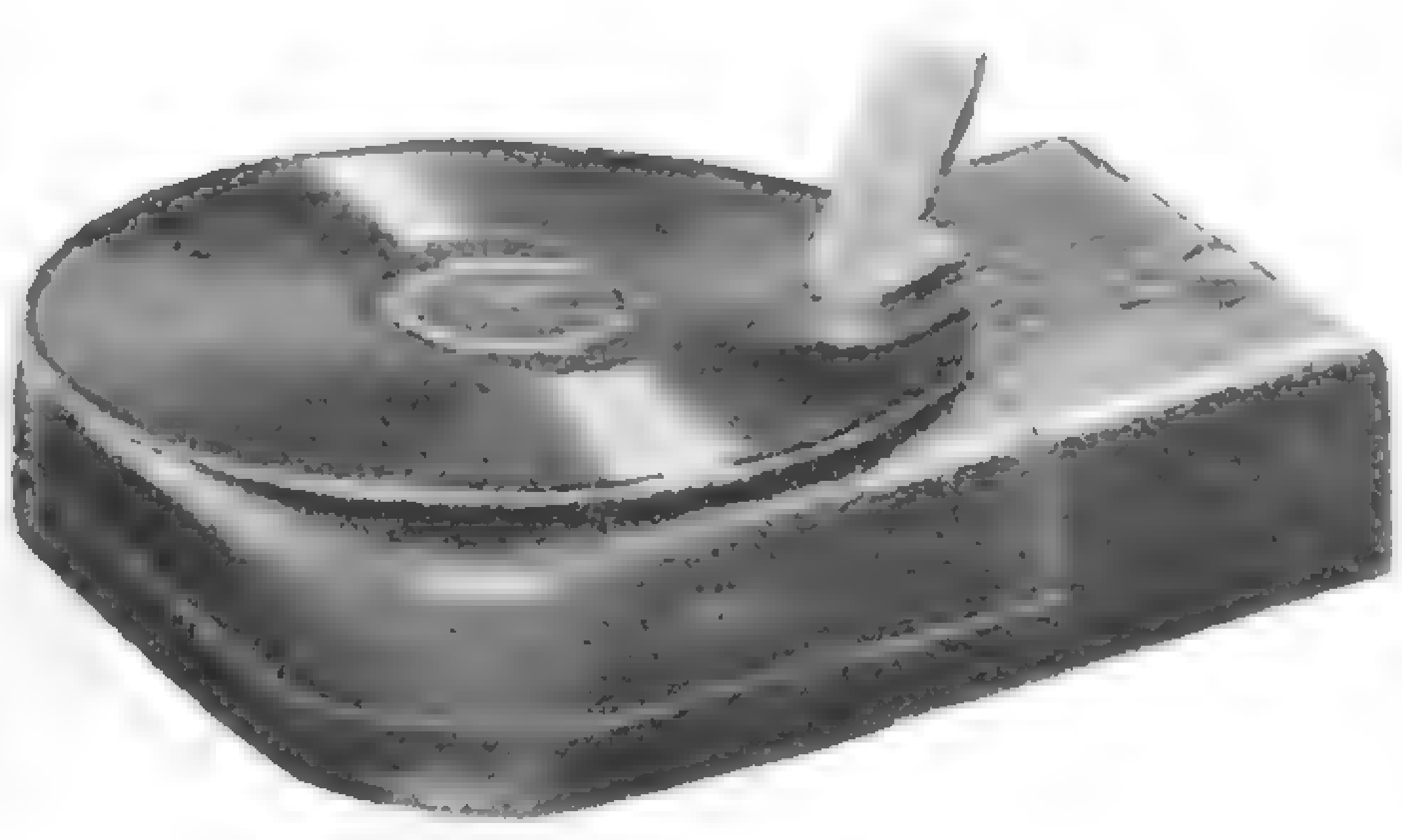
RED apples won't get you through college. Few university professors today are proffering passing grades for personality from the neck down. Rigid rule No. 1 for a happy four years as an undergraduate is Study, especially dedicated to good marks during the first year that your name is appearing on the roll call. Honor in the classroom from the starting gun gives you a lead that allows your final laps to be more leisurely and less frantic.

With No. 1 axiom off our chest, let's look around at the student scene with an eye to pointing out signposts to a social and extracurricular manner of living at college that will mean much as time goes on. A bad start in any department of deportment or wrongly balanced equipment is to be avoided if possible. Up till now, in all probability, your bedding problem has been confined to inability to get up at the first blast of your alarm clock. You may have even left the reveille routine to your mother too, but from now on *her* cares are over. You at school are responsible for your laundry, sheets, sox, *et al.* More than mere pennies can be saved if you take a sturdy mailing carton to college as a shuttle for your weekly wash that allows home laundering instead of the usual Oriental mangling all too handy to the campus.

Those saved ducats can better be spent for accessories that will brighten your dorm, club or fraternity quarters with your own individual tastes. Forget furniture. Generations have gone before you, and from departing graduates you will inherit, rent or politically acquire desk, chairs, cots, carpets, pictures, lamps and standard decorations. Wait till you hit school for these unless previous official communication has advised you otherwise. You'll get your Freshman Rules too late if you outfit yourself with junk enough for a four-year African safari.







Here, however, are items that should appeal to the campus-bound and be considered as companions for better or for worse.

The wardrobe trunk is a student safety deposit vault after and before its use as bulk mover from and to your home. For week ends and vacations a medium-sized suitcase fills the bill and a duffel is handy for chuck stuff on picnics, or overnight inns and outings. Here are hangers and drawers to harbor tennis shirts in winter, and ski clothes in balmy fall and spring. In the wardrobe, personal valuables are securely stored when not in use and love letters are locked away from the roommate who goes through your desk on the trail of a cigaret. A humidor incidentally will be required if you're headed for a pipe as soothing accompanist to irregular verbs and wit-teasing theorems. Don't overlook a typewriter even though you're a beginner at the hunt-and-peck system, because profs who have to be puzzle pundits over your penmanship are not prone to chalk up A's or B's. Type it—it's quicker and clearer. Be equipped, however, with a pen and pencil set, because the day has yet to come when lecture halls are open to typewriters for all-important note-taking. Most treasured notes of a college career you will make with a camera. Today they are pocket size and perfected to such a degree that you can well afford to snap your way through four years that will never repeat themselves in equal interest, enjoyment or concentrated development.

Keep a camera loaded at all times and duplicate prints for friends at a penny profit can even pay off the initial investment and maintenance.

Handy and modern is a closet-size refrigerator where late at night appetites will find food kept fresh and ready. Your father may have rushed the growler with a tin pail but today's bottle and can convenience needs only a cooling chest to keep milk, fruit juice or suds within bed slipper distance.

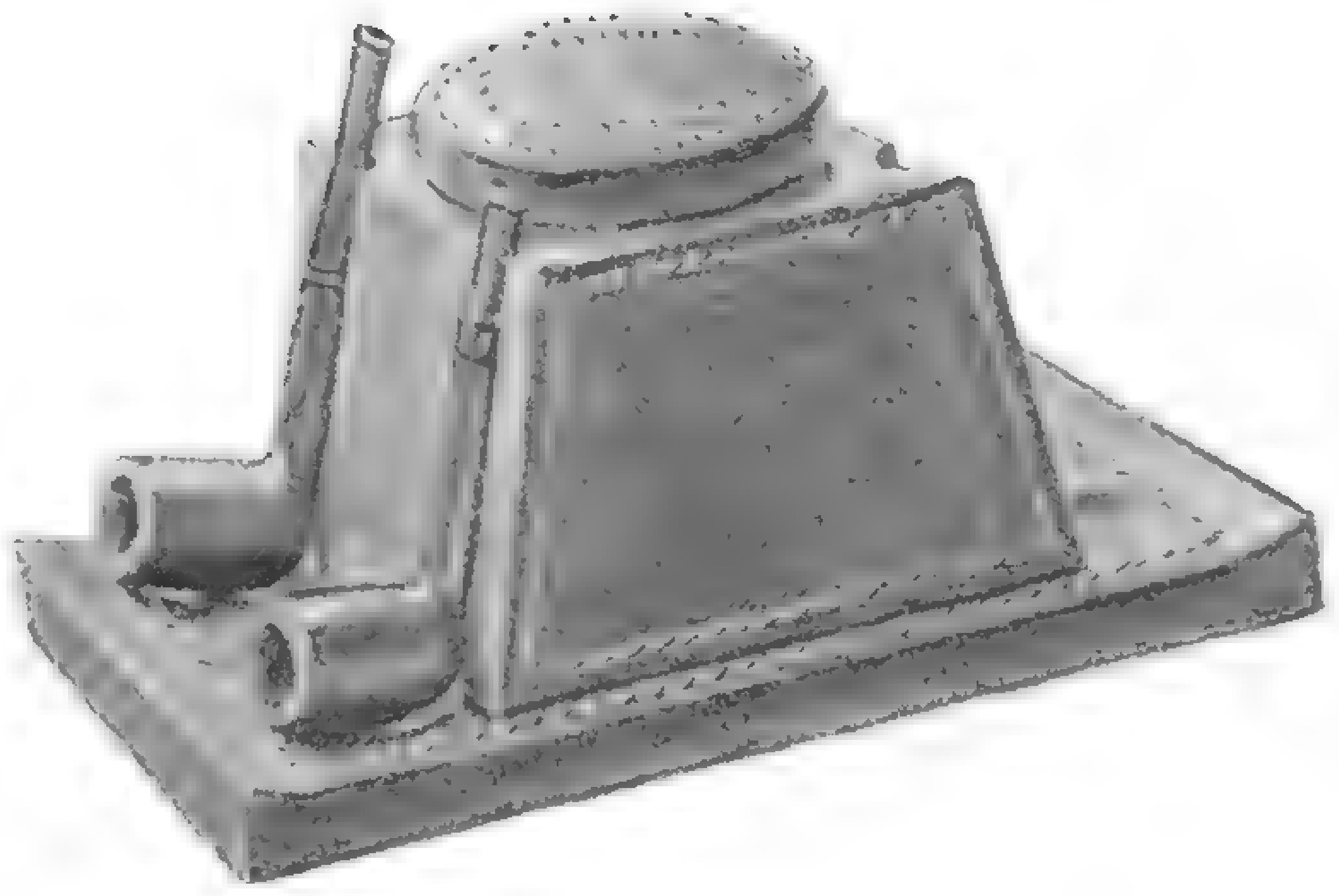
Music hath charms to sooth the soul after hours of Horace or Mendel so consider well a radio for a balanced daily routine. A portable is ideal because the bull session may be down the hall with a classmate as host—and your role as music master will up your importance. With a radio we also suggest a record revolver and a good supply of your favorite "platters" from home. Phonographs always answer requests and never let you down. Be sure to scratch your name on your own records because borrowing is a big part of student life.

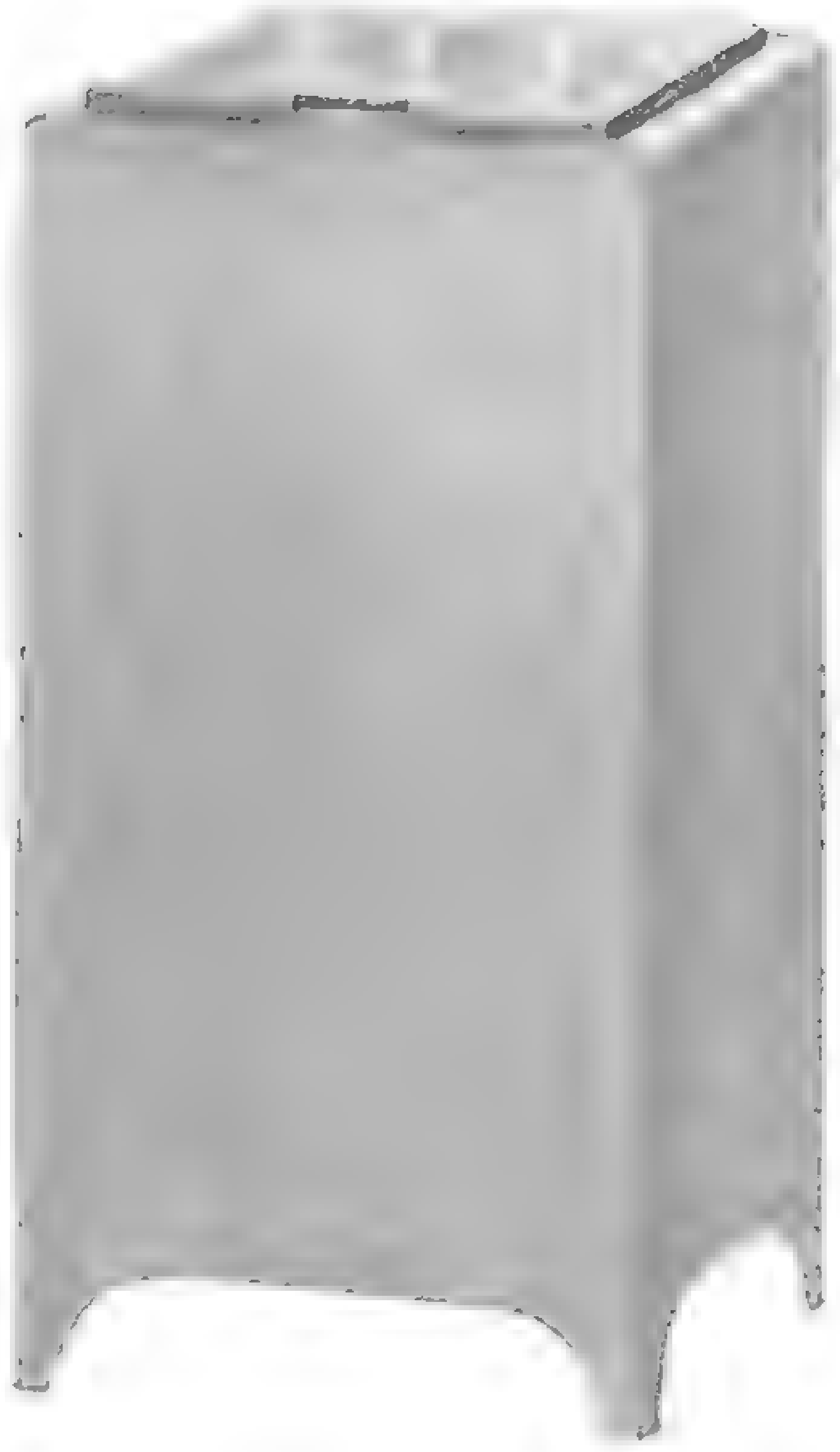
Finders are never keepers if you've had your mother sew cloth name tapes on your clothes, bedding, towels and linen. And on the subject of towels, take big ones with you. Better charge them to dad before leaving—a wise course to follow with other pre-known requisites, such as good coat hangers, tennis rackets, belts and suspenders. Don't overload. Our fashion pages give you outlines of clothing requirements. Be supplied authentically and adequately, but when in doubt wait till you get the lay of the land and your eyes at school will soon pick out your additional requirements. Be yourself—neither wise guy nor sucker—and your road will be smooth. ##

. . . and hereby hangs your tails!

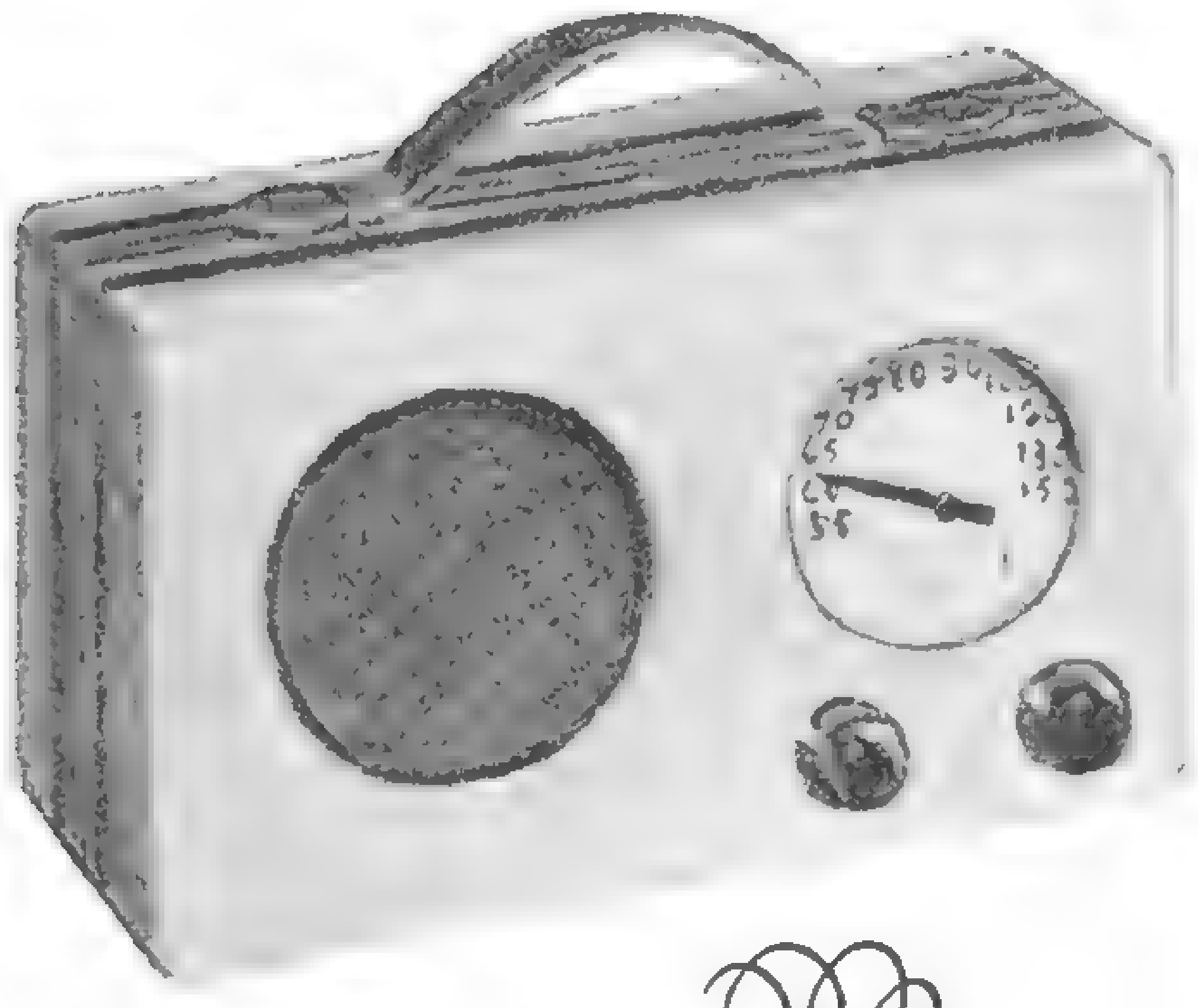
like father, like son!

for saturday knights!



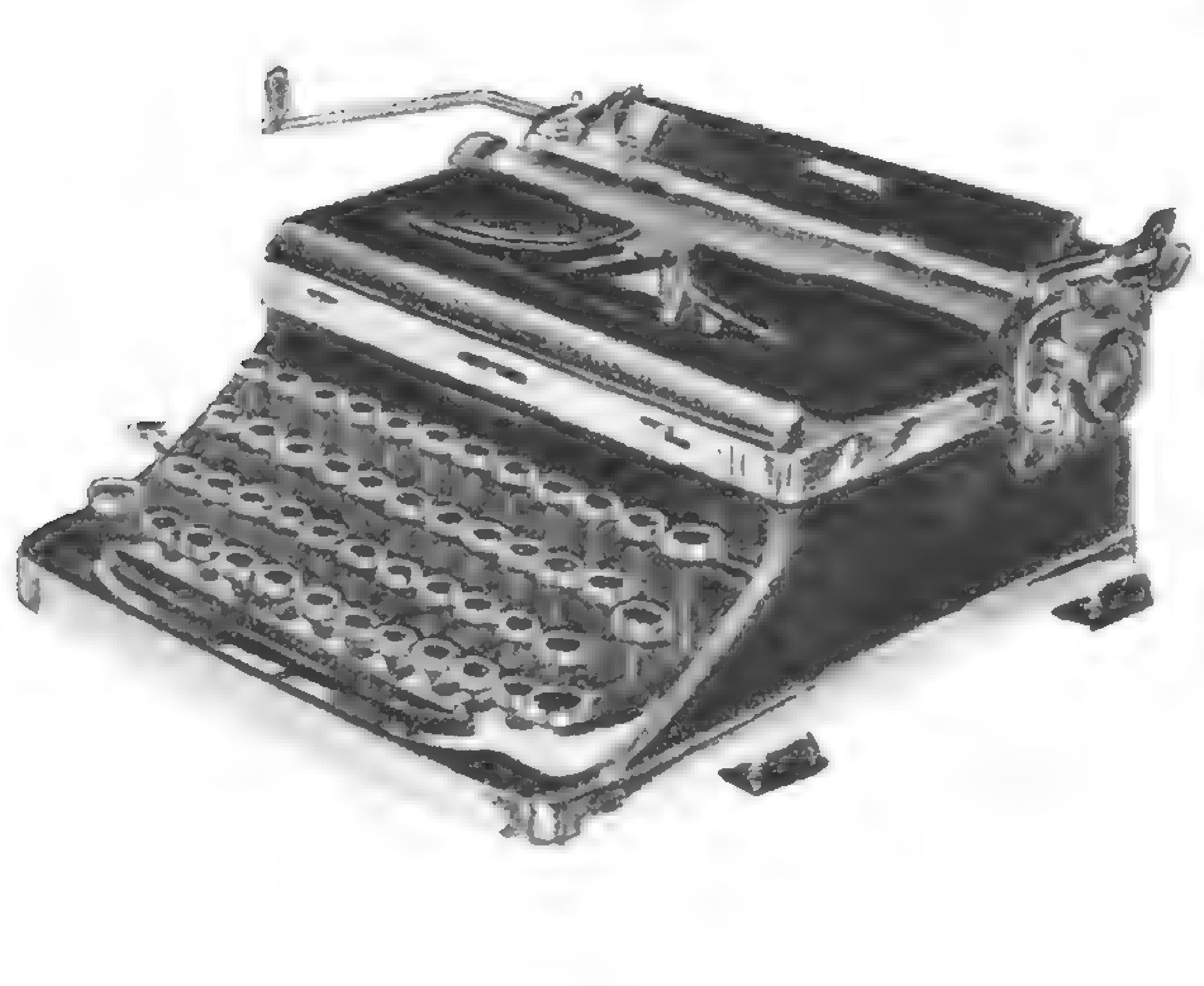


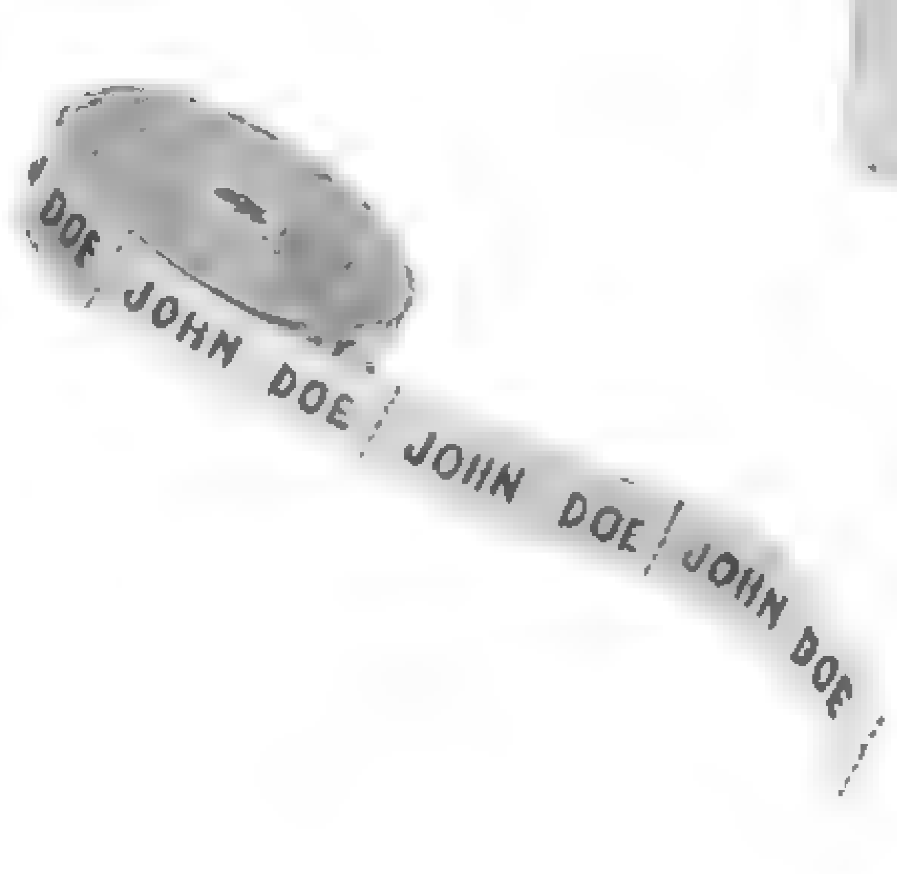
victual vat!



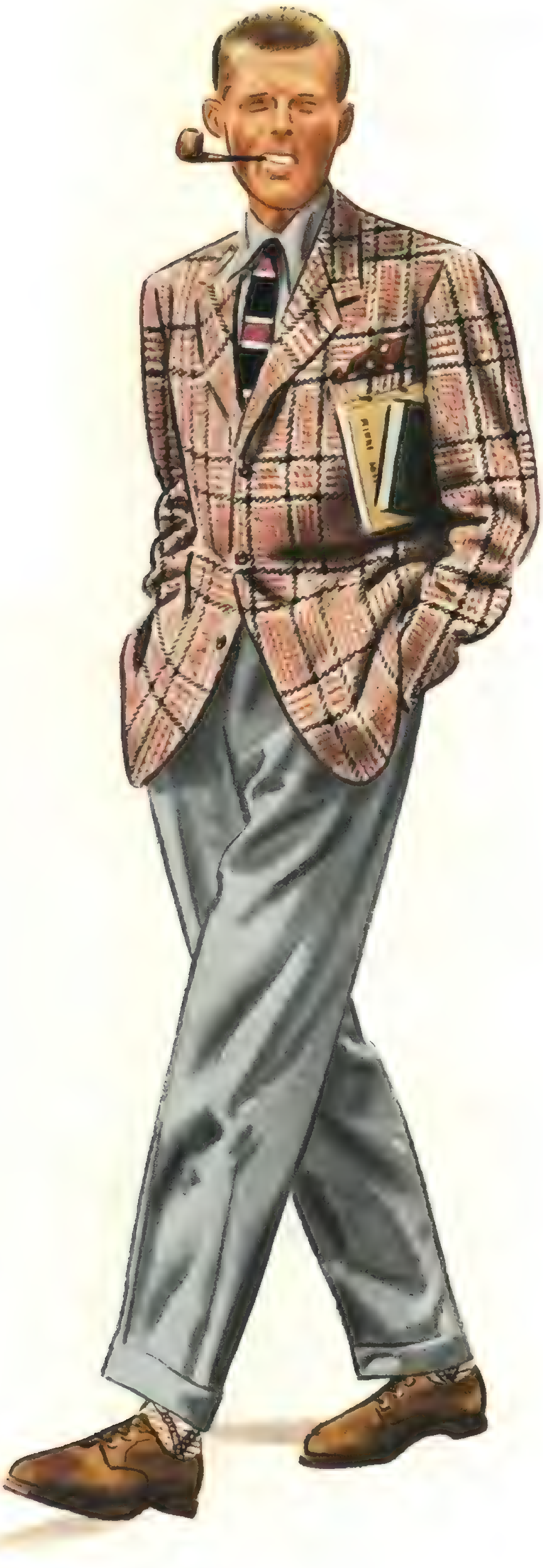
music hath charms!

in the bag!




DOE
JOHN DOE
JOHN DOE
JOHN DOE

# Summa cum loudly . . .



Theoretically, the pattern of this jacket is supposed to be restrained from making a flagrant assault on your vision by the skillful blending of colors. The principle is the same as that used in camouflaging a battleship—you paint it up in riotous colors and then nobody can see it. We'll have to admit that the theory sounds good. The only trouble is that so does the jacket. It's loud enough to be heard clear across the campus. But that by no means deters the undergraduates at the smart Eastern universities. They've taken this Prince of Wales plaid (any relation to the Duke of Windsor, we wonder) to their bosoms, and that makes it an important fashion no matter what rules you go by. The jacket is in the three-button notched lapel model, single breasted, with side vents. The two top buttons are worn closed. Grey flannel trousers have been taking post-graduate courses for years, and have no intention of forsaking the college scene. These are narrow in cut and short enough to reveal a neat taste in hose—heavy wool, again in the Prince of Wales pattern. The shirt is grey oxford with soft lounge collar attached, and the tie is silk crochet in harmonizing stripes. The smart new russet color reverse calf shoes, with blucher front and no toecap, are laced with leather straps fastened with a small buckle.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from page 88*

*Song of the World*, gives us a new novel of the timeless variety: *Harvest* (Viking, $2.50). A pagan story this, reeking of the earth and primitive emotions, an only-moreso *Growth of the Soil*. The tale is simple enough. A decayed village in the French Basses-Alpes with only one inhabitant is reborn when a woman wanders that way. Our hero is a figure of earth, almost as animal as he is human. A powerful yarn, and a healthy escape from the world of crises, sophistication, radio, newspapers, and today's blue-plate special.

At the spectrum's other end is Beverley Nichols' *Revue* (Doubleday Doran, $2.50), a gay fiction about a musical comedy, from its inspiration, through frustrations and ups-and-downs, to the opening night. We're given an engaging hero (the author-composer), a sweet heroine, and miscellaneous actors, backers, and hangers-on. But the main character is the famous movie star, cast in the main role, who manages to raise some new kind of hell on almost every page. A full-length portrait of an elaborate meanie type in a Noel Coward world, with plenty of wit, some nifty plot handling, and more meat than you usually find in a novel of the gay variety.

In much the same vein is S. N. Behrman's play, *No Time for Comedy* (Random House, $2). When it was produced last April the theatre critics were pretty unanimously of the opinion that it was Behrman's masterpiece to date. I think the book reviewers will come to the same conclusion about this neat triangle done in the crisp and excellent English we have come to expect of Behrman's drawing-room comedy. The old problem of two women and a man is buttressed by the greater theme —What part is a writer of comedy called upon to play in a world of chaos and slaughter. *No Time for Comedy* recalls *Art and Mrs. Bottle*, which said that it is better for a man to be an A No. 1 plumber than a fifth-rate artist. Behrman comes to the conclusion that a good writer of comedy is better than a poor writer of problem plays. Not a profound treatment of the subject, but witty and sane and, unlike most modern plays, highly readable.

*BRIEFER MENTION:*

Judge Ferdinand Pecora's *Wall Street Under Oath* (Simon & Schuster, $2.50) could have carried as title either *Revue* or *No Time for Comedy*. Mr. Pecora, who acted as counsel for the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, gives the high points and the low depths of an investigation of the fanciest crew of wreckers a paper system of profits and property ever conjured up.

It's sophisticated comedy, all right, but if you were one of the boys who trusted the country's biggest banks and bankers, and got rooked for part of their twenty-five-billion-dollar take, you'll probably laugh out of the wrong side of your face when one or another of the Robber Barons on the stand makes a slip and uses such racketeer's words as "gravy" and "chisel in."

Scene: Wall St. Elapsed time: 17 months. Themes:

a. There are plenty of suckers looking for easy money.

b. Gamblers don't gamble. They only play sure things.

c. Wall St. and the Stock Exchange are the world's greatest and most glorified gambling casinos —and all the games are "fixed."

Mr. Pecora has given us the scenario of a superpicaresque comedy beside which all the rogue stories of fiction seem pale and trivial.

In the ten years preceding the passage of the securities act, twenty-five billions of dollars of worthless securities were sold to suckers —some of them grand-slam gamblers, and others honest investors of the solid middle class. How much were those war debts we have been unable to collect?

The important fact is not that the activities of some of our financial élite were piratical or unmanly, but that the Cuttens and their ilk were engaged in knifing the whole banking and investment system in the back.

In the midst of the wreckage, we ring down the curtain on a tableau surcharged with optimism. New legislation makes some of these abuses impossible to repeat (though new dodges may be a-hatching). The government spent $182,000 on this "terrifically destructive" investigation and made a handsome profit, getting back millions of dollars through tax proceedings and voluntary contributions of dodgers.

*Wall Street Under Oath* is Judge Pecora's resume of the spectacular 17-months' siege of Wall Street. Whenever bulls try to horn in, or bears try to squeeze the market to death, or innocent or pseudo-sophisticated lambs get sheared before their time, *Wall Street Under Oath* should be read to the kiddies at story-telling hour, because it tells not only how the wicked wolf ate grandmother, but how he got an awful stomach from it.

Harry A. Franck, who has done twenty-one travel books, two juveniles, and four geography readers, somehow had never got around to Alaska. *The Lure of Alaska* (Stokes, $3.50) is the latest of his full and generous adventure books, with personal incident and serious material that conveys a good deal of information about our little known and much misunderstood possession. The photos are many and good.

*The 1940 Book of Small Houses*, by the editors of *Architectural Forum* (Simon & Schuster, $1.96) is considerable book for modest money, over-size and crammed with pictures and plans.

Dr. Herbert J. Seligmann's *Race Against Man* (Putnam, $2.75) is an intelligent and readable account of what science knows about race, set up against the cockeyed theories of the Nazis, General Moseley, etc. Useful in these days of hot argument at home, in the club, at the cocktail party, and in the lounge car. It has the introduction and approval of Dr. Franz Boas, rated as the No. 1 anthropologist.

An anonymous friend ran off with my review copy of *Escape to Life* by Erika and Klaus Mann (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), before I had read more than a couple of chapters. The children of the illustrious Thomas Mann have written the story of the Great Migration of the intellectuals and men of genius from the land of the pogrom, the concentration camp, and the axe. It is a gallery of portraits and sketches of such famous people as Freud, Luise Rainer, Grosz, Einstein, Reinhardt, Toscanini, and a host of others, and of course the most detailed picture is the one of their father.

The most readable book on how to keep healthy that this reviewer has ever run upon is Dr. Victor Heiser's *You're the Doctor* (Norton, $2.50). You may remember him as the genial author of *An American Doctor's Odyssey*. This medic offers his "personal" ideas, which are grounded mostly on diet. He manages to do the impossible—to discuss health and sickness without giving you spots before the eyes, pains in the chest, and all the other symptoms. And he makes the book readable for its own sake with a wealth of anecdote out of a physician's busy life.

*The Bonapartes in America*, by C. E. Macartney and Gordon Dorrance (Dorrance, $3), is the result of considerable research on the Bonaparte family. It's astonishing to this naïve bookworm that so many of Napoleon's relatives settled here or had dealings of one kind or another with the U. S. The chapter on the plots to rescue Napoleon from St. Helena is the most interesting.

*The Memoirs of a Boarding Kennel*, by Janet Joy Holyoake (Greystone, $2.50) is an excellent dog book, written by a woman who has made a career out of running a boarding house for the canines. The Memoirs business is only an excuse for a guide to dog care and training, and very sensible and humorous does Miss Holyoake make it. Good drawings help out the text. Technical matter is handled sensibly in appendixes at the end of each chapter, allowing the reader to cavort through the humorous narrative which instructs him without his knowing it on how to cure a mean dog of his unsociability.

There has been a run of excellent books on dogs, of which this is the latest and one of the best. What we need now is a book on the care, feeding, culture, and spiritual fumigation of the dog *owner*. Only too often is the man inferior to his pet, and this is proved, every time Esquire runs an article on dogs, by the mail in *Sound and Fury*.

Incidentally the jacket of *Memoirs of a Boarding Kennel* quotes this reviewer's enthusiastic blurb of *Ten Years Under the Earth*, a thriller on cave exploration by Norbert Casteret. If you want an exciting true-adventure story, look it up. It's one of those books that ought to be among the non-fiction best sellers, but just hasn't been seen by the Right People.

The celebrated Frenchman Jules Michelet's classic study *Satanism and Witchcraft* has been reissued by the Walden Publications ($3). Time hasn't robbed it of fascination. On the contrary, the book is more timely now than it ever was. For, in describing some of the mass idiocies of the middle ages, Black Masses, black magic, etc., it shows how mass hysteria arises.

No one will agree more heartily than your correspondent with the title of Jean Z. Owen's book, *It's More Fun to Be Thin* (Marshall Jones, $2). It's written for the girls, but the advice on reducing, which emphasizes regularity, diet, exercise, and abstinence, applies to any of the sexes.

An amusing mystery story is Geoffrey Homes' *No Hands on the Clock* (Morrow, $2). Humphrey Campbell, of a private company that looks for missing persons, is hired to find the son of wealthy Warren Benedict. Detective fiction being what it is, he finds himself up against murder. The bodies number three before this case is solved. Aside from the corpses there are love interest, beauteous gals, humor, and lots of action. In short, the author has crowded about everything into this yarn, the one ham touch being the boy-prodigy detective. This round young man subsists on milk, and loves his accordion and pretty girls, a diet which makes him wondrous strong, tough, and quick in the cortex.

*Mahan*, by Captain W. D. Puleston, U. S. N. (Yale University Press, $4) is a study of a man practically unknown to the ordinary citizen, but whose international influence has been matched by few Americans. It was Admiral Mahan who worked out a theory of naval imperialism with which the Kaiser fell in love at first sight. Mussolini's new Roman Empire is partly based on it. This theory, or this imperialistic interpretation, he wrote down in *The Influence of Sea Power Upon History*.

Capt. Puleston is pro-Mahan. He has made a valuable contribution, helped out by sources that might not have been hospitable to a biographer who was hostile. The way is now paved for an interpretation of Admiral Mahan's work and reputation from some other point of view than that of the Big Navy. #

## For the Love of Peat

*Continued from page 90*

was proved to me illuminatingly by a little experience which came my way in London a few summers ago—one of those things that happens out of the nowhere into the here's-how. As a lone American I had wandered into the Covent Garden Theatre and was undergoing opéra bouffe—*Fra Diavolo*—presented by Italians. Seated next to me a well set-up, well groomed Londoner seemed to enjoy the music but looked quizzical when confronted by a scene wherein the ways and modes of British tourists in Italy were put over the bumps. As the intermission curtain fell, he turned to me and remarked:

"I suppose we British *do* appear rather appalling to the eyes of other nations."

I assured him I was able to stand them quite well.

This testimony seemed to interest him and we had our cigarettes together. A swell guy—barrister by profession.

When *Fra* finished and we were retrieving our hats he inquired, a bit diffidently, had I visited the Temple?

Heard of but not seen, I confessed abysmally. (Old nest of the Knights Templars beside the Thames, it's now, since 1346, the quadrangled warren of legal lights. But not so strictly a Blackstonehenge as to have precluded Sir Walter Raleigh, Noll Goldsmith, Sheridan, Burke, Doc. Johnson, Roast-pigger Lamb, and W. Makepeace Thackeray from inmatehood along with Wm. Blackstone in person.)

If I'd care to, he suggested, we might stroll there to his chambers and have a drink.

I cared with alacrity. So we legged the Strand to Fleet Street where a gate porter unlocked us into a little lost world of ancientness sleeping in the moonlight. It was as though Nell Gwyn were just around the corner. Pointing out this and that doorstep and naming the famous whose feet had worn them, my conductor led the way to Brick Court row in which his digs were located, up "two pair of stairs," and presently we were ensconced in easy chairs with a decanter between us. Needless to say, it was Scotch. And of ye beste.

"I never drink till evening," said my host, "but then I *do* enjoy a glass."

It being evening beyond a doubt, we enjoyed several. Many. And the problems and difficulties of the world as we discussed them, ironed themselves out with a smoothness that was like unanimity itself, with rainbows on. If worried statesmen today could only know the brilliant solutions we two arrived at by sheer inspiration, why, humanity's affairs would be hunkydory instanter. And I'd gladly contribute them, too, if I could only remember them. But, somehow, all I can recall is the S-c-o-t-c-h.

As to sundown's being the proper Rubicon, opinions differ, especially in Scotland. Boswell reports in his *Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson:*

"I had now got the habit of taking a *scalck* or dram every morning. It really pleased me to take it. They are a very sober people, the Highlanders, though they have this practice. I have always loved strong liquors. I was glad to be in a country where fashion justified tasting them."

Expressive word, *scalck!* One can figure its usefulness on a clammy Caledonian morning with the first rooster shifting his head out from under his wing to make his poor vocal effort—only to be beaten to it by the boss: "Scalck!"

We'd be even more grateful to Bozzy if he would tell us—which he doesn't—whether or not the great Lexicographer he traveled with was able to find in the Scottish language the crucial word *when*. A waiting world hates to be left in the dark on the subject. Fairly wide contacts and even wider conjectures incline me to believe that this word is indeed known and used in Scotland, but solely in print—never orally. I am assured that there was a Scotsman once who had it on the tip of his tongue. And it just stayed there. Urgings to utter it failed to disturb his silent worship.

All of which is evidence of Scottish wisdom. For who but a shallow-head would undertake to say what the "right amount" of Scotch whisky is? It's something one spends one's life figuring and experimenting at in the hope that at the age of, say, ninety-six, one may be ready to venture a rough guess—purely personal, of course.

We Americans, prone to standardize, have worked out certain recipes for the lazy. There is, for example, the Hole-in-One, composed of two parts Scotch and one of French Vermouth, with a dash of lemon juice and another of orange bitters. And the Churchill with half Scotch counterbalanced with Cointreau, Italian Vermouth and lime juice equally represented. And the Old Fashioned, made with Caledonian instead of American. Likewise the Mamie Taylor of Old Waldorf memories: a ginger ale highball to which is added the juice of a half a lime. And so on.

Yes, if you insist on mixing, YOU MAY. But the tried and true members of Clan MacWhistle don't. In their drinking, as in their thinking, nothing comes within a mile of Scotch. #

## The Rubaiyat

*Continued from page 35*

him. "What you writing, buddy?"

Bard did not look up.

"Nothing."

"What the hell you got there, toilet paper? What you writing, love letters?"

The questioner laughed with the others at his wit. The deep-sunk blue eyes rose to survey him.

"You figuring on getting the guts beaten out of you?"

"Who'll do it?"

Bard got up. His hand extended to the other's face. He pushed, and the man stumbled back and fell. Bard stood still. After awhile, when nothing happened, no laughter, no sound, nothing, he sat down again.

One Sunday afternoon he walked across the fields to a patch of woods beyond which he knew there was a pond. He had not gone into town the night before, forcing himself to remain behind despite the promise in his mind, the promise that he would stay for half an hour only, for two drinks, just two. The ordeal had not become less with the new day, for he could still leave for the town. In an attempt to make it remote as possible he walked toward the woods and the lake. The season was full spring, the country was green, the trees shook their pale leaves in the wind, the wild grass was sweet.

Bard strode around the pond and took off his clothes and plunged into the water. The sensation of its coolness closing over him was so pleasant that he shouted, the circle of trees that rimmed the water throwing his voice back to him so that he shouted again and laughed to hear the echo. He swam vigorously, thrashing his arms into the water and beating his legs in double strokes. He felt rested when he returned to shore and dressed, he felt proud of his forbearance and eager for the pages of writing in the bunk wagon.

The dusk was settling as he walked back across the fields, and when he came near to the camp the night was full. He saw that there was a light inside the wagon, and as he advanced he heard a voice. His body was hot as he stood still and listened.

"A rosy blush suf-suf-fused Lady Cynthia's pale cheeks and it was fatally ap-apparent that a storm of emotion was surg-ing in her gentle heart. Her red lips trembled as she sought for something to say that would tell her hand-some suitor an answer to his ar-dent question. Oh sir she said sighing I cannot respond as fain I would. That is enough he cried his voice more ar-dent still and with a bold movement his hand im-prisoned hers and clasped the tender fingers close to his hea-ving breast. A gentle sigh escaped the fair lady's lips and the gal-lant cor-cor-corteer, I guess it is, pressed her hand more tight-ly still and pressed his eager lips to one of those fair lily fingers. Ah mad—ah mad—ah Madim he cried if I might but . . ."

There was a roar of laughter. Bard leaped the steps into the wagon so rapidly that he stumbled. There were five of them; the one standing beneath the lantern suspended from the ceiling beam held the pages in his hands, his face frowning from the work of reading the longhand. He turned to the noise and his mouth opened to shout in alarm as Bard's fist caught it squarely. The sheets fell from his grasp as he staggered back and Bard stooped to retrieve them, for they were his first care, and until they were crammed inside his shirt he did not move to resist the men leaping upon him.

They hated him for his aloofness and what seemed to them his arrogance. They buried him in a mass. His papers safe, he strained upward. A knife gleamed and he grunted as it tore his cheek. He grasped the man who held it and threw him the length of the wagon. His throat was looped from behind, his face was purple, his eyeballs protruding from their sockets. The blood streamed from the slit across his cheek as he bent backward and with all his strength shoved against the one throttling him. They both went down, but Bard was up quickly and struck with his boots and fists in swinging blows. The lantern fell flaming from the hook, his shirt was ripped and the papers scattered again. One sheet fell into the spreading flame of the lantern and was devoured. Beholding this Bard yelled in berserk rage, and at that sound the others turned and ran.

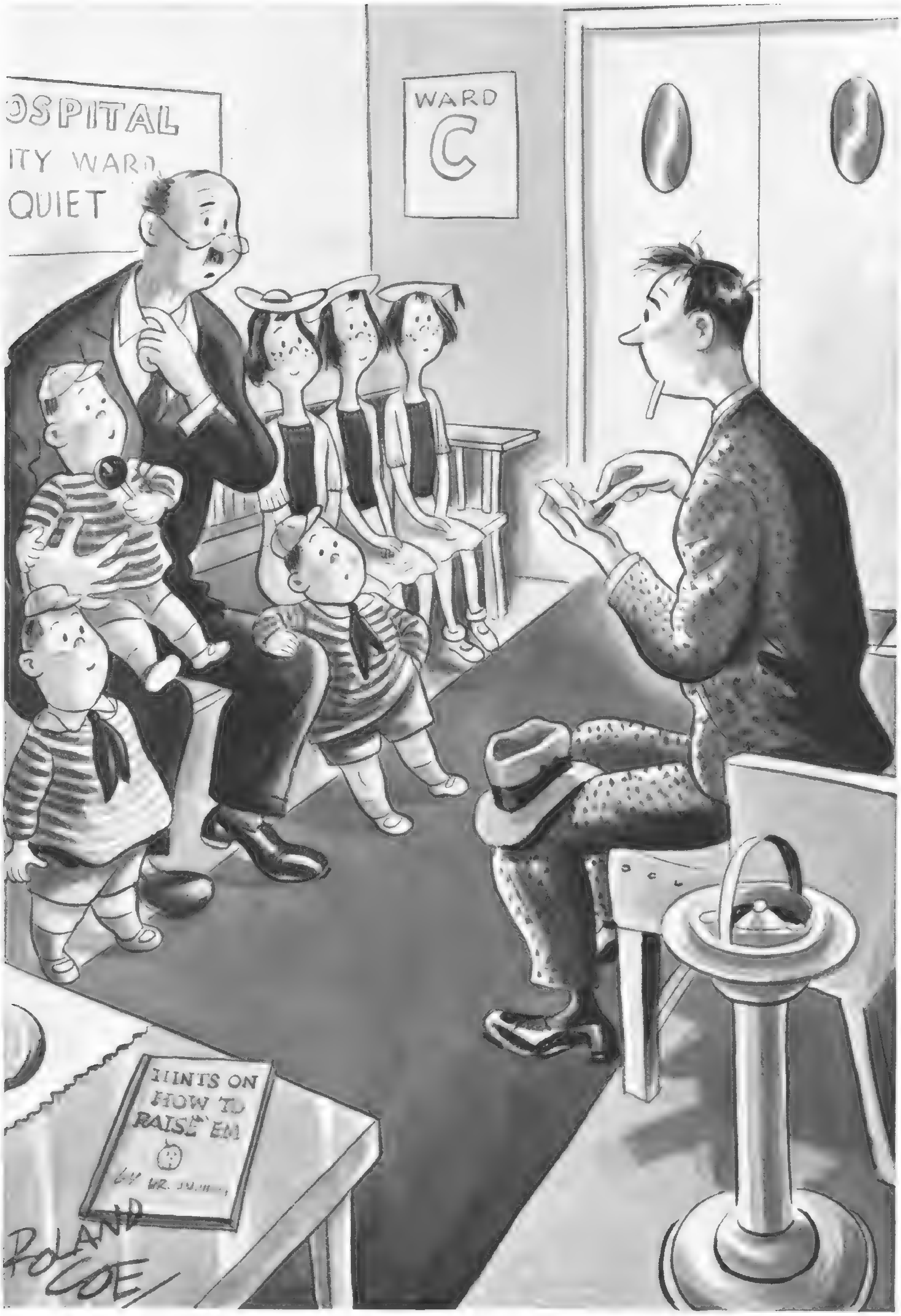
Sweat and blood and dirt crusted his face and body. He laid around him with a board, splintering the framework of the bunks, the table and the stools. It was in this work that the road boss, gun in hand, found him. The others brought water for the fire and the first pailful washed over Bard and brought him somewhat to his senses.

He would not explain the reason for his rage. Someone else told as much as he knew. They knew he had been writing something, and while he was away, by accident one of them found it. They had been reading it when he had burst in on them.

"You want to write stories, you better get the hell out of here," the road boss said. "I don't want no crazy guy bustin' hell outa this camp."

Bard's cheek had been stanched and the blood wiped away. He gathered his books and belongings into a bundle. He picked up some charred, wet papers from the floor and for a minute looked at them. He put them in his pocket. Then he slung the bundle over his shoulder and walked in his long hitching stride down the road through the darkness.

These were the beginnings of Jerome Bard, who some years later was a good writer, of whose death in Spain one read six months ago, as the Italians were coming behind their tanks to Barcelona. #


OSPITAL
ITY WARD
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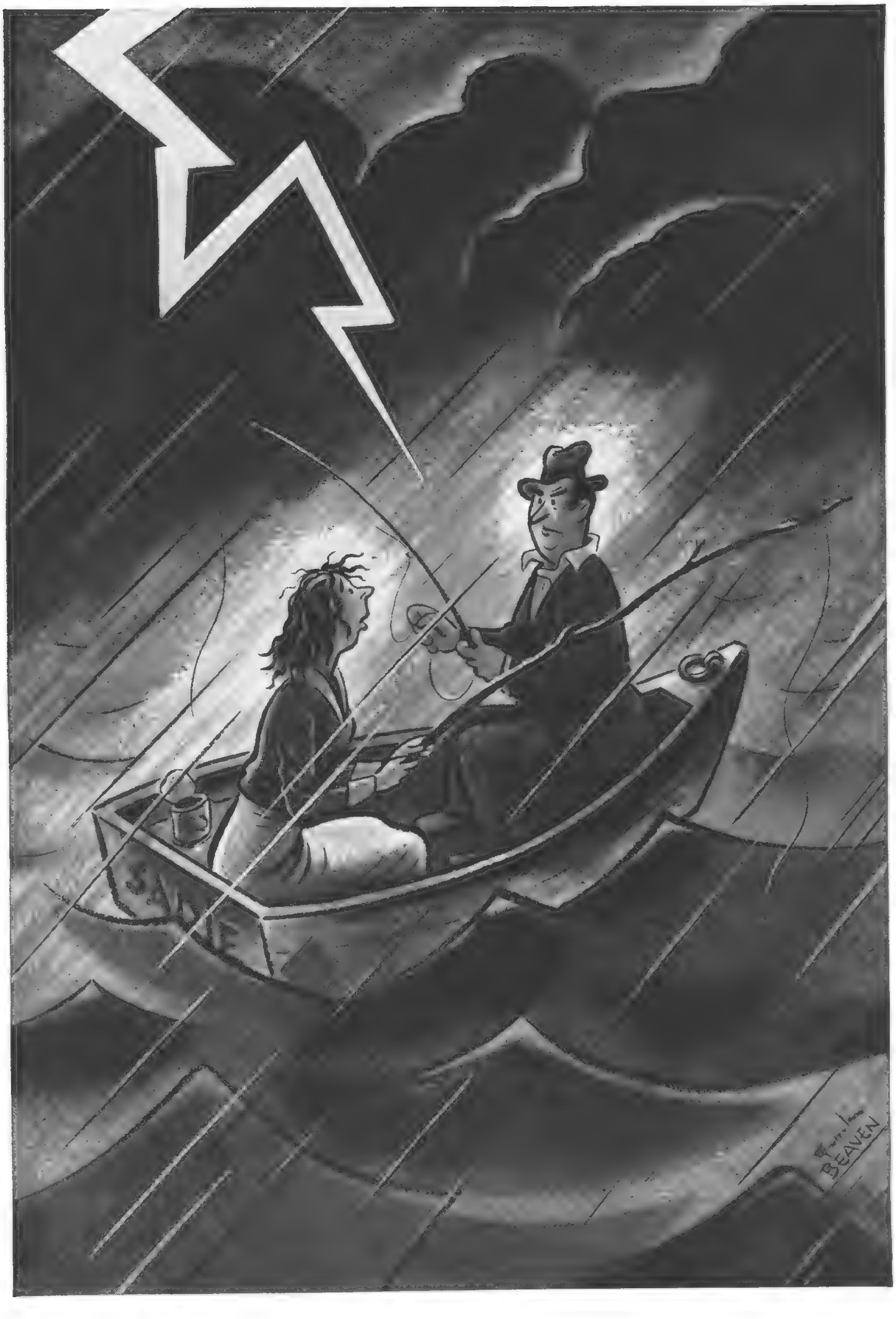
HINTS ON HOW TO RAISE 'EM
ROLAND COE

*"Did you ever hope against hope?"*



*"And if we catch one . . . then can we go home?"*

# Mangravite: Music in Art

*Continued from page 59*

earliest conscious influences were Goya, El Greco and Delacroix. Yesterday, he says, he was romantic in the grandiose style of Delacroix; today he takes his subject matter from everyday life.

Today he is interested in "the everlasting fugitive implications between men and women," in the subtleties of human relationships, in the relationship, primarily, between man and woman, which concern naturally keeps the painter off the picket line and away from the industrial sector. "Sometimes, I think," says Mangravite, "that I can get more tragedy, more of the lasting pathos of man, by painting him while he's smoking a cigarette, or taking a drink, but always in the company of the other sex." "All actual events are temporary—but only one thing is everlasting—what you capture of the moods of manhood." Of this type of painting *Nostalgia* and *Young People Drinking* may be taken as examples. The painter's emphasis on this subject matter seems to be contemporary with his passage through the orbit of Franklin Watkins.

None of Mangravite's paintings looks self-conscious, almost all of his sitters are caught unawares and also at an angle, so that the illusion almost of a casual eavesdropping is maintained. His canvases do not look labored; at the same time they are painted neither carelessly nor casually, but with an impulse sustained and fortified by much preliminary study and preparation. He paints no more than six or seven canvases a year and yet every one of them is done with a freshness and boldness that suggests the capacious production of careless genius. He never makes merely a direct transcript of nature. First he gets an idea, then mulls over it, organizing it in the mind first. Then he makes several pencil sketches. Meanwhile he has been making drawings of various units in the composition—the figures, their expression and gestures, elements of the landscape or the interior, all from life. When he is satisfied with the plan of one of his pencil sketches, he turns it into a careful gouache, which, some may want to know, is a medium more opaque than water color. When he feels that the time for the actual painting has arrived he prepares for the ordeal by making separately a large lump of every tint and tone in the gouache which may be called the working model. He may start the actual painting as early as five-thirty or six in the morning and by the end of the day the painting must be finished, whether there are two or thirty-five figures in it; at the end of the day the painting is either failure or success; if a failure he starts all over again. There have been times, he reports, when he has painted the same composition five times.

Showing early in life a predilection for art, his father, an Italian naval officer, apprenticed him to an artist who was a political prisoner on the island of Lipari, where Peppino was born. He swept the floor and cleaned the brushes, ran errands and did whatever else was required of him. "I believe," says Mangravite today, "that the creative artist, as educator, can impart more by performing than by explaining." He goes on to explain that his most fruitful art education came from his observation of his teachers. "The very energy they put into their work gave me more than any theoretical explanation." He learned from the master's hesitation, from the tentative, or certain, way in which he applied the brush to canvas, and so forth. It was the thing that counted, not the explanation of the thing. The apprentice that was Mangravite learned from his master's joyous moments, from his moments of irritation and despair, from his moments of contentment. He learned even when he didn't know that he was learning.

The island of Lipari is between the boot of Italy and Sicily. The goddess Diana, they say, is buried there. The island contains three groups, the old aristocracy, the poor fisher families and the political prisoners sent there from the mainland. Peppino Mangravite was born on the island in June, 1896, because his father, under naval orders, was then stationed there and to whatever place father was ordered all the Mangravites went. During Peppino's boyhood there were brief assignments of duty to Genoa and Naples. The artist regards his boyhood on Lipari as the most powerful and pervasive influence of his life. He declares that he found among the politicals the greatest spirits and the most intelligent people on the face of the earth. Wandering around the medieval part of the city he would meet a political and enter into conversation with him—and marvelous horizons would be opened up. After awhile he began to wonder why these men of worth and dignity had been exiled to the island and began to ask questions which even a liberal-minded naval officer (that's his father) could not always satisfactorily answer. He knew that these men were considered dangerous but he could not for the life of him understand in what their danger to society consisted. Mangravite says that his experience, his memory, of Lipari sensitized his feeling for human beings to the point almost of physical revulsion against injustice. The antiquity of the island gave our sensitive artist-to-be a great feeling of the past, for not only was there that legend about Diana, but a crumbling fortress was evidence of Saracen occupation and Peppino saw American archeologists excavate the very relics which later he saw on exhibition at the Museum of Natural History in New York. Despite the tragic aspects of life on the island, Peppino must have breathed in with the hot sirocco that sometimes blew, a sense of the romantic, a quality which has always naturally pervaded his work.

The sapling early showed what way the tree would incline. There was the apprenticeship to the political prisoner-artist. Peppino was already a student in the Scuele Tecniche, which combined general academic learning with technical training, and then he studied for a time in the Belli Arte, in Carrara, which he entered when he was about fourteen, and in which he continued the study of art without prejudice to his general education. For example, there was anatomy, in which course he helped to dissect corpses, always a valuable proceeding for an art student. When Peppino was about sixteen, his father retired on pension from government service and brought his family to the somewhat freer air of America, to New York. The young man could barely abide the metropolis, resenting its bustle and vulgarity, and back-tracked to Italy, where he lived for three months with an uncle. He then went on to Paris, and in 1914, obeying a cabled summons, returned to New York, with which in time he entered into some kind of working truce. After six months of painting by himself, he entered Cooper Union, specializing for some years in drawing. In 1917 he entered the Art Students' League, studying in Robert Henri's class.

Thereafter he began making a living in the studio of a hack painter of insipid church decorations, whom he assisted for several years. When he realized the nature of what he was doing, in the terms of art and of his own development, he threw down his brushes one fine day in the middle of a large and pretentious job and left the studio, never to return. This was around 1921-22. He then rented a place in the little fishing village of Noank, Connecticut, and began painting. At the end of a year he was flat and he looked about for a way of livelihood. He discovered it in teaching art to the fishermen's children, and from then on he has never been broke. He began after a time to give lectures, and he gave them in every direction. He was one of the group associated with the founding, around 1925-1926, of progressive education in America, a movement which sought to liberate the procedures of education from the hands of ossified pedagogy. He was called to Washington, D. C., to teach at the Potomac School, and he also taught privately. During his three years at Washington he flourished in pocket. Thereafter he taught at the Ethical Culture School and at Sarah Lawrence College and, more recently, spent a year in the service of the Fine Arts Center in Colorado Springs. He has written considerably on art and art education in various magazines.

Pedagogy, even in its modern and progressive sense, threatened for a time to blot out the less profitable business of painting but he became a painter primarily. He owes a good deal to the understanding and the encouragement of Hamilton Easter Field, that remarkable patron and mentor of young American artists. Field, he says, gave him his first intellectual understanding of modern art. Mangravite became a member of the Brooklyn Society of Modern Artists, an exhibiting group developed by Mr. Field. Mangravite was then living in the old Roebling house on Columbia Heights adjoining the Field mansion, together with the other young artists in whom Field had faith and to whom he gave courage.

It was, however, following his earlier years of teaching that Mangravite was given the most solid occasions for hope. As early as 1926 he was awarded a gold medal for a mural painted for the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia. (He never received the actual medal.) By the following year he was receiving invitations to send paintings to group shows. His first exhibited picture was shown at a group display at the Memphis Museum and his first one-man show was held in a New York gallery in 1928, his second in 1930 and he has had similar showings in museums in Denver and Portland, Oregon. There have followed the usual consequences of prestige in art, sales to museums and to discriminating private collectors, particularly to the Whitney Museum, the Corcoran Gallery, the Toledo Museum, the Phillips Memorial Gallery, the Denver Art Museum and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. He has completed a mural assignment for the Hempstead, Long Island, postoffice and is now at work on two twenty-foot-wide murals which are to be installed in the Atlantic City postoffice. These, based on actual activities of everyday American life, are full of joy and vivacity.

Mr. Mangravite has been most happy in his own family life and he inclines to date his mature life from his marriage to an attractive and devoted girl who is Mrs. Mangravite. He is also properly proud of his two daughters, Nina and Denise. Awarded a Guggenheim Foundation fellowship in 1932, he took the family along to Europe. In 1935 the Guggenheim people gave Mangravite a second fellowship, which he spent in America, painting. He likes to fish, however, but that is more like a pastime, and he is also a notorious cook, his recipes being sought far and wide. He is an amateur carpenter and can build in wood up to a cupboard. He has a strong social sense and a reputation for hospitality and conviviality and has the capacity to be at home and at ease wherever and with whomever he may find himself. He is strongly attached to his friends and has a reputation for loyalty. #

## The Battle of Bridges

*Continued from page 87*

particular paper is still an excellent indication of the Chayes style of exposition and oratory. It rambled from Darius to Rockefeller.

He had a resonant voice and he was a terror on a speaker's platform. He leaned back on his heels and bellowed warlike phrases into the ears of his fellow dentists. "Fixed bridgework is a passport to sepsis!" he would yell. "The average American is burying his gums in a golden casket!" Whenever he spoke, the auditorium was packed.

Chayes got the highest fees ever paid to an American dentist. Once there was a check for $100,000. Fees of $25,000 and $50,000 were not unusual for Chayes. It was the Chayes dental technique that inspired such payments—but the Chayes sales technique was no hindrance. A wealthy dress manufacturer once came to him to have his teeth remodeled. Chayes told him that a proper job would cost him five thousand dollars. "Can't afford it," said the dress man, reaching for his hat and coat. "What kind of car do you drive?" asked Chayes. The dress man named an expensive type of limousine. "Listen," said Chayes, "ride in the subway next year. This year take care of your mouth." Even when Chayes wrote simple little papers for the dental journals he could rub his observations down with Eleusinian unguents. Here is an excerpt from a short work entitled *The Evils of Fixed Bridgework:*

"You need thought to make money, you need money to buy food, you need food to make blood, you need blood to make function, you need function to make health, you need health to have thoughts. We come down to the old mystic sentence that our blood is ourselves in solution . . ." And so on —eventually to the evils of fixed bridgework.

Once he gave a speech to a group of young dental graduates on the subject of *How to Build a Worthwhile Practice.* He talked instead of the meaning, the why—even the wherefore—of life. When he stepped down from the platform and the students gathered around him—the students always gathered around him—one of them betrayed his ignorance of the Chayes temperament by asking a foolish question. "Dr. Chayes," said the neophyte, "you haven't told us how to build a worthwhile practice. How *do* you build one?"

Chayes never changed his expression when he answered. "My boy," he said, "we are now working on a new capsule. We are just about to complete laboratory work on it. It will soon be on the market for all young dentists to buy. All you have to do is take one capsule before you go to bed and when you wake up you'll have a worthwhile practice."

Chayes contributed many things to his profession. It is probable that he did more than any man of the last fifty years to stimulate good dentistry. He also taught dentists that they could collect big fees.

What Chayes contributed scientifically to the science of dentistry is not easy for the lay mind to understand, nor the lay hand to explain. Chayes invented the movable-removable bridge.

If you have a fixed bridge in your mouth, a bridge that is cemented down hard and solid, never to be removed again, you have the type of thing that Chayes shouted against all his life. If you have a bridge that is not cemented down but is clamped by hinges or hooks to your good teeth, you are still a victim of what Chayes considered the cardinal sin—and you have the "passport to sepsis."

A Chayes bridge can be removed at will, but many other types of bridgework have that particular faculty. The real distinguishing characteristic of a Chayes bridge is that the false teeth *move* in their positions in just the same way as the natural teeth they replace.

You lose a tooth. It is necessary to replace that tooth. A dentist who uses Chayes' technique will proceed along this line: He will drill parts out of the two good teeth that stand on either side of the vacant space. He will then affix in each of these drilled portions a platinum pocket. He cements these two pockets into the good teeth. The new tooth which now fits into the vacant space has sockets on either side of it. These sockets on the false tooth fit precisely into the pockets of the good teeth.

The new tooth is not cemented in. It is not solidly fixed. It can be taken in and out like a sword from a sheath. When you chew, it moves up and down in natural rhythm and massages the gum section which is directly below it.

Chayes insisted all his life that Teeth Move in Function. He meant, essentially, that every part of the body must *move;* no single part of the body, the teeth included, can remain static. Every part of the body *must* move in order to stimulate circulation of the blood. Before Chayes came on the scene it was the general belief that the teeth were the only parts of the body which did not move. They were thought to be fixed rigidly in the gums and jawbones. Chayes set out to prove that teeth do move and that if this movement is impeded the whole body suffers. "It should be manifest to all thinking men," wrote Chayes, "and more so to dentists that in the exercise of their function different teeth move in different directions and these movements conform in rhythmicity and degree to the demand of the vascular structures which surround them so as to activate or cause the supplying of the need of both teeth and surrounding tissues." So Chayes invented the system of false teeth which would exercise the gum just as real teeth do.

It was an agonizing process of invention. It meant, actually, installing a whole new school of dentistry. It meant making instruments that would measure to the ten-thousandths of an inch. It meant inventing a whole new set of instruments, as different from the instruments of the dentistry that preceded it as the dynamo is different from the steam engine. Chayes spent years at the job. His system was actually ready in 1912, but it was not until 1915 that he presented his new technique, formally, to the profession. When he had completed the plans and specifications for his new instruments, no manufacturing company would handle the stuff. Too revolutionary — they said — too expensive, too hard to make, and too much of a gamble as an investment. Chayes decided to manufacture the instruments himself, but his own money was not enough. He turned to the patients who were already paying him his terrific fees and asked them to back him in an independent factory. William K. Vanderbilt was one of those who gave Chayes the money he needed. Chayes, working like a demon, developed his own workshop.

He has been accused of commercializing the Chayes technique for the benefit of his own pocketbook and not for the high-flown purposes he spouted on the platform. The fact is that throughout his lifetime the Chayes plant was a losing proposition.

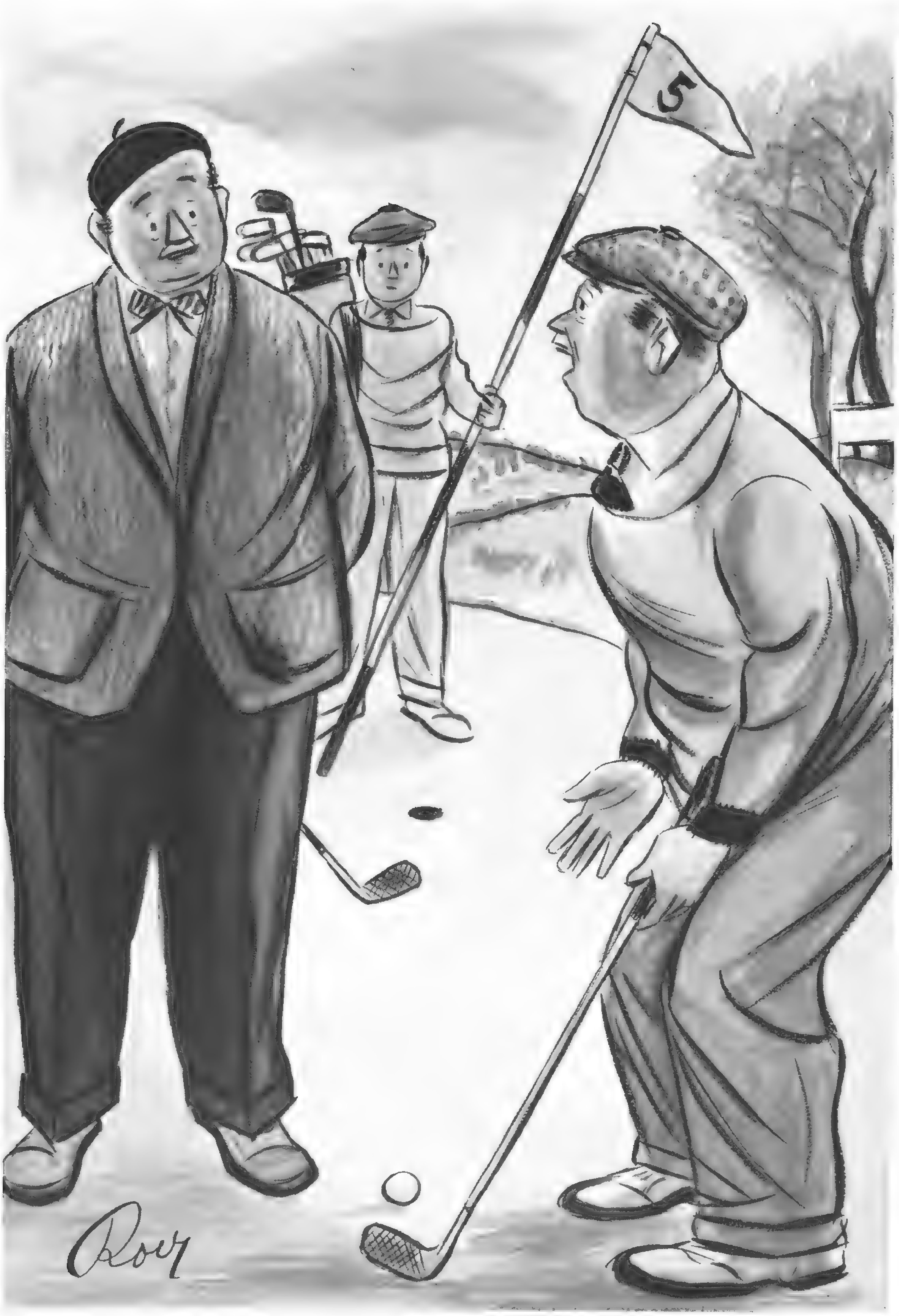
After the plant was started and the instruments were being turned out, the task was only begun. Chayes had to educate the dental profession and, incidentally, the public, to the new way of thinking. American dentists, almost to a man, were using fixed bridgework. Chayes started to introduce them to his system. It meant lecturing all over the country. It meant arguing endlessly with deans of dental schools, selling the idea of post-graduate work in Chayes bridgework. Chayes devoted the rest of his life to the crusade. Everywhere he went he met resistance. The ordeal soured him, turned him more and more to the religions of self-contemplation. "No one can go through gruelling years of criticism and opposition without in some way or other becoming scar-marked in the fray, and without becoming introspective and retrospective as to the causes for the apparently slow growth of the idea." But Chayes took refuge in the old self-beatification. "I have no quarrel," he said, "with the men who deny the truth of what I have said except to point out to them that truth is eternal and triumphs over all in time . . . In the days of old, men were crucified for daring to stand apart—for daring to point the road to travelling homo. Moses never saw the promised land; Christ was crucified; Pythagoras was hounded out of home and country; Galileo was jailed; Copernicus was in disgrace; Harvey was ridiculed . . ."

Those were the years when the dental profession got a good look at Herman Chayes. He stormed and spoke and preached all over the country. His energy was fabulous. Even when he went to sleep he put a pad and pencil next to his bed.

In between his travels, his lectures, his practice, he wrote books, but he managed to write about the Zodiac in chapters devoted to porcelain inlays. He was a Socialist in the days when Socialism looked like Anarchy. He had a fixation about dentistry that sounds like a paradox—. He wanted to make dentistry unnecessary. In this concept all his diversified qualities played their equal parts. He was looking for methods that would make dentistry cheaper and available to the masses. (Like an alchemist he was always trying to brew special alloys to take the place of gold and platinum.) That was the Socialist in him groping towards socialized medicine. Then he held the belief that proper pre-natal care of the infant would keep the growing child and the adult away from the dental parlors. That was Chayes the scientist talking. The mystic in him crept out when he began to say that the proper use of will power could do limitless things for the human body. He thought that the right amount of will power, properly applied, could grow you a third set of teeth.

He had diabetes. When diabetic attacks would keep him in bed, completely against his will, he claimed that it was his mental desire to control the disease that always pulled him through. He refused to stick to routine or diet, and the disease kept hitting him harder and harder. During one attack he fell into a coma that looked fatal. Just a few hours before the coma a new medicine called Insulin had been presented to the medical world and a sample of the stuff was flown to his bedside. It saved his life. Forever after Chayes talked about the time that he was at death's door and only his indestructible will to live had brought him back to this vale of tears.

He made three fortunes out of dentistry and he lost them all. Poker and the stock market were his vices. The last years were pitiful. He lost the third and last fortune in the crash of 1929. His patients could no longer afford his fees and his offices were always empty. When the diabetes finally caught up with him for good he spent the last two years in a hospital ward. His friends paid the bills. The pain in his body, they say, was with him to the last minute, but his pride was the part of him that suffered most. He knew his friends were chipping in. His fifty-fifth birthday was two weeks away when he died. ##



*"Whenever my game goes stale, I try going to the office for a day or so"*

## The Candid Cameraman

*Continued from page 96*

during wartime, politely ordering a lad to bend over a chair, then switching him. The practice of this refined tradition is not reserved to the school masters, we understand. By the time a lad is an upper-classman he has learned a few things about moral as well as physical sadism. He doesn't forget later in life.

All this, of course, is far beyond the range of Mr. Donat when it isn't written into the part. It is offered simply as an explanation of why his Mr. Chips is not great in depth as well as in technique.

For there are two factors in great acting. The actor can feel and live a character completely: to do that, he must be permitted to assume a complete and true character. Secondly, the actor can formalize external traits which render the character, as a painter may select and formalize certain features which express a man. Some schools of acting stress feeling a part as against looking it. Complete artistry requires both these elements. And Mr. Donat apparently has both to give; he is hampered only by the pathetic limitations which Mr. Hilton has placed upon Mr. Chips. Thus, it is often the externalization of Mr. Chips that is most effective.

It is not so difficult to externalize age, given good make-up. For old people have marked characteristics, of gait, of voice; they may be given idiosyncratic gestures. Actors have a good time playing old. And as has already been noted, Mr. Donat does a magnificent job of piping, loping, old Mr. Chips. But more remarkable is his externalization of the young and middle-aged Chips; for it is truly wonderful in Mr. Donat to make us forget that he is the handsome smoothie we have always known him to be, and to accept him, still young, still with the same face, merely by use of a bravely-unkempt mustache, as a painfully stodgy school master.

Mr. Donat, in fact, lifts Mr. Chips almost beyond the saccharine conception provided by Mr. Hilton. He does all an actor can do. This is, in a sense, the type of part which is the common lot of actors: they must try to make being out of shadow.

But occasionally there comes a role which fills the actor; a role in which the actor borrows greatness from a great soul. This is what happens when, for instance, an untaught peasant performs beautifully the role of Christ in a Passion Play. It has happened, this season, to several men who have performed Lincoln. When it is not an untaught peasant but a rather fine actor who assumes the passion role, the best in theatre art may result. In the case of Henry Fonda's performance of Young Lincoln, this happens, scene after scene.

And it follows that Mr. Fonda's performance depends not so much upon technique as upon spirit; he feels, he lives Young Lincoln. It happens that Mr. Fonda is a long-limbed young man, sparse in frame, and that his face makes up so as to give him an adequate, sometimes even a striking resemblance to Abe Lincoln. But often enough the spectator gets the feeling that this impersonation would be just as effective if Mr. Fonda were five feet two, and fat.

Indeed, in the early parts of the film Mr. Fonda seems to prefer to make small effort to create a physical Lincoln illusion, but rather to wish to suggest the personality of the coming hero. His awkward little election speech, his scene with Ann Rutledge, his scene with the Clay family when he trades for their barrel of books, all are played in a manner closer to Fonda in any movie, than to the idea of Lincoln. This may be a weakness in the script, but if so it is fortuitous, because it suggests a young man developing, and a young actor feeling for the lines of development.

Then comes that striking scene in which young Lincoln talks to Ann at her grave in the snow, asks her to decide his future for him, lets the falling twig, as it falls toward her headstone, influence him as she would have wanted, toward the law. And here we get again the admitted duality of the actor as Lincoln: for Fonda speaks the lines in his own characteristic half-mumbled manner, as if he were reading them in rehearsal and feeling for their character-content, rather than trying to be a physical replica of Lincoln. It is after this, that Lincoln becomes fixed as a person: the melancholy sorrow-formed, wryly humorous, mutedly boisterous Lincoln of history and legend; and it is as though we had not only gone with Lincoln himself through formative episodes, but as though we had studied with Fonda on how to represent Lincoln, and at last settled on a way that permitted the actor to remain as interpreter, and yet gave us Lincoln complete.

### WHAT'S GOOD—WHAT'S BAD

| | Good | Bad |
|---|---|---|
| *Five Came Back* | One of those unpretentious program pictures that are well-paced, slickly played. Takes nothing from you; is sufficiently relaxing entertainment. Joseph Calleia gives it a little bang. | Too many chores of this type ruin the prestige of such excellent players as Calleia, Allen Jenkins, and John Carradine, who wants to, and should, play Casey in *Grapes of Wrath*. Routine desert isle plot, only it's a fallen plane in a jungle. |
| *Gracie Allen Murder Case* | Gracie Allen. | Not enough Gracie Allen. |
| *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* | Virtuoso characterization by Mr. Donat. Some heart rending scenes, such as the April Fool episode just as his wife and child die, when the pupils all send him blank letters. See main review. | The last third of the picture, with the pointless inclusion of the war destroying the tone of the rest of the film, in an attempt to *Cavalcade* it. The scene where the boys keep on with their lesson, though bombs are falling into the room, is a bad lesson for school-children in wartime. They should rush for shelter. |
| *It's A Wonderful World* | Jimmy Stewart socking Claudette Colbert; or Claudette socking Jimmy; it's that kind of a picture —you don't remember who socked who but it was funny at the instant. Used to be called slapstick, more recently was considered sophisticated. | The story, the phony smart cracks, in fact practically the whole thing. |
| *Kid From Kokomo* | Comical angle about the pure country Homer who was a great fighter but all he wanted was Mother. Should be called Homer To Mother. | At her age, mother May Robson shouldn't mug so much. It's funny but kind of indecent. |
| *Maisie* | Easy-to-take junket about the showgirl stranded on the ranch. Ann Sothern still cute. | Easy to leave. |
| *Man About Town* | Nifty whirling skirt dance by the Petty girls. (Bow.) Jack Benny is still good but Bob Hope is coming up fast. Binnie Barnes to look at. Very comical Negro valet-dancer, Eddie Anderson, practically steals the show. | Just a shade weary, just a shade routine. |
| *Mikado* | Lush British production in Technicolor, with London Symphony and the D'Oyly Carte chorus and Kenny Baker and some rather subtly tinted settings. Well sung, well acted, elaborately staged. | Handled as a recording of a stage performance rather than as a film. But probably any other treatment would have offended the Gilbert and Sullivan addicts. |
| *Young Mr. Lincoln* | Folk-play treatment of Lincoln's formative years played with power and tender respect by Henry Fonda and a great cast. John Ford direction. See main review. | Very little. The last few farewell scenes and fadeouts into statuary could be cut as they spoil the folk treatment of the remainder. |

Fonda is aided, too, by the honesty of Lamar Trotti's photoplay. Aside from the use of the celebrated Clay trial, in which Lincoln solved a murder by using the almanac to prove the moon was not shining when a witness said it was shining, the photoplay depends almost entirely upon folk incident of character-portraying rather than suspense-building effect. This is unusual in a Hollywood film, even daring; it is more like the kind of thing the Russian film makers did in the *Youth of Maxim Gorky* and in the Lenin film, but director John Ford and script-writer Trotti have proved themselves full masters of this literary form of cinema.

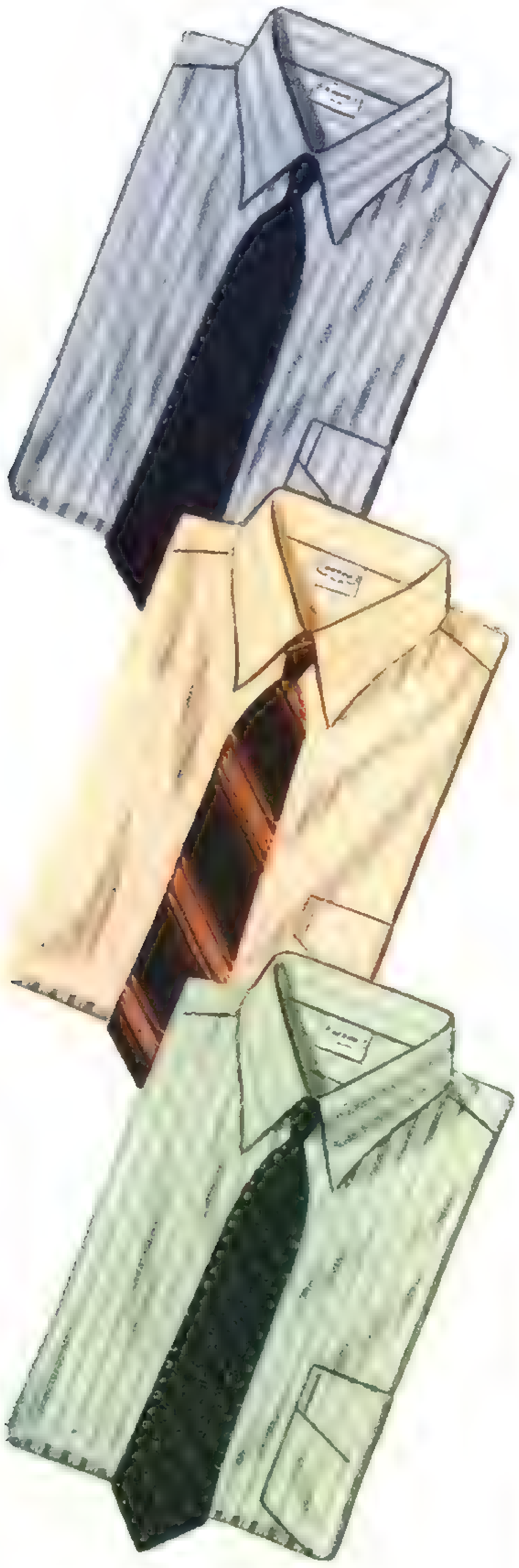
Ford's direction provides Fonda with a particularly effective background. In *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, for instance, Donat is almost constantly on the screen; indeed one leaves the theatre with the impression of never before having seen so much footage of a single, if excellent actor. The unreality of the school background has already been commented upon. And undoubtedly this has much to do with the total effect of weakness in the film, for the sugar-fake background invades and vitiates Mr. Donat's performance. Lincoln, by contrast, is shown as a man of his time and of his people; he is constantly participating in folk activities, and it is precisely because he is one of the folk and beloved of the folk that we understand and accept his neighbors' feeling for him as a man whose depth of emotion and Hamlet-gift of human sorrow makes him their leader, their interpreter.

No murder trial in films was ever handled as naturally as the trial in *Young Mr. Lincoln*. Also truly effective are the scenes between Lincoln and Mrs. Clay, where he tells her that hers is the kind of cabin his own folks had in Kentucky, that she is the kind of woman his mother would have been, had she lived.

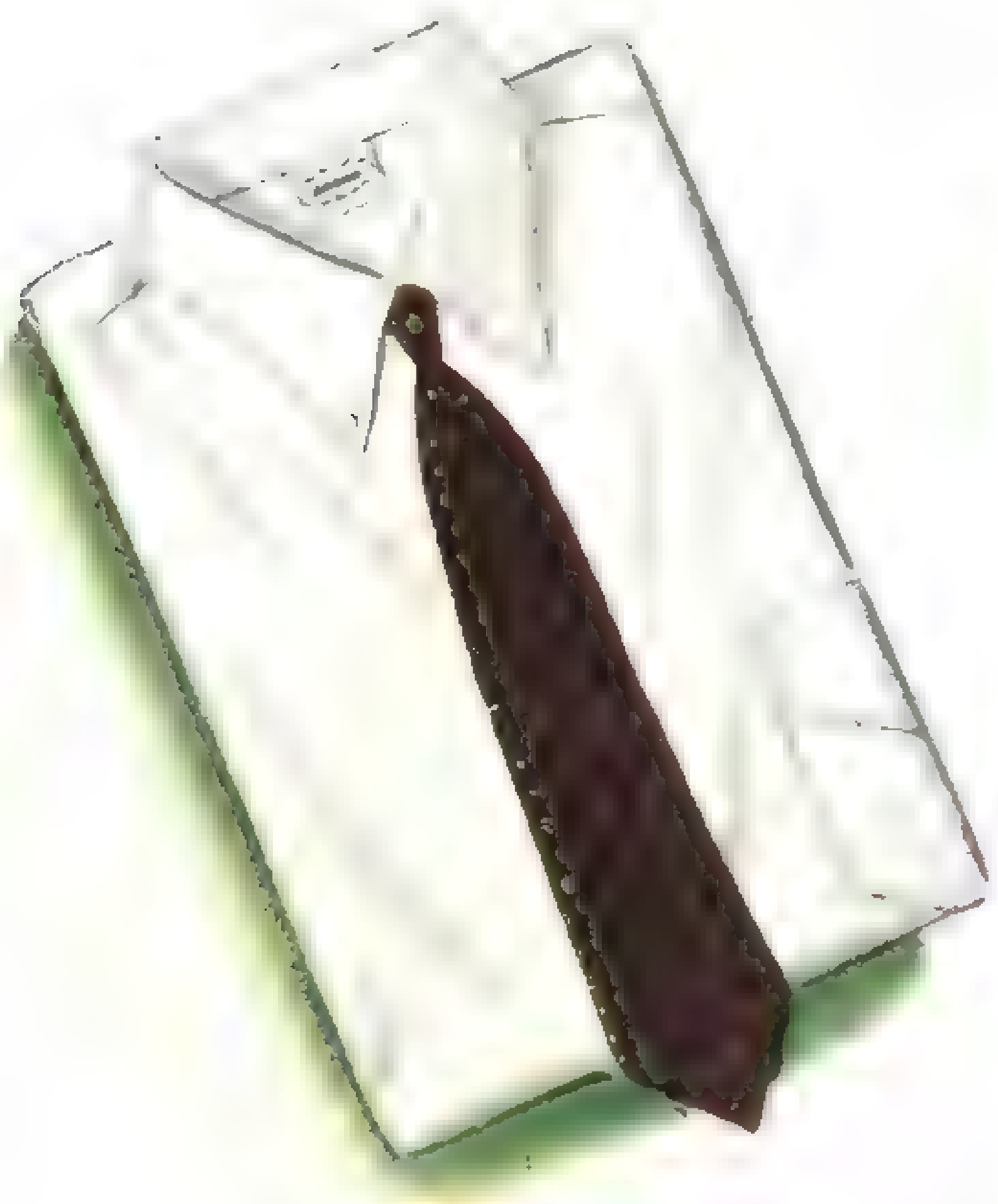
Mrs. Clay, beautifully played by Alice Brady, says almost nothing; but the bond between her and the young man throbs tangibly, from the screen. The very inarticulateness makes for truth.

The film is not perfect. There are a few forced moments, a few obvious Hollywood notes. A little cutting would cure them and leave *Young Mr. Lincoln* a work to which all could point with pride. #

# Arrow's Choice for the Month: Carlton Cords

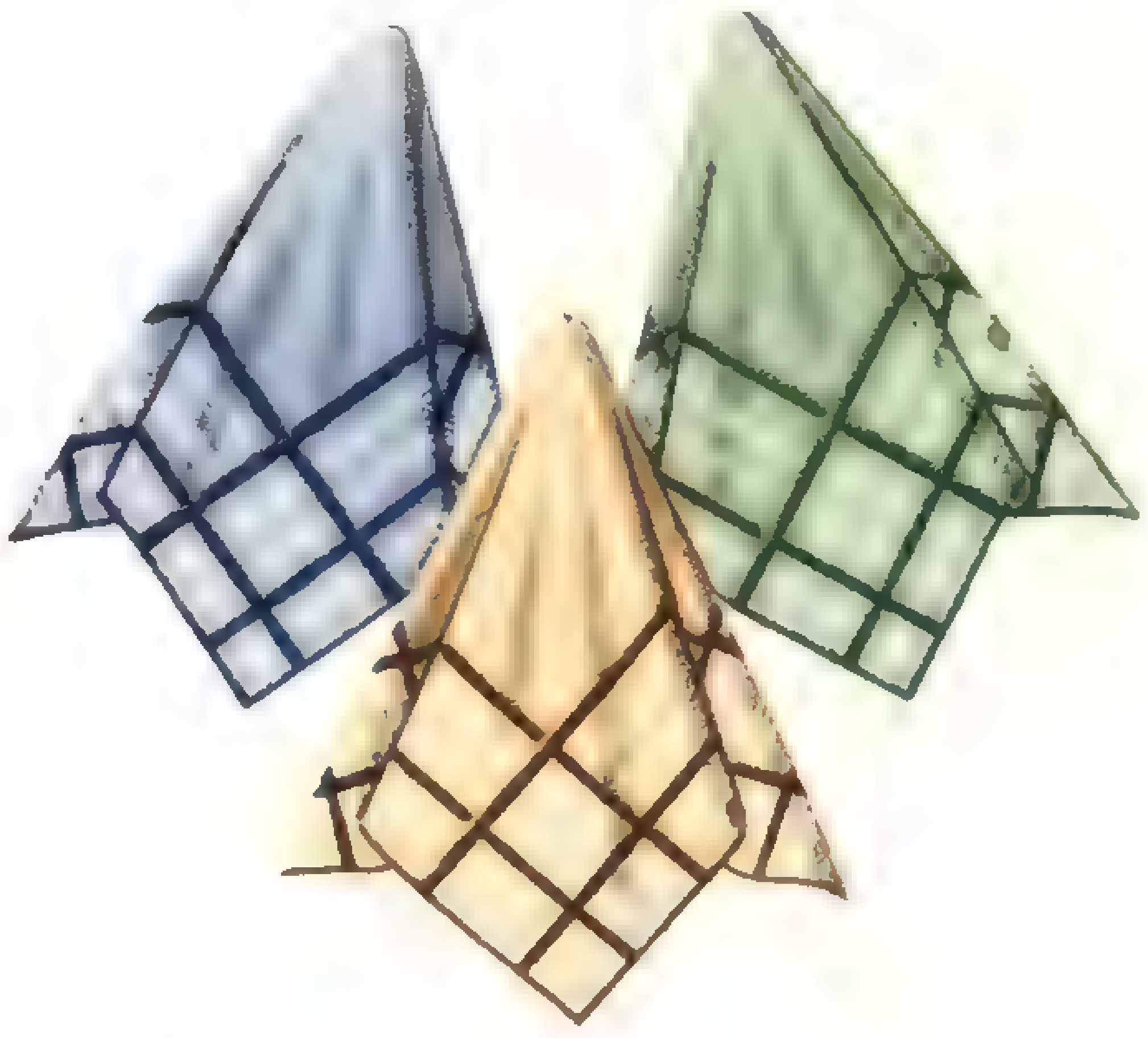


If your shorts are ever uncomfortable, chances are that the seat and crotch seams are to blame. Arrow shorts lack these seams—never bind or chafe. In Carlton Cords, 65¢. Tops, 50¢ up.

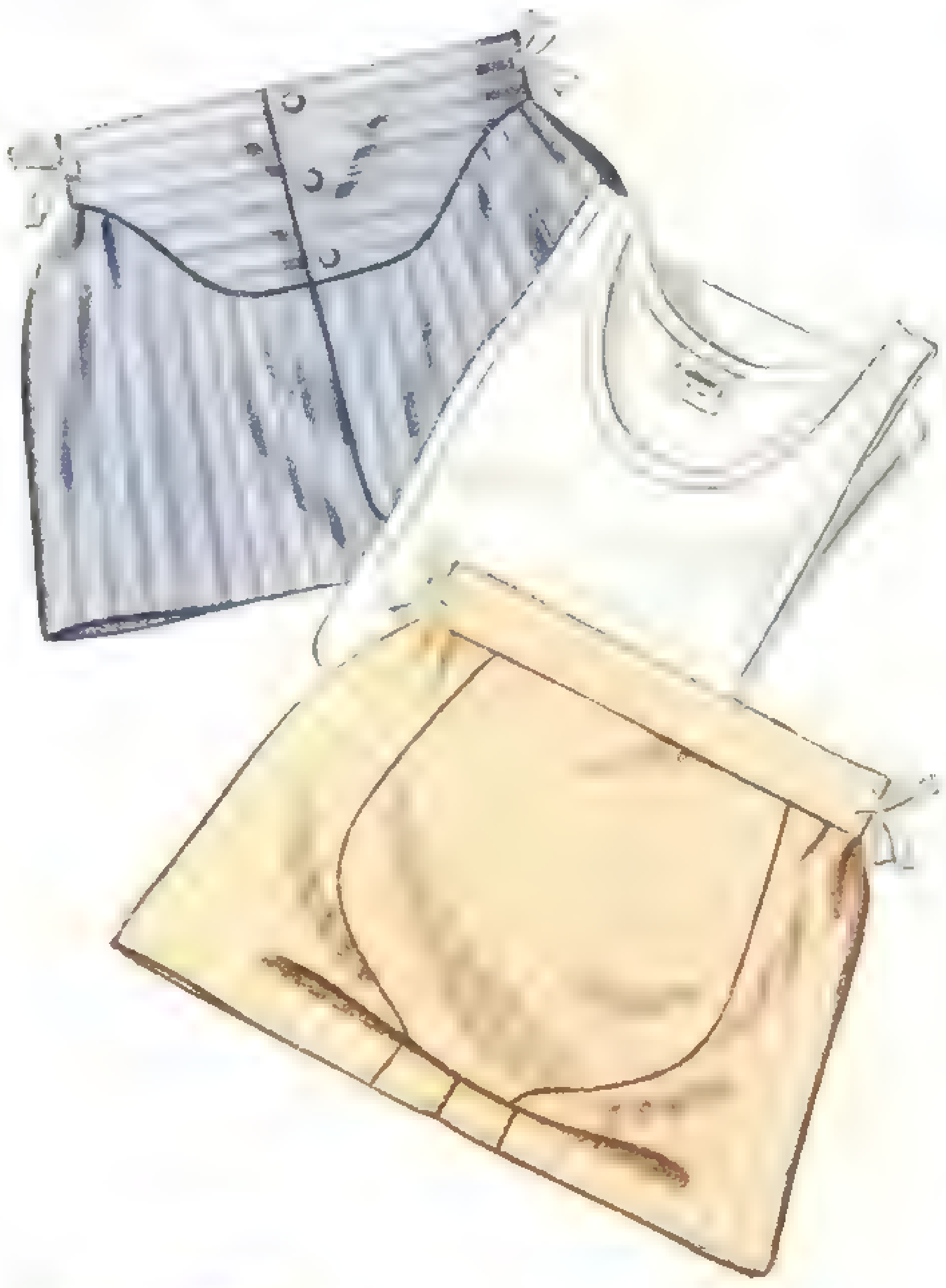


Prediction: Six months hence, stripes grouped in clusters will be one of the most popular shirt fashions.

Suggestion: Beat other good dressers to the gun. Wear Arrow's cluster-striped Carlton Cords now! $2.



The proper associates for your Carlton Cord shirts are Arrow's Carlton Cord handkerchiefs and Arrow ties—designed especially for them. Ties, $1. Handkerchiefs, 35¢



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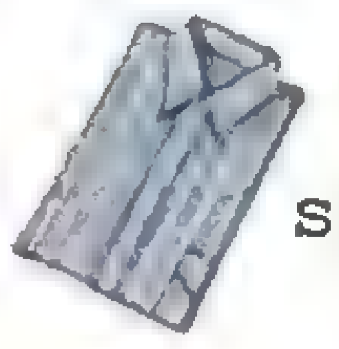
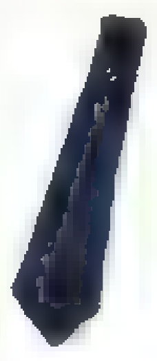
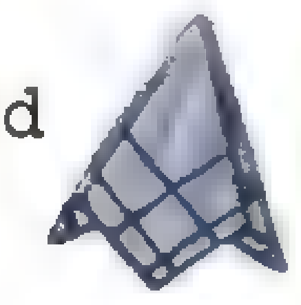
wear  shirt,

 tie, and 

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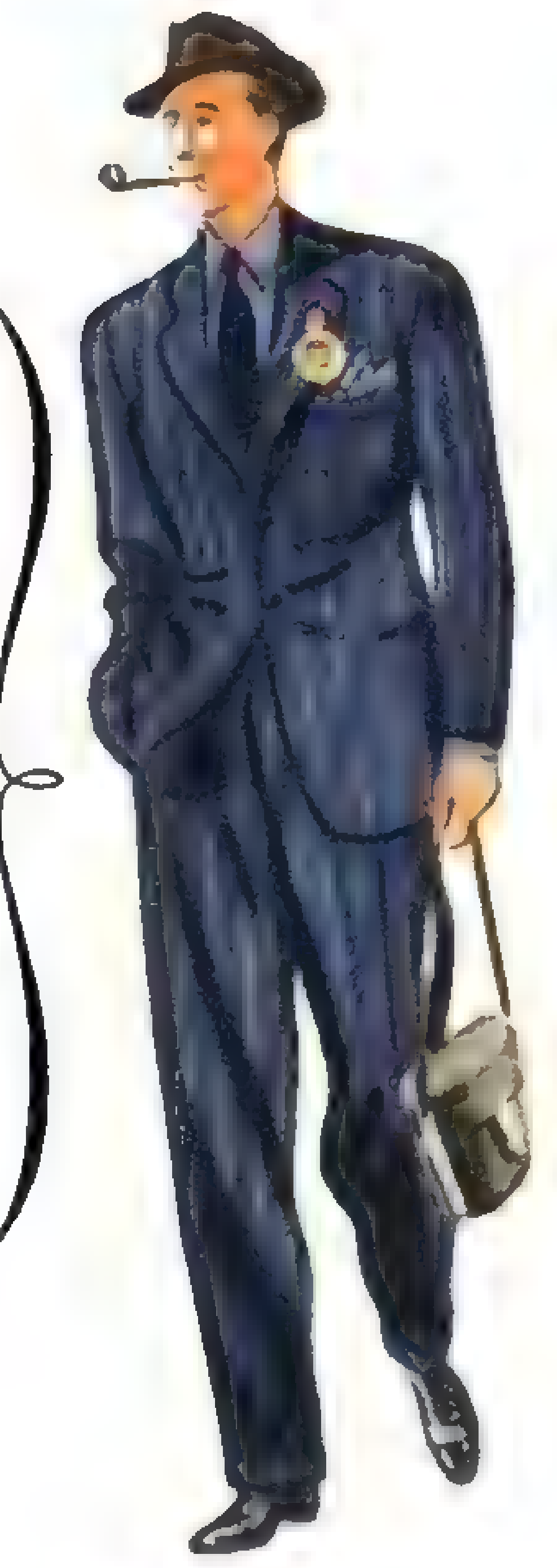
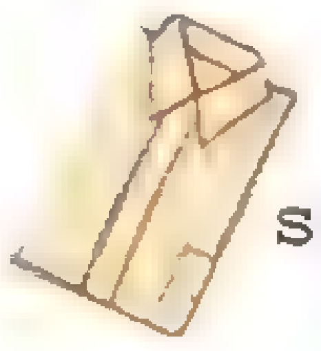
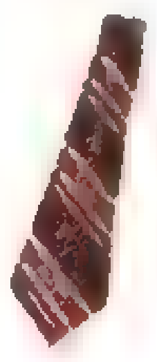
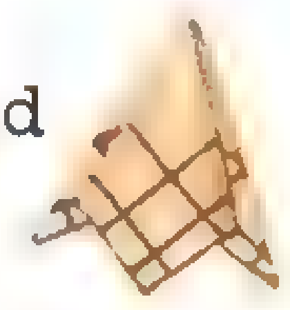


With gray suit

wear  shirt,

 tie, and 

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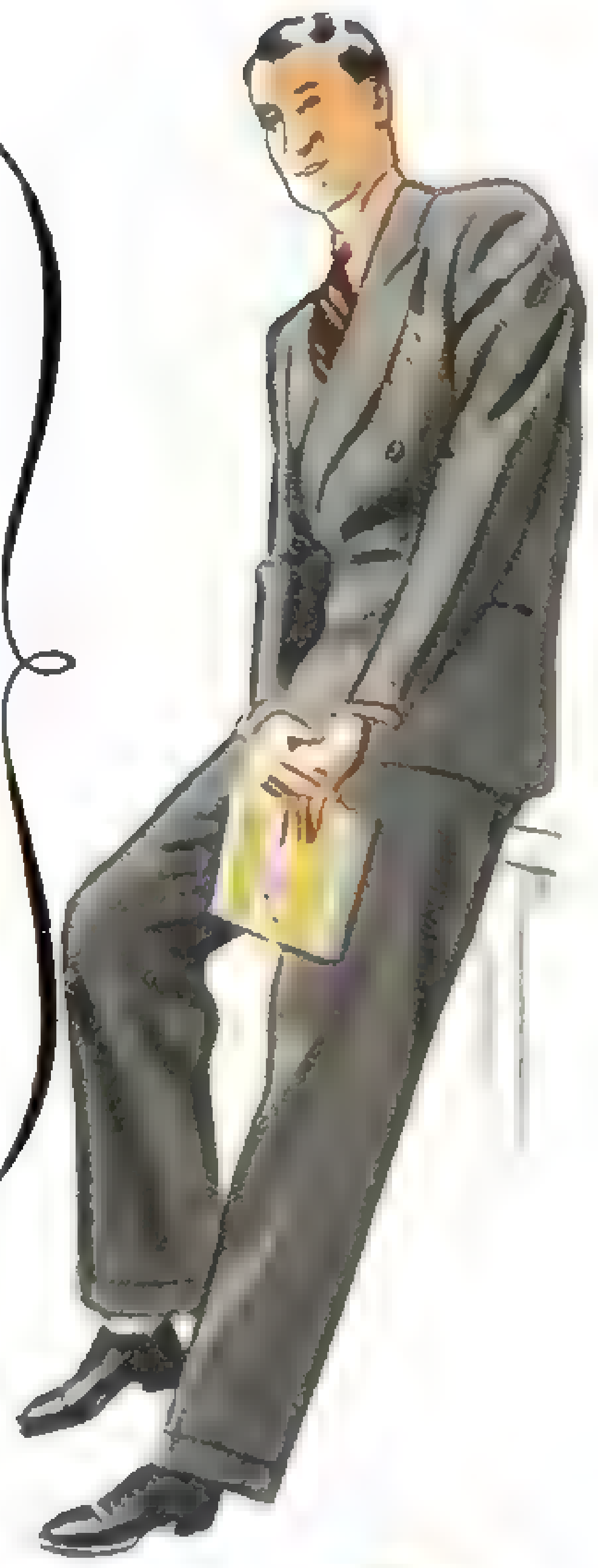
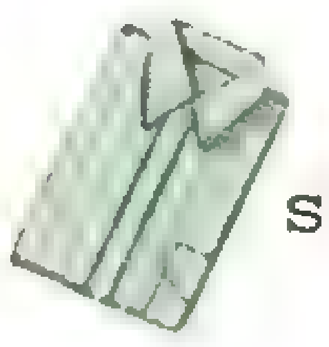
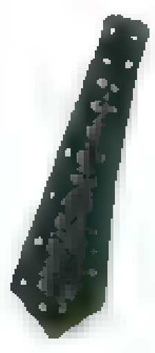
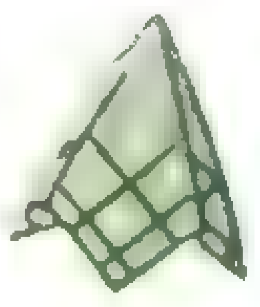
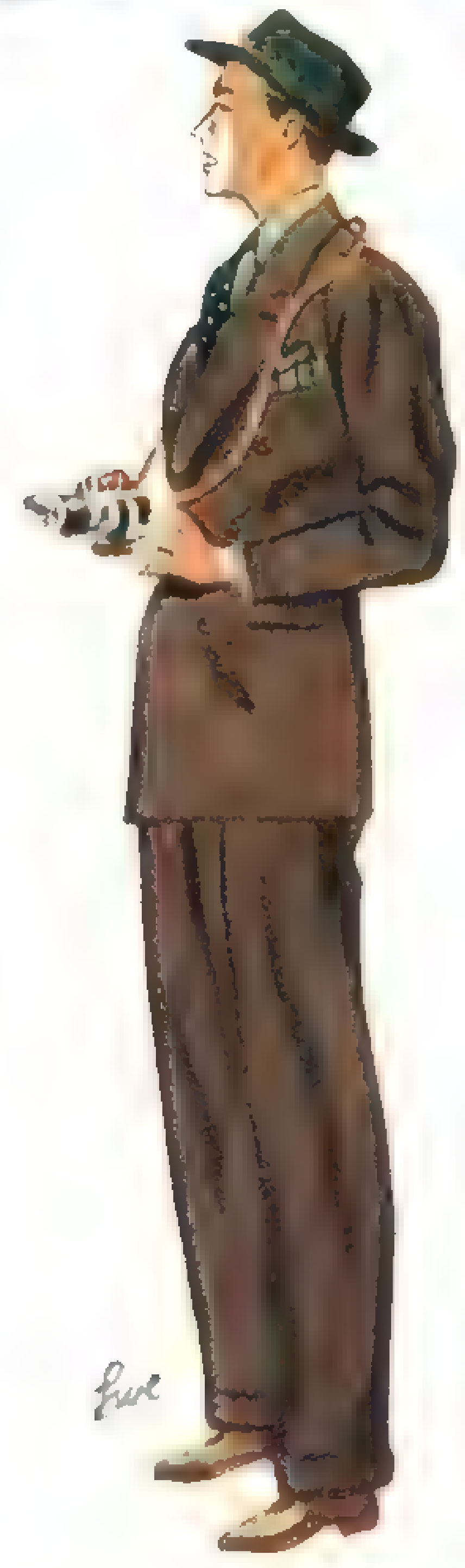


With tan suit

wear  shirt,

 tie, and 

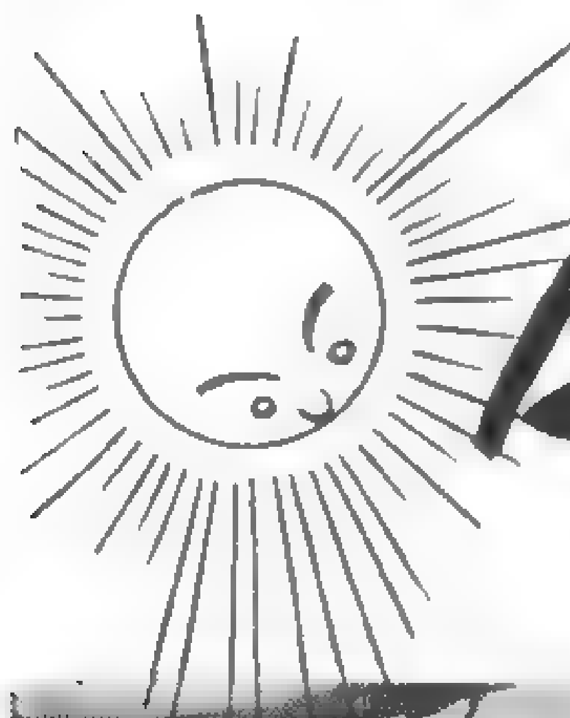
handkerchief.



The suggestions above aren't hard and fast rules. Go to your Arrow dealer tomorrow—and work out the combinations you like best.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

Protect your Hair from the gaff of



Broiling Sun and Water

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

A SUN-BRONZED, healthy body attests the splendid exercise you get from summer sports . . . but did you ever stop to think what a terrific beating the broiling sun and soaking showers give your hair? Days outdoors leave you with hair that looks lifeless and limp, that feels dry and brittle—hair that needs Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout".

For Vitalis combats the damaging effects of those two arch-enemies of good-looking hair—sun and water. Just apply Vitalis to your scalp and rub briskly. There's a healthful tingle as circulation increases and the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis come to the rescue of your oil-depleted scalp. Your hair takes on a rich, new lustre—it's easy to comb—every hair stays firmly in place. And there's no objectionable "patent-leather" shine either!

For the sake of the health and good looks of your hair, start today to use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout". Do this *regularly*—and see if the new, well-groomed appearance doesn't win your instant approval! Get a bottle of Vitalis at any drug store today.

1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation of the scalp quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Your hair has a lustre—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

**Ask Your Barber**

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

## First Nights & Passing Judgments

*Continued from page 78*

*Outward Bound*, the paraphrase of an old farce, *The Merchant of Yonkers*, and the patriotic spectacle, *The American Way*.

Joseph Pulitzer attended the theatre six times and saw *Abe Lincoln*, *Hellzapoppin* (twice), Beatrice Lillie in *Set To Music*, the musical *Knickerbocker Holiday*, and the Jimmy Durante-Ethel Merman tune show, *Stars In Your Eyes*.

A. M. Howe got around just twice, to *Hellzapoppin* and *Abe Lincoln*.

Julian Harris, so far as my agents have been able to determine, saw only *Hellzapoppin* and let it go at that.

William Allen White got to four shows: the inevitable *Hellzapoppin*, *Leave It To Me!*, Frank Fay's vaudeville show, and *The Swing Mikado*. No dramas, so far as the reports go.

Kent Cooper saw *Hellzapoppin*, *Abe Lincoln*, Beatrice Lillie, Jimmy Durante, *The Boys From Syracuse*, and Ethel Waters in *Mamba's Daughters*.

S. H. Perry contented his critical soul with *Hellzapoppin* and a couple of Merle Oberon movies.

Frank Kent called it a day with *Hellzapoppin*, *Abe Lincoln*, *Knickerbocker Holiday* and another trip to *Hellzapoppin*.

H. S. Pollard made a better showing and saw not only *Hellzapoppin* but *Abe Lincoln*, *The Little Foxes*, *The Boys From Syracuse*, *Outward Bound*, and Dodi Smith's *Dear Octopus*.

Walter Harrison saw *Hellzapoppin* and *Pins And Needles*.

S. Brown took a look at *Hellzapoppin*, *American Landscape*, the Jimmy Durante show, and Katharine Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story*.

There, unless my band of skilled sleuths are less skillful than usual, is the theatre-going record of the men who award the late Mr. Pulitzer's one thousand simoleons to what they announce as "the most distinguished play of the year."

Some didn't even see the play they gave the prize to. Only one saw *The Little Foxes* and not one saw *My Heart's In The Highlands* or any other of the year's worthier plays.

That the Pulitzer drama prize is beginning to be a worry even to the Pulitzer people themselves is evident from their recent effort to defend themselves by casting mud in other award directions and by not hesitating to prevaricate by way of making out something of a case for themselves. Taking over the entire contents of the *Independent Journal* of Columbia University at the time of the last Pulitzer award, they went to the length of trying to discredit the Drama Critics' Circle awards by attributing to Brooks Atkinson, critic for the New York *Times* and a leading member of the Circle, a paragraph in the *Times*, actually written by its Broadway reporter, comparing the box-office business done by last year's Pulitzer and Critics' Circle choices. The paragraph in question allowed that while the Pulitzer prize had increased receipts in the case of *Our Town*, the Critics' prize play, *Of Mice And Men*, was due to close three weeks later. What the Pulitzer glee-boys deliberately glossed over were the plain facts that *Of Mice And Men* opened on November 23, 1937, and was already naturally approaching the end of its long and highly prosperous run, that *Our Town* didn't open until February 4, 1938, that when the final statistics were in, *Of Mice And Men* showed a record of 207 performances against only 159 for *Our Town*, that *Our Town*, further, was forced to cut salaries in order to continue, and that the Critics' award was announced on April 18 and the Pulitzer award not until May 2.

Even droller was the Pulitzeristas' publication of a large photograph taken in front of the Morosco theatre and showing, during the closing week of *Of Mice And Men*, "play-goers during that same week flocking to *Our Town*." A careful count reveals just fourteen people in front of the theatre. Two of the fourteen are moving up Forty-fifth Street away from the theatre, two are clearly just passers-by, one is scratching her nose in doubt about going to the show, and one is quickly to be identified as a certain gentleman who always sees plays on passes. That leaves a huge crowd of exactly eight people flocking to the Pulitzer exhibit.

It is true that I may be prejudiced—and God wot, why not?—but when one reflects on the machinery and dispensation of the Pulitzer prize it is surely pretty hard not to convince oneself that it is a pure, aimless monkeyshine in comparison with the Critics' Circle's prize. Whatever may be argued against the latter, it is at least awarded by a body of men whose profession and life's work is theatrical and dramatic criticism; it is determined upon without compromise of any kind; its one, sole and only consideration is dramatic merit; it hasn't the slightest traffic with box-office success or failure; and it represents a corpus of professional opinion that is uncorrupted, forthright, and contemptuous of mob approval. Though I personally have not always agreed with the awards—on two occasions, indeed, I have been a stubborn dissenter—I have recognized, nevertheless, that they have been not without their merit and have come from the honest conviction of the majority. To allow merit to even one Pulitzer award out of every three—and that is a generous ratio—would be a difficult feat on the part of anyone possessed of even faintly sound critical standards.

That the best of our American playwrights themselves duly recognize all this has been made evident. Take, for instance, Robert Sherwood. When several years ago he was given the Pulitzer prize for his *Idiot's Delight*, which the Critics' Circle had spurned, he stated very politely that he was pleased but that it would be a lot better if the Pulitzer award were determined not by the bizarre Pulitzer committees but by the Critics' Circle. In his speech of acceptance of an award by the Critics' Circle, Maxwell Anderson in the same year wittily, if delicately, relegated the Pulitzer prize, which had in a previous year been awarded to him, to the limbo of the excessively dubious. And what Eugene O'Neill, who has received the Pulitzer prix on three different occasions, thinks of it I prefer to leave to the imagination of those who recall his message to the Critics' Circle upon its foundation.

The other annual awards may be dismissed in a minimum of space. The medal given by the Drama League of New York for the most distinguished acting performance of the season, like the medals and whatnot given by other such groups of stage-struck elderly ladies, represents little more than the crushes the old girls get on this or that actor or actress (usually actor). The certificate of merit and Virginia ham awarded by a "lay committee" (composed of men and women apparently picked up on street corners) on behalf of Robert Porterfield's Barter Theatre of Abingdon, Virginia, amounts wholly and entirely to the critical and esthetic value of one Virginia ham. The plaque bestowed by the Stage Society, whatever that is, is simply an occasion for the lady members effusively to eat a gala $2.50 lunch in the company of various theatrical celebrities.

But be sparing of any too-cynical laugh that may be brewing within you. Hold it in reserve for the prize among all prize awards since Caesar first passed out the original laurel. Hold it in reserve for the regents of the University of New Brunswick, of Fredericton, N. B. It is they who recently conferred their prime award, the degree of Ph.D.—Doctor of Philosophy, no less—upon that combined Socrates, Hegel, Kant and Descartes of the twentieth century, Mr. Louis B. Mayer. #

## America's Grandson

*Continued from page 68*

up in their clothes and waltz right into the White House. They sneak around, then finally they get to Lincoln, he's in his study giving his famous Gettysburg soliloquy. And they listen and it makes them cry. So right away they're all friends. Lincoln's nuts for 'em the minute he sees how his Gettysburg soliloquy has knocked 'em for a loop. What can he do for 'em? That's what he wants to know. So they tell him about Nigger Jim being chained up. Well, first he don't want no part of it. He's indifferent to reform, see? The scene's gotta have a real build from indifference to reform. A regular Warner Brothers touch. Finally they get to him. Lincoln gets tears in the eyes. They all get tears in the eyes. And finally on account they're hungry and tired Huck and Tom fall asleep and Lincoln . . . This is one of the big scenes. See? Lincoln covers them up with that shawl he wears in his picture all the time. And Huck, that's me," the boy jabbed his thumb into his chest. "I open my eyes and I say, 'Oh, Mister Lincoln, you are such an honest man!' Get it? Honest Abe. Then when we're tucked away in the vice-president's room or someplace, what does Lincoln do?"

"I don't know, Charles." The tutor was remembering all those nice drives to the beach in his new car.

"Well, first he only thinks for a while. But then he pounds on the table and rings a bell and some butlers come in. 'Yassuh?' the boy imitated a Hollywood darky's shuffle. 'Yassuh, massa, what yo all want?'" The boy straightened up. "Now," he told the tutor, "here's Lincoln's big scene. What does he say?"

The tutor shook his head that he didn't know.

"'Send me General Grant!' he yells. 'I'm gonna free the slaves!' Then there's lotsa music and you montage in the Civil War and Huck and Tom get to be generals or captains and by golly, you got another *Big Parade!* Now what d'you think of that!" The boy flopped in a chair. He was breathing very hard.

"That's just fine Charles. Just fine." The tutor had decided to keep the car.

"Sure it is," the boy said. "An' I'm gonna do it as soon as I get my new contract where I can pick my own scripts like Carole Lombard. Now," he stood up, "I gotta go study my lines. What's the next lesson?"

"I want you to read *Moby Dick*."

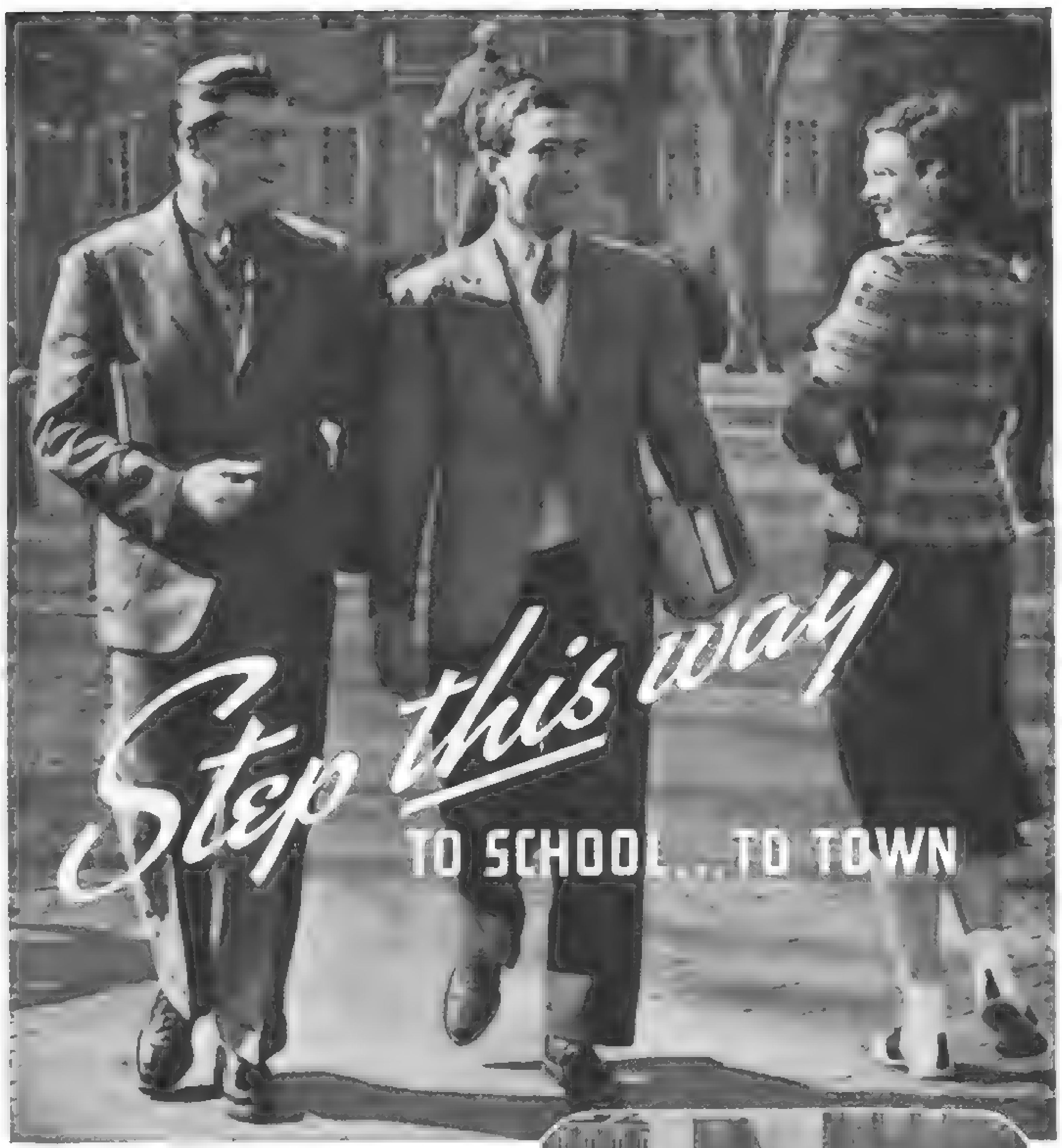
"That's about a fish isn't it?" the boy asked suspiciously.

"Yes, in a way, Charles."

"Warners already done it. You get another one. Something with a nice part for me in it. See? What the hell else good's my lessons for."

"I don't know, Charles. I really don't know."

"See?" said the boy. "What'd I tell you? See what I mean?" #



● Step out!—with youth in your stride—*life in your feet!*

Ordinary shoes won't do! Active feet must be fitted *in action!* That's why Bostonians are *Walk-Fitted.* Their foot-form inner-soles match every curve of your feet, cushion every step, support every arch. Result: no pinch—no pull—no break-in!

You'll feel like a million in new Fall Bostonians. Sitting, standing or "swinging"—you'll be on your toes. Get *Walk-Fitted* today! Step lively—and smartly—in good-looking, good-feeling Bostonians.

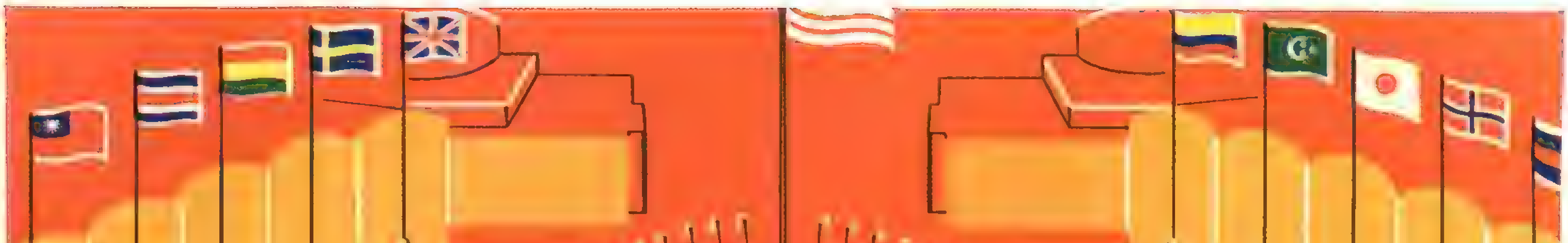
*Bostonian Shoes . . . Whitman, Mass.*

**$7.50 to $11.00**

**HiBoy** (left above) is an easy fitting oxford with thick, crepe sole. **Wellington** (right) is a new Bostonian Blucher—with bold punching, Bootmaker finish, double sole.

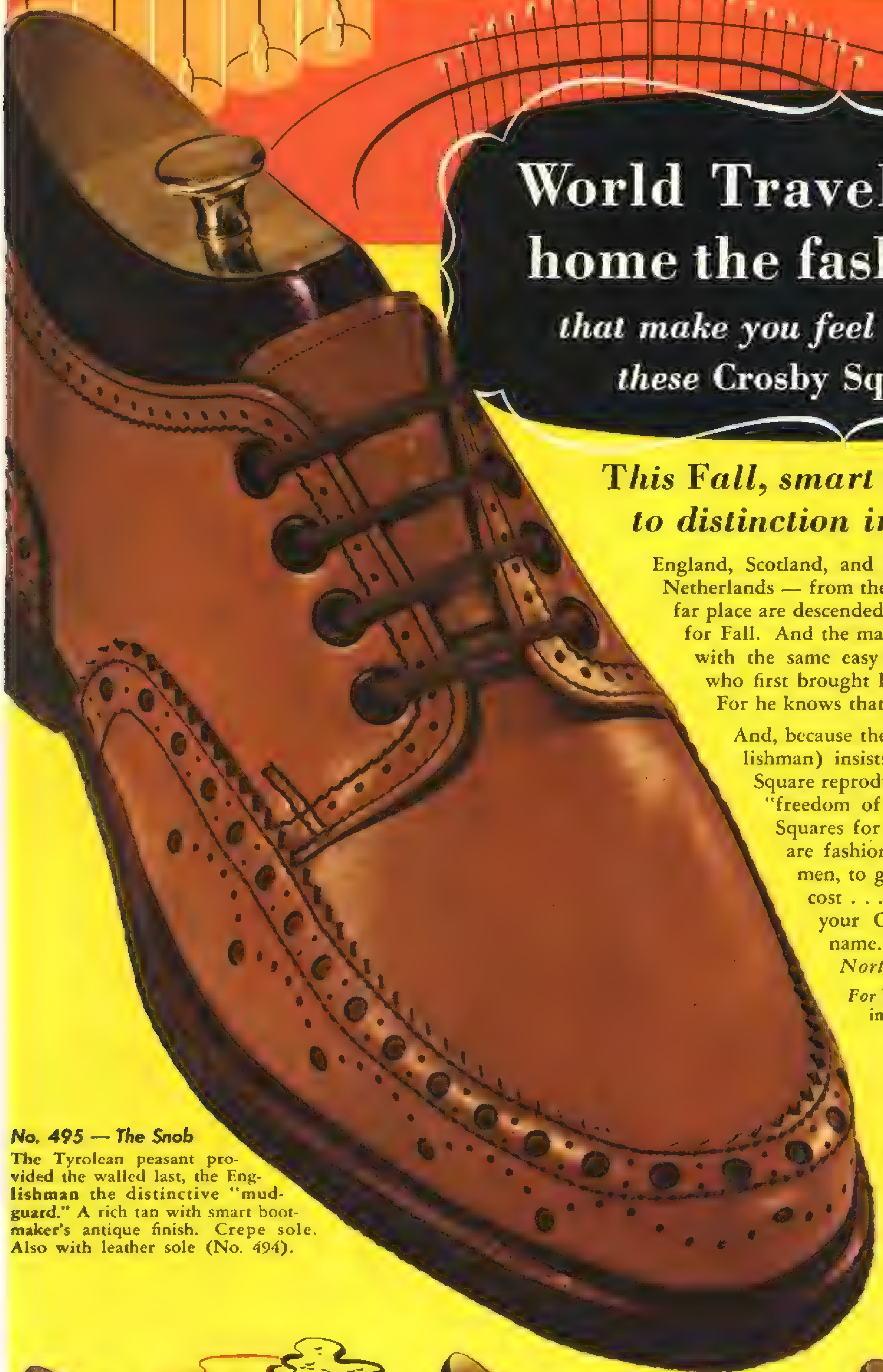
**Left to right:** *Marvin,* easygoing Bostonian in ruddy grain-leather. *Strap-Moc,* clever knockabout shoe of golden saddle leather. *Marvel,* tan-tweed leather with new, natural crepe sole.

Bostonians
FIT RIGHT-FEEL RIGHT
they're Walk-Fitted



# World Travelers bring home the fashion ideas

*that make you feel "just right" in these* Crosby Square *shoes*



## *This Fall, smart comfort is the keynote to distinction in your footwear*

England, Scotland, and Mexico, The Tyrol, The Riviera, The Netherlands — from the footwear of these and of many another far place are descended your Crosby Square Authentic Fashions for Fall. And the man who wears Crosby Squares strides out with the same easy assurance as the sophisticated traveler who first brought home the costly, custom-made originals. For he knows that his shoes are "right," to the last detail.

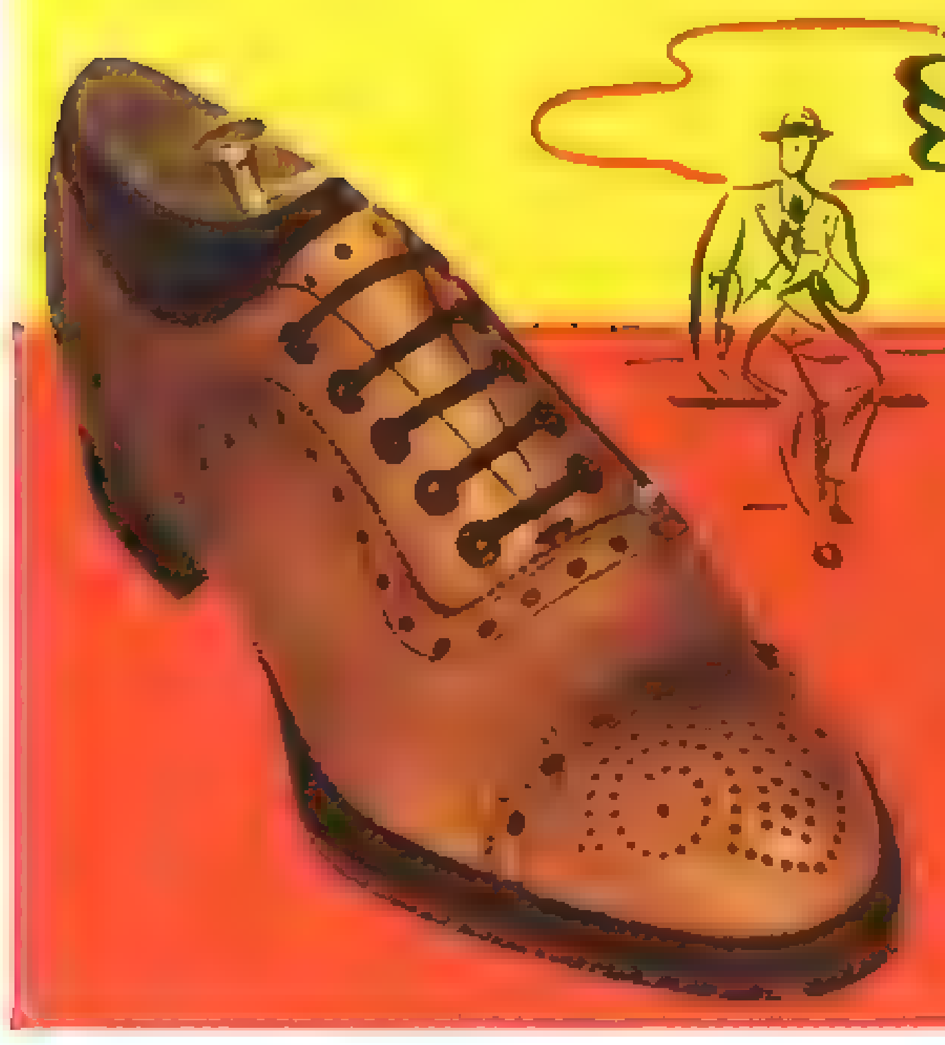
And, because the smart European (most of all, the Englishman) insists on comfort in his shoes, your Crosby Square reproductions afford a healthful, soul-satisfying "freedom of the feet." . . . The handsome Crosby Squares for Fall, a few of which are pictured here, are fashioned of choice leathers by skilled craftsmen, to give you long and happy wear at modest cost . . . Select your Fall shoe wardrobe now at your Crosby Square dealer's. Write for his name. *The House of Crosby Square, 2460 North Sixth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*

*For World's Fair Visitors* in New York at Gimbel's, in San Francisco at Sommer & Kaufmann.

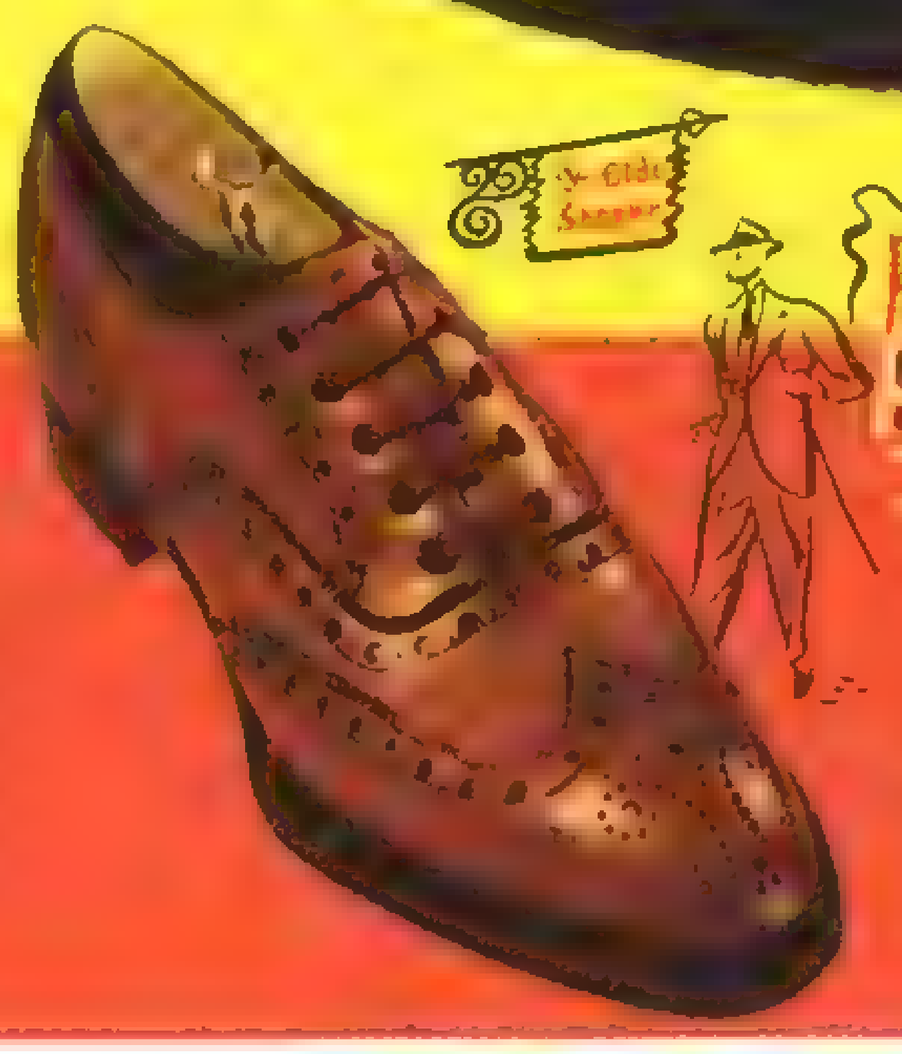
**No. 495 — The Snob**
The Tyrolean peasant provided the walled last, the Englishman the distinctive "mudguard." A rich tan with smart bootmaker's antique finish. Crepe sole. Also with leather sole (No. 494).

**Crosby Square**
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
*Authentic Fashions*
IN MEN'S SHOES
$5.00 to $6.00

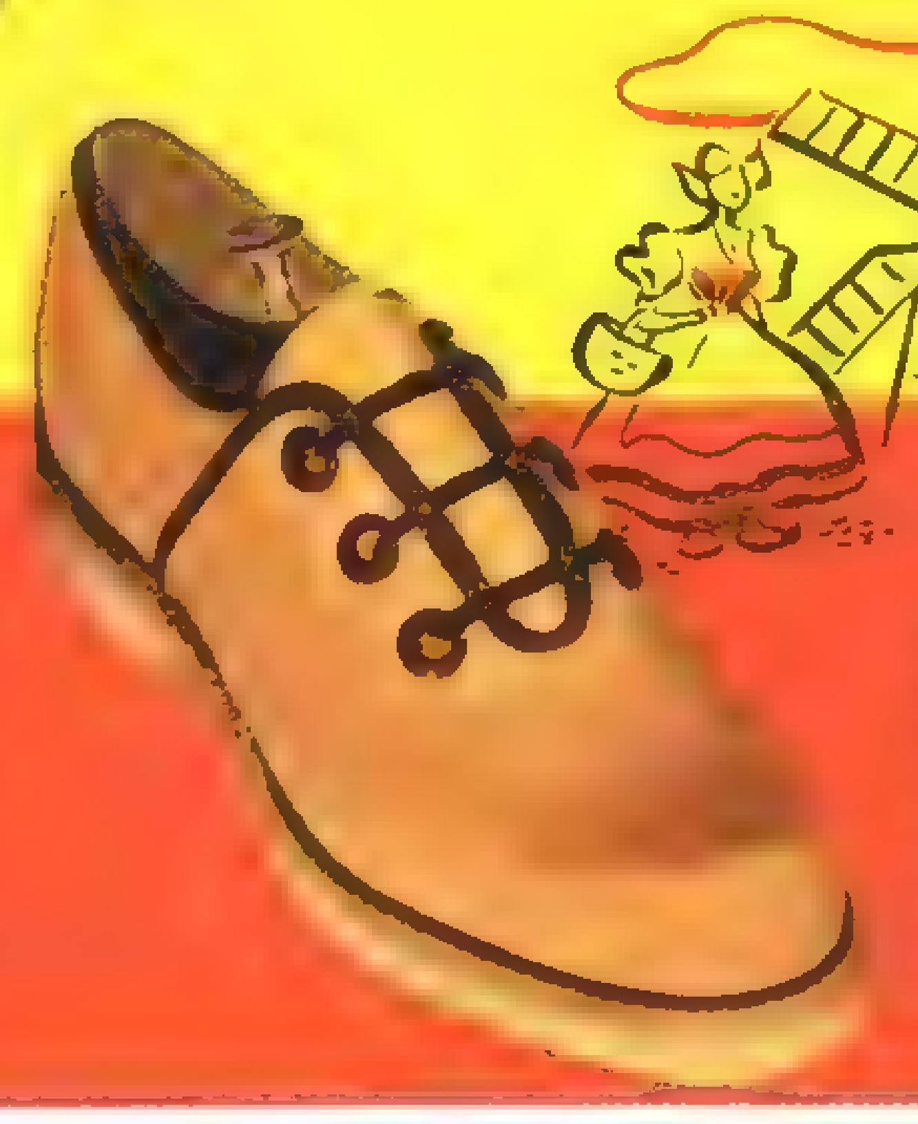
*Also Crosby Square Pre-Flex Shoes*
*$6.85 to $7.50*



**No. 437 —**
***The Coronet***
The bold freedom of the English countryside. Handsome antique finish on smoked Gambola. Double sole



**No. 470 —**
***The Coronet***
A rugged Britisher in spirit. Ever-correct wing-tip, antique finish, tan Gambola leather. Double sole.



**No. 339 —**
***"Flying Dutchman"***
Definitely "beats the Dutch" by substituting soft natural grain leather and extra-thick crepe sole for unyielding wood. Also in smoked Gambola with heavy red rubber sole (No. 504), and other models.

## Little Forces of Nature

Continued from page 29

quick as the road is blown open, we surface it and keep rolling all the machinery we need to open up the new continent. We want four units to start on the west coast and roll in and keep rolling. We take out the mahogany timber and ship it right through to Grand Rapids, and the native rubber we send direct to Akron, Ohio. These little industries are just waste products. And all day long and all night long the blasting will go on. It usually takes a crew of men a whole day to cut down one of the big trees but only one minute to put a stick under it and bring the roots right into the air. We are making a deal with the biggest American powder makers and with one of the big British Steamship Lines and with the Belgian Government and we are raising four millions dollars just for the machinery alone. Think of it! That's why I say you need imagination and dynamite."

"When can I begin?"

"You start tomorrow morning."

That is how I became draughtsman for The United States of Africa Company, incorporated under the state laws of Delaware.

My first job was to draw up a set of plans for a model bungalow that could be knocked down and moved in sections. These were similar to the shacks used during the construction of the Panama Canal but had the advantage of being portable. I provided screens for every window and door. I read everything I could on building construction in the tropics, and how to prevent termites and keep out ants and reduce mildew.

While I was working on these drawings in Room 505 of this office building other things were going on. Mr. Harrison's pretty stenographer, Miss Wilmere, was busy typing letters all day long. From time to time she asked me questions about Africa. She wanted to know what the girls wore in the jungle and if the men were good-looking. I had several books out from the library and I showed her pictures of some of the ugly black tribes in this land. But her only remark was, "Aren't they wonderful!"

One day two gentlemen from Texas arrived in five-gallon hats and were taken into the private office for a conference. They later came to my draughting table and were shown some of my plans.

When they left I heard Holt say to Harrison, "Did you ever visit the Triple Bar Ranch on the border? They have some place. Private gas stations and everything. Worth all kinds of money. If they come in we can set sail tomorrow."

"If they come in now," replied Harrison, "they will be coming in on the ground floor."

Then another time a crew of pretty tough-looking gentlemen arrived from Chicago and they too were brought over to my table to look at the plans.

"Can you read a blueprint?" Harrison immediately asked them.

"Bet your life," said the spokesman.

"Well, these are bungalows."

"Sure. My boys can build anything. Woodwork, metalwork, steam fitting—Charlie here ran boilers in River Rouge—pattern making, foundry work, sand blasting, machine work, anything at all."

"And how about drilling and rock blasting?"

"Say! Look at me, boss! Red and me are just plain old-fashioned Chicago newsboys. You get me? We grew up in it. Did you ever hear of a circulation war? Well . . . no questions asked."

These six unshaven Chicago mugs were taken on to help blast out the new continent. They were elected to become empire builders!

And twelve more, all iron-workers, came from Pittsburgh, and a crew of rock-drillers and steam-shovel men came in from Baltimore. As fast as they came they were enrolled on the books of the company and billeted to sail as soon as the first load of machinery would arrive at the pier. Evidently sufficient money had already come in to make a start.

In the late afternoon as I cleaned up my table and made ready to go home I would see Harrison turning the pages of a catalogue and humming to himself. Once he stopped me as I was getting on my coat and said, "Look here. Isn't this a fine little baby?" He had in his hand a picture of a giant steam shovel. "She picks up a ton in every scoop. That's doing the job all right. We ordered four of these steam-heated babies. That's what I call imagination and dynamite. And the little forces of nature, those little forces that make things grow and grass green and bring the dew and ripen barley and wheat—all those little forces of nature will have to wait. The blasting and steam shovels come first. A whole raw continent before us, boy, and not a trick are we going to miss! We have everything that engineering science has ever given man. And while the Belgian Government has not yet given its consent, once we get into action and show what can be done they will be on their knees begging us to open up the continent for them."

A few days later the line "Texas Real Estate" in gold letters was removed from the door by special request of the U. S. Postal Authorities. They wrote a brief letter to say that the mails could no longer be used to sell acres of that good Texas oil land. Mr. Holt remarked, "Nowadays the Government likes to butt into everybody's business." His pretty blonde secretary, Miss Wilmere, loyal to the outfit, proposed that she should draft a letter to the Postmaster General and "tell him a thing or two." But Mr. Harrison said that real continent builders had no time to bother with little pesky flies. And that nobody was

Continued on page 120

Caution..!
Watch out if your scalp feels tight and itchy, if flakes of dandruff fall, if your hair is brittle and won't stay in place. These are danger signs of Dry Scalp—bad news to good-looking hair!

1st step to good-looking hair: Relieve DRY SCALP!

SUNSHINE! A plunge in the lake! An extra cooling shower bath! Sure they feel swell, but they're enemies of good-looking hair. They rob your scalp of its natural oils! That's why summer calls for the *extra* protection of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

Why 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic? Because it's *different!* 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains absolutely no drying ingredients. Instead it combats dryness by supplementing the natural scalp oils.

Give your hair the common sense care which 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic provides. Begin today, and watch it take on that lustrous look! See how well it stays in place all day long!

A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair good-looking.

40c and 70c

**EVERY MORNING** shake on a few drops when you comb your hair.

**EVERY WEEK** before shampooing give your scalp a generous 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage for extra protection against dryness.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
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PAINFUL SUNBURN? TRY 'VASELINE' Petroleum Jelly! It cools. Soothes. Supplements the natural skin oils. Relieves parched, dry feeling. A jar or tube 10c.

STATE
Back to school with a smart new

**Jocke**y UNDERWARDROBE
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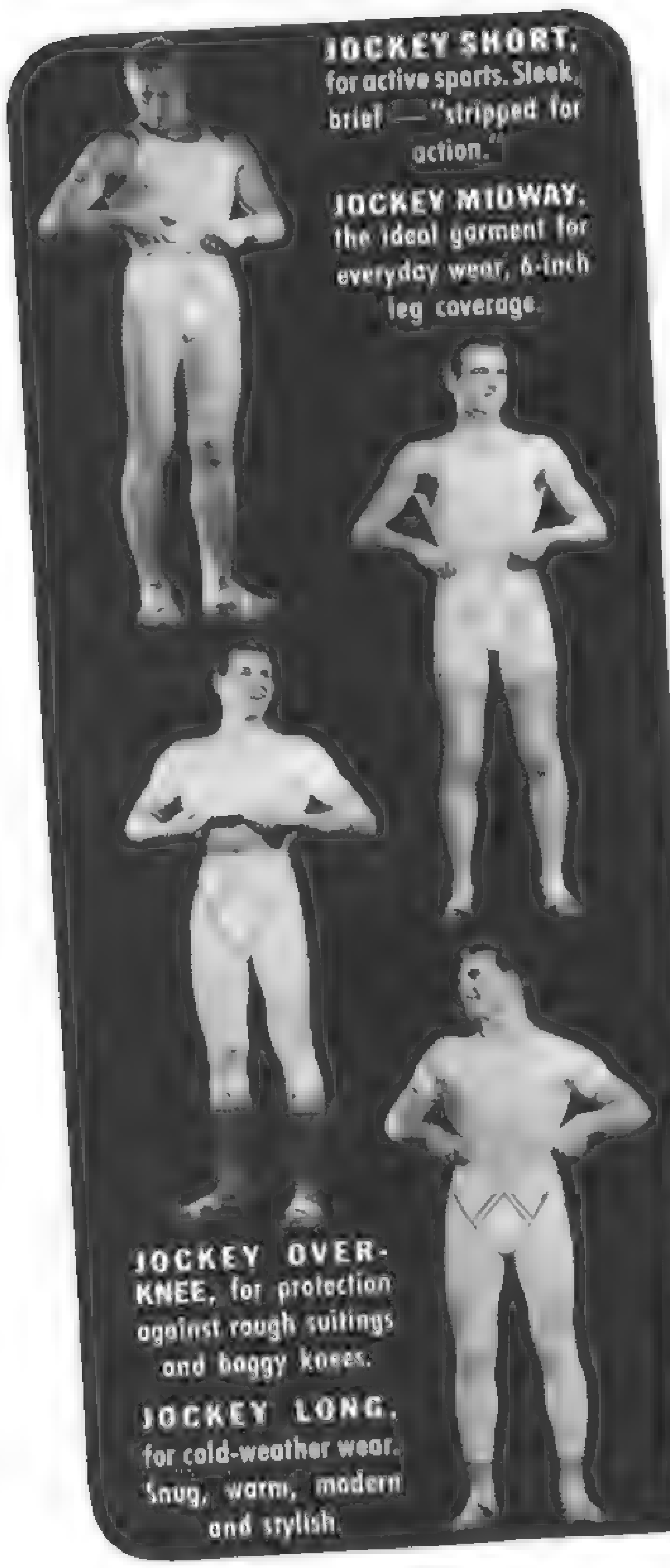
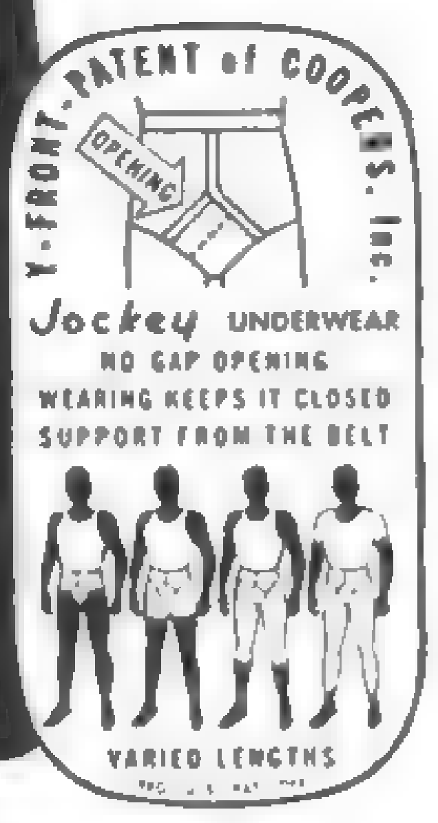

JOCKEY SHORT, for active sports. Sleek, brief — "stripped for action."
JOCKEY MIDWAY, the ideal garment for everyday wear, 6-inch leg coverage.
JOCKEY OVER-KNEE, for protection against rough suitings and baggy knees.
JOCKEY LONG, for cold-weather wear. Snug, warm, modern and stylish.

*Leaders of tomorrow dress the part—wear smart, modern Jockey Underwear for every occasion!*

● Clicking on campuses from coast to coast! This modern idea in young men's underdress is full of good sense, smartness and comfort. Jockey's patented Y-Front construction gives mild, restful support—eliminates squirming. Assures convenient no-gap opening. No bulk, no bind, no buttons to rip off. Start your Jockey underwardrobe now. A leg length, weight and fabric for every occasion. Knitted to let your skin breathe. All cotton; linen-cotton; wool mixtures. 50c up, per garment. Contoured shirts to match. Children's sizes down to 6 years. Remember, it isn't Jockey without the Jockey label. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.



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VISIT JOCKEY UNDERWARDROBE EXHIBIT IN "MAN BUILDING," NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

## Little Forces of Nature

*Continued from pages 29-119*

much interested in Texas anyway. We were all working hard for The United States of Africa, Inc. And so the letters on the door were changed to the new name. And I guess the money must have been coming in also for soon the big machinery was alongside the dock and everything was all in a boil.

Miss Wilmere was going along to be personal secretary to Mr. Harrison. She was so thrilled because here she had never even been to Havana or even Bermuda, and now she was going straight to the Congo. But she and her boy friend, Walter Ropes, had had some very bitter arguments and the whole romance was just on the verge of being blasted into a long regret. He was opposed to her going anywhere with "that man Harrison because he had a wife in Texas and besides I do not trust him." She told me all this herself while I was drawing up a power plant for the new continent. "I told him I would not marry anybody," she said, "until I had made a name for myself, like the girl who swam the English Channel or the woman who flew to Australia or at least a name as good as one of those catty tennis stars. I have the opportunity so why shouldn't I take it? And after I get back and have my pictures in the papers it would be time enough. Besides, the wife of the foreman of the Pittsburgh crew is going along and she will chaperone me plenty. So he need not worry."

The wife of the Pittsburgh foreman, Mrs. Pollitz, weighed over two hundred pounds. She came to the office once and laughed and said she would not care if Africa was even in China just as long as the boys had a good place to blast. "When they have nothing to do they get restless," she added.

At last the day arrived and I went down to the boat to see them off. Our bookkeeper and our office boy were also there to get last-minute instructions. Here I again saw the six unshaven Chicago mugs who could "build anything" as well as the crews that came from Pittsburgh and Baltimore and others, many others, who had never been to the office at all. Two ranch hands in boots and chaps were there also and must have come on from Texas. They rolled cigarettes at the boat rail and already looked a bit seasick. They asked me if I thought the boat would buck very much.

Looking over the whole lot just as they stood there ready for the whistle to blow and set sail to blast open a new continent; looking them over I thought to myself that the U. S. Department of Immigration, in its whole long history, never had a better boatload for deportation. But of course I do not mean Miss Wilmere or the fat, jolly Mrs. Pollitz or even Mr. Harrison, who was a good sort in his way and liked all my designs. I mean the rest of them, even including Mr. Holt. They looked awful. Here were the dregs of gangsterdom, the shiftless, a whole rogues' gallery in flesh and blood.

Then the whistle blew. The rotten planks of the pier trembled and the empire builders waved us a hearty good-bye.

Miss Wilmere looked as pretty as a picture in her white slacks and double-breasted blue jacket as she waved good-bye to Walter Ropes. He stood beside me on the dock and he looked very sad.

As soon as they were gone it was very quiet in the office and I was able to get a good deal of work done. Literature describing the new continent came steadily from the printer and was run through the addressing machines. The office boy worked hard and so did Miss Rosenbaum with her files and letters and ledgers. She was loyal to the H H outfit and if she did try to show her authority it did not matter much to me for I knew that as soon as my plans were ready and the great machinery assembled and blasting begun they would be sending for me.

And this was more than a land development scheme. It was a good bit more. It meant immediate relief from over-population. It meant no war. There were times when I even thought that every rich foundation established to aid humanity, every public-spirited institution, should come to our aid and contribute what they could to help open the new continent.

In due time the "arrived safely" cable was delivered. I telephoned Walter Ropes and he came to our office to see the message with his own eyes. He looked at the big map of Africa on our wall and I pointed my finger to the spot on the coast where they landed. He was silent and I could see in his eyes the place looked far, far away.

Every week I mailed a small roll of blueprints and wrote a letter reporting progress and also asked for instructions. But never a word did I get in reply. Opening a new continent and building an empire is no child's task and I knew my questions would be answered just as soon as they got around to them. More important things came first.

Then we heard rather casually that there was difficulty with the necessary permits from the Belgian Government but that the machinery was being moved to the edge of the forest where they would soon demonstrate to the local officials just how they could blast through. Well, delays had to be expected.

Miss Wilmere in a letter to Walter Ropes gave quite a different picture of events. Some very unexpected things had occurred. There were hints that the Chicago mob had declared open war on the Pittsburgh gang and had begun blasting in unexpected places. Then also she had been frightened by the presence of a large snake right in their back yard and because of this she was staying with

*Continued on page 122*

Life's great moments

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## Little Forces of Nature

*Continued from pages 29-119-120*

Mrs. Pollitz. And Mr. Harrison was acting very queerly and wanted her to go on a boat trip with him alone which she refused. “Also,” she wrote, “the black natives have come to the coast in swarms. Whole tribes with their women and children arrive each day. They stand naked with their shields and spears and jabber and laugh when they see the machinery. They run after the tractors and roar so hard that they roll on the ground. Evidently there must be something about us that is very funny. They are, however, very friendly and have presented me with a shield and spear, but their constant laughter gets on your nerves. I wish I knew what was so funny. The men got one of the steam shovels assembled and working today and this was the occasion for the breaking out of a new delirium of laughter. There must have been about two hundred natives, a solid black ring around the steam shovel all roaring joyously. The men say that as soon as they begin their blasting these forest fools will all run home or wherever they came from.”

All this was contained in the one and only letter that Ropes received from Alice Wilmere. After two weeks of silence we suddenly got a rather mysterious cable. “Cancel machinery orders and discontinue mailing literature until further notice.” This sounded bad, but then that same afternoon I had a call from the steamship line to say that my passage was booked on the very next boat.

Well, now it was my turn and no matter what the trouble was I was going out to help break the ground that in time would become the new continent. I promised Walter Ropes faithfully that I would see Miss Wilmere even if she were a hundred miles in the jungle and that I would cable him full news at the first possible moment. Also, as you already know, I came in on the ground floor but once I arrived on the field of action I was to get fifty dollars a week. Naturally I was anxious to arrive. The boat was slow but steady and the captain most genial. He told all kinds of stories about the Gold Coast and advised me to drink lots of whiskey and stick close to the harbor. “I bring them out and I bring them back,” he said. “I know what I am talking about.”

Then several days later he learned that I was working for The United States of Africa Company, and he shook his head sadly. “You are certainly going to have your hands full,” he said. “Things were not going so good when I was in port four weeks ago.”

“I heard the men were quarreling among themselves,” I nodded.

“I wish they were,” he said with a smile. “I don't think they have breath enough to cuss each other.”

“And the women?”

“They had their hands full nursing the men. But you can't keep it up for long, not in that country. This was four weeks ago and in four weeks almost anything can happen.”

A day before we were to get into port we had a wireless asking if we had room for two women in the ship's hospital. The message said, “Important to get them out on first possible boat.”

We stood anxiously at the rail as we drew into the harbor and saw the tender leave promptly to come out to meet us. Two figures were bundled in blankets and soon I could recognize that these two were women and belonged to us. One was Alice Wilmere and the other certainly must have been Mrs. Pollitz, although she had lost so much weight that it was difficult to recognize her.

Two officials came on board and wanted to see my passport.

“It's all in good order,” I said.

They examined it and handed it back to me.

“Yes. It's in good order,” said one official in excellent English. “But still we are not going to give you permission to land.”

“But I have business here.”

“The business here is almost all over,” said the officer. “And we will be glad when it is finished up.”

“But Mr. Harrison expects me.”

“Mr. Harrison is in the hospital. He sent for you at our suggestion that somebody come out and take the women home.”

“What is wrong with them?”

“Malaria fever and pretty bad, too. We thought we'd better put them on this boat just to get them into a different climate as soon as possible. You go down the coast to Capetown and then when you get back this way in about three weeks or so we will probably have a few more for you to take home. Mr. Harrison has fixed it up with the steamship company.”

“Is he very ill?”

“Yes.”

“And Mr. Holt?”

“He died yesterday. Yellow fever.”

“And the others?”

“Six dead.”

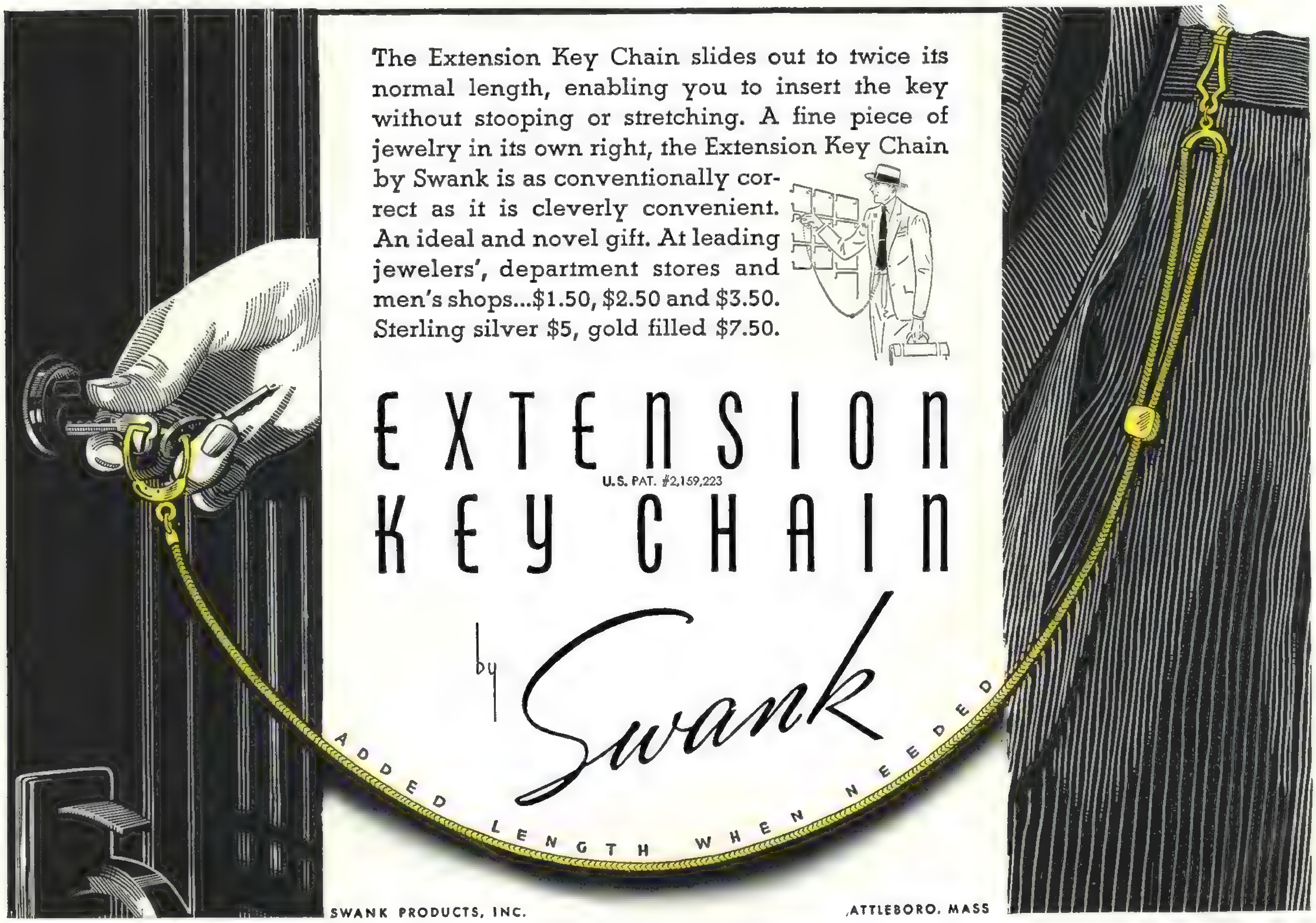
“And the rest—all of them down?”

“No, we have two in jail and the others are all in the hospital.”

“All with yellow fever?”

“No. Some even worse. We have quite a few little things that are a good deal more lingering and . . . We have sleeping sickness, for instance, and some other mal-

*Continued on page 124*



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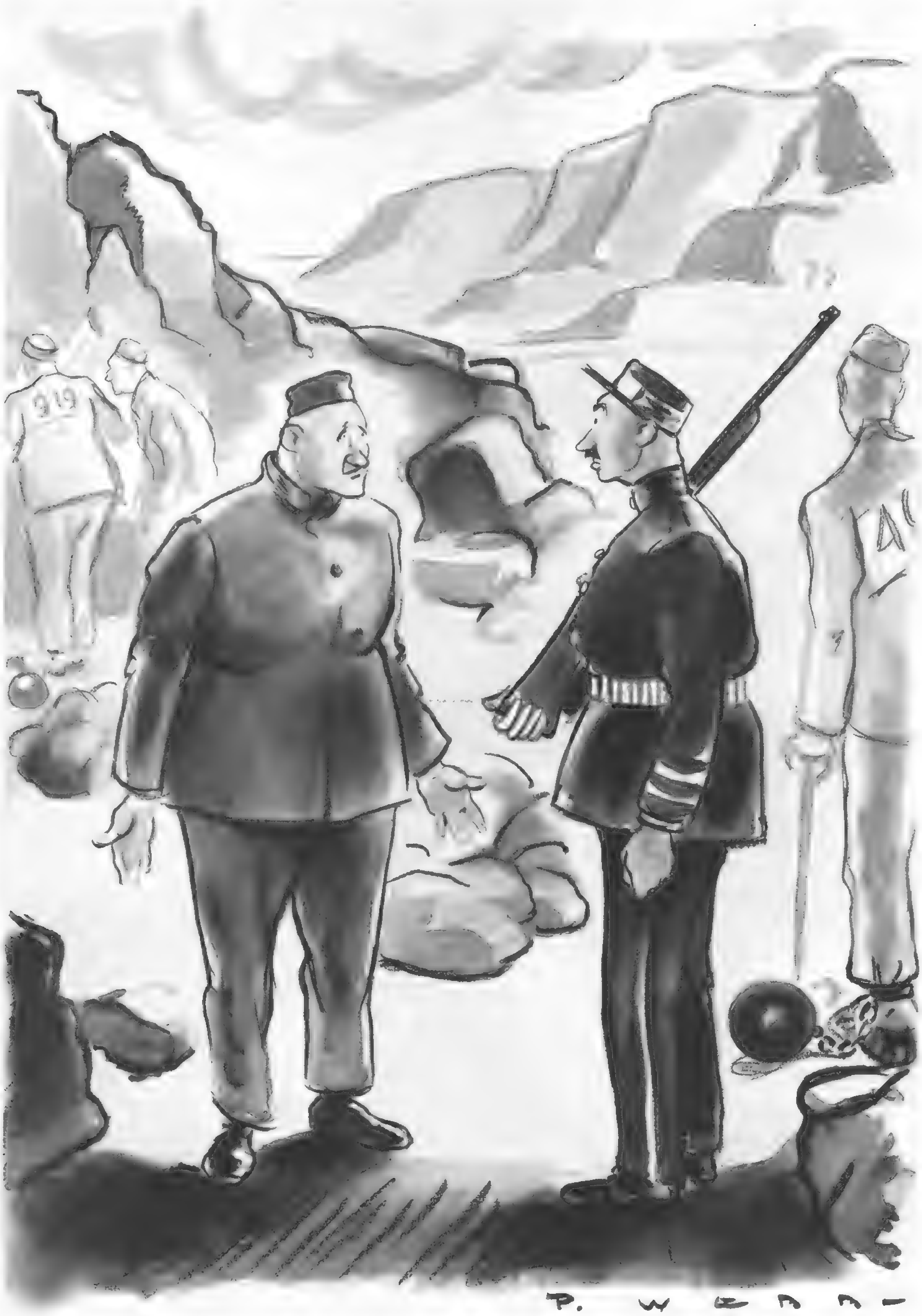
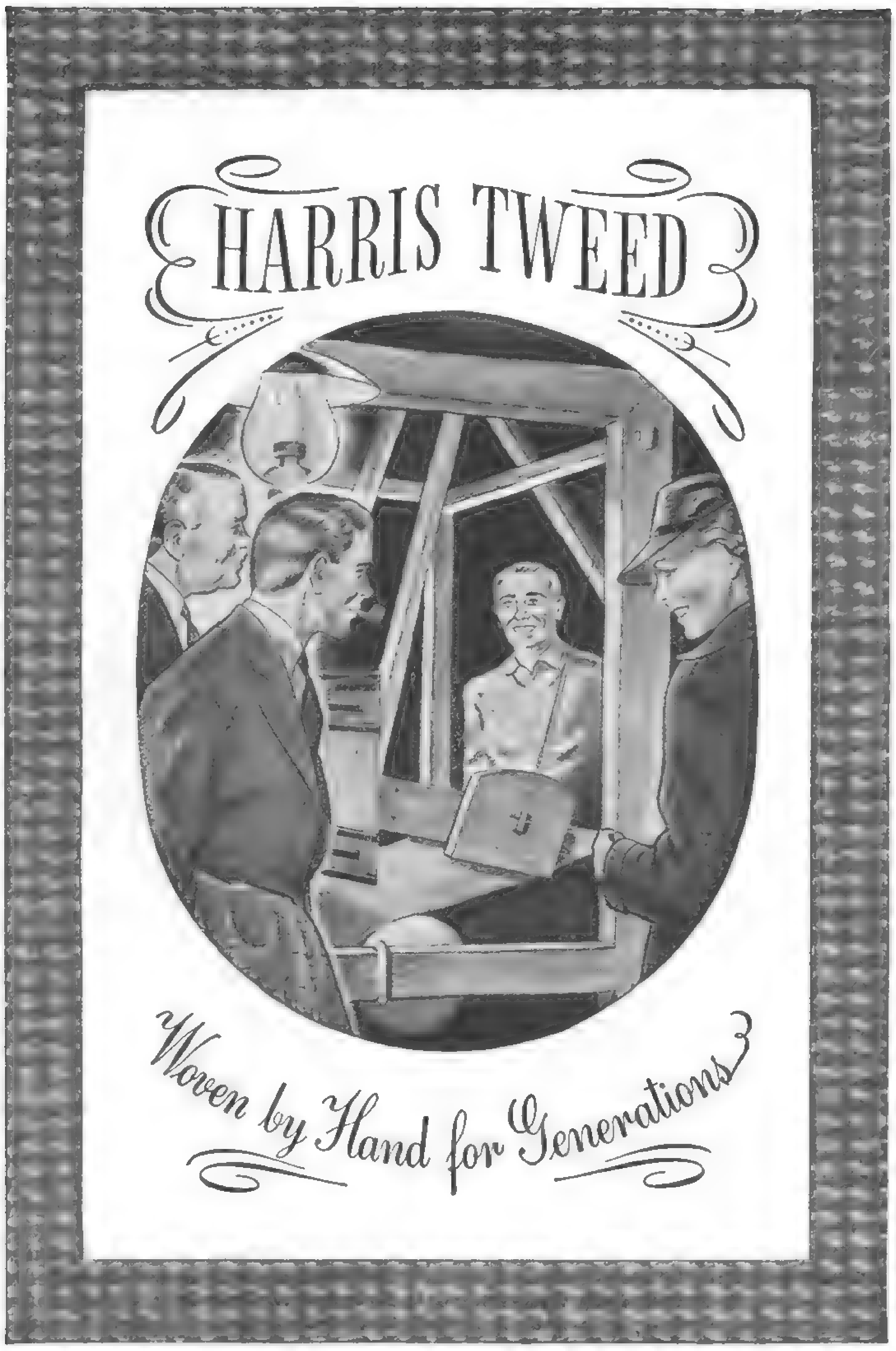


*"There must be some crooks around here—someone stole my sledge hammer"*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## Little Forces of Nature

*Continued from pages 29-119-120-122*

adies that are quite mysterious."

"All this is pretty grim. It is horrible!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," they said in a matter of fact way. "We certainly warned them when they landed here. But nothing seemed to discourage them. They spoke of horsepower and steam power and tons of dynamite. What good is dynamite against yellow fever or malaria germs? They went ten miles into the jungle to get to a real dense section to try out the machinery. They couldn't have picked a worse place. Natives came by each day to note the progress and laugh at the engines, but finding them all down with fever sent word to us. We had to carry them out one by one. Two of the Chicago crew, fever or no fever, we brought straight into jail to await trial. They thought it a good joke to try out their dynamite on several native villages. They said that the Negroes' laughter got on their nerves. And so we hope you will understand. There is nothing personal against you. Only we think it best under the circumstances not to allow you to land. Besides you have really come out to take home the women and they are now on board. We will see you when you get back from the Cape and have some more passengers for you."

As we were drawing out of the harbor the captain lent me his marine glasses and pointed to a little spot on the hillside. I looked and read the sign "United States of Africa Company." This was evidently the harbor terminal and looking closer I could see that the whole field was dotted with rusty machinery and at one side a wooden frame of a bungalow had been started but it looked badly out of plumb and nothing like the dimensions called for in my blueprints. The ground was strewn with planks and barrels and weeds were growing everywhere. It was hard to believe that so much rust and such tall weeds could grow up in so short a time. It was hard to believe that this pile of junk had been selected piece by piece from those beautiful photographs that Harrison once showed me. Evidently nature in the tropics is a little different from nature in other zones. It does strange things. And it made me conclude that the unforeseen is very mighty and the best ideals in the world can suddenly become a pile of junk. This back yard of wreckage was what was left of the great new continent.

The women ran a pretty high fever but only on alternate days. They were very weak and had little to say. I kept my word with Ropes and sent him a wireless.

As we got farther away from the Equator a fresh breeze began to blow and the women made rapid strides toward recovery. We soon had them on the deck in chairs and from time to time I heard snatches of the forest nightmare that they had been through. There were feuds, rivalries, jealousies, there were open fights and threats among the men and at night, now and then, a little indiscriminate bombing. Two crew hands were killed even before the fevers came to pacify all.

Mrs. Pollitz must have lost forty or fifty pounds of her fat. She sent a cable from every port to her husband who was down with some water fever in the hospital. He was out of danger and now and again she would take a deep breath and exclaim, "Praise be to God! If we only get back to Pittsburgh!"

Miss Wilmere recovered enough to regret having left behind her shield and spear. We did not tarry long and as soon as we unloaded the American automobiles and took on a cargo we started back.

Once more I looked through the captain's glasses as we entered the harbor but now the weeds were so high that the sign of our company could no longer be seen and only here and there a spot of rust showed through the foliage and indicated the presence of the expensive machinery. Now I began to understand why the black natives thought it all so funny.

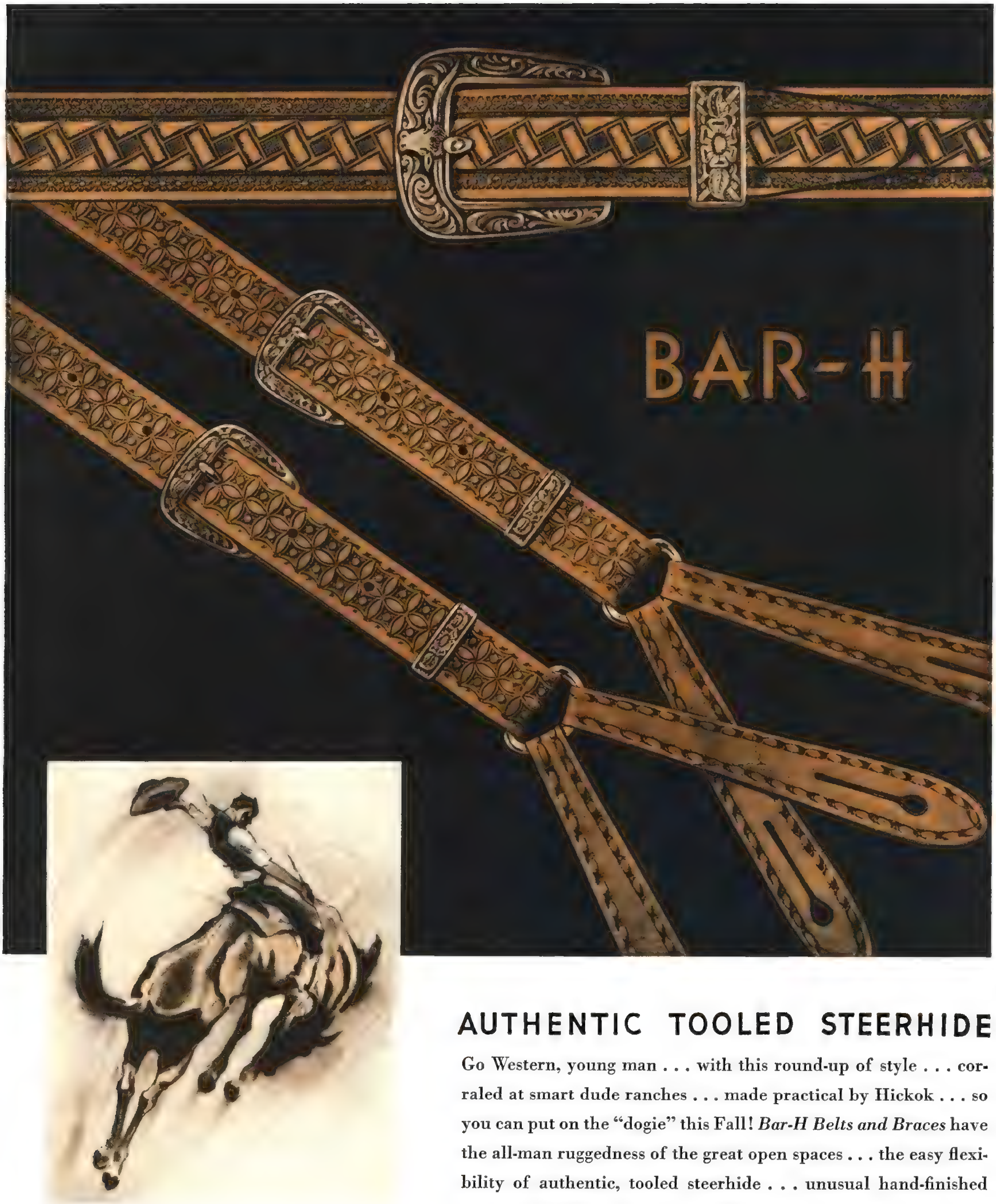
We took on a very sorry-looking load. The two ranch hands were carried on first. They were too weak to walk. Mr. Pollitz, the big Pittsburgh crew foreman, had to be helped up from the tender. He could walk, but very slowly. Two men of his Pittsburgh crew also came on and three of the Baltimore steam-shovel gang. Their condition was better than any. As for the six tough boys from Chicago only two came aboard. Two died in prison awaiting trial and two died in the hospital. The two who survived were taken to the ship's hospital and the doctor seemed to think it might be some form of sleeping sickness.

Mr. Harrison was not allowed to come aboard. Although he was up and about, still he had been down with something quite infectious and would have to remain over. If nothing further developed he would be allowed to board the next boat. There were three others also held over, and that accounts for the whole boatload that sailed so cheerfully to blast open the new continent. The rest were dead.

Miss Wilmere wired ahead to make sure that they did not forget her shield and spear and as we came into New York harbor she brought these on deck and of course when the reporters came on board she was photographed in war-like poses. Ropes was waiting on the dock. She cried in his arms and said, "A girl should go to Bermuda or Havana first. It was all too sudden."

I must not forget to tell about Harrison. While our salaries had been suspended and the office 505 closed up, nevertheless he took care of every one. They had the best hospital attention possible and we all had first-class passage and the purser had extra money to pay for drinks at the bar and for

*Continued at top of page 126*



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Go Western, young man . . . with this round-up of style . . . corraled at smart dude ranches . . . made practical by Hickok . . . so you can put on the "dogie" this Fall! *Bar-H Belts and Braces* have the all-man ruggedness of the great open spaces . . . the easy flexibility of authentic, tooled steerhide . . . unusual hand-finished wrought metal buckles . . . and they're priced surprisingly at a *Buck-and-a-Half* and a *Buck!* Git along and lasso a few for yourself!

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Ancient Bottle
Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
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Seagram's
Ancient Bottle Gin and Soda

Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

Imagine a pale golden gin—so mellow you can mix it like a whiskey highball—with just ice cubes and soda. Seagram's Ancient Bottle is the world's most distinguished gin—delicately fragrant—mild as a vintage sauterne. Try it the new summertime way—in a cooling highball—or mixed in a "golden Martini." It's the smoothest and smartest drink of the year.

*Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.*

*AT AMERICA'S FINEST BARS AND PACKAGE STORES*

## Little Forces of Nature

*Continued from pages 29-119-120-122-124*

tips. The men from Pittsburgh had railroad tickets as well as those from Chicago and Baltimore. That was probably about as much as the company could do.

I was hoping that possibly I might have seen Harrison when he got back to New York but I had a card from him saying that on his arrival he had gone straight to Texas where he was recuperating. And that is really the end of the whole continent business that was laid low—so low—by those little forces of nature.

About a year later I got a note to come to room 818 in the Western Building about some work. It was Harrison!

"Well, boy, you were the lucky one," he said, shaking my hand. "You came in on the ground floor and you certainly batted them out for us and you were lucky. Very lucky. Well now, let bygones be bygones. I need some drawings, just pen and ink, so that I can get out this literature. What I need is a picture of a great big powerful wave pounding on the surf, with the spray in the air and down here just a sketch of the turbine—that's our new patent—and have two wires come up and a big electric spark jumping between the ends of the wires. To think of all the force and power that every day is going to waste in the pounding of the waves! Oh, it makes you sick! I tell you, boy, there are forces in nature that men know nothing about. Just make the picture of the wave breaking and another one of this model turbine. That wouldn't run into much work, would it?"

"About ten dollars each," I said.

"All right, go ahead. And let me have them as soon as possible. May have more work for you later on, and if we incorporate, well then I will certainly be thinking of you and see that you come in on the ground floor." ⧺

## So You Want to Fly?

*Continued from page 73*

long gentle circle to the left. You straighten out and try one to the right. A few more and you're doing wobbly figure eights. Within twenty minutes you've learned to control an airplane. But all the time you've been cautioned about keeping the nose down even with the horizon, never far above it, and the danger of a stall.

For you've learned that an airplane derives its lift from the air flowing over the curved upper side of the wing. Once a plane is pulled up sharply to stalling speed and the air ceases to flow smoothly, the wing will lose its "lift." Being nose heavy it will drop nose down into a spin.

"What about a tailspin? Aren't they dangerous?" you ask a bit apprehensively.

"Not any more," he answers quietly. "Not unless you're right against the ground. You see, airplanes are so designed today that even in a spin they automatically will straighten out within a turn and a half if the controls are left in neutral."

He glances at his wristwatch. You've been up twenty-two minutes, with eight more to go. He glances down through the window to the field now two thousand feet below, its crossed runways making a huge figure X in a big square. He shuts off the motor and starts down in a circling glide.

"You've done about enough for the first day," he says, "so we'll shoot a couple of landings, and perhaps you can try one just to get an idea of how it's done."

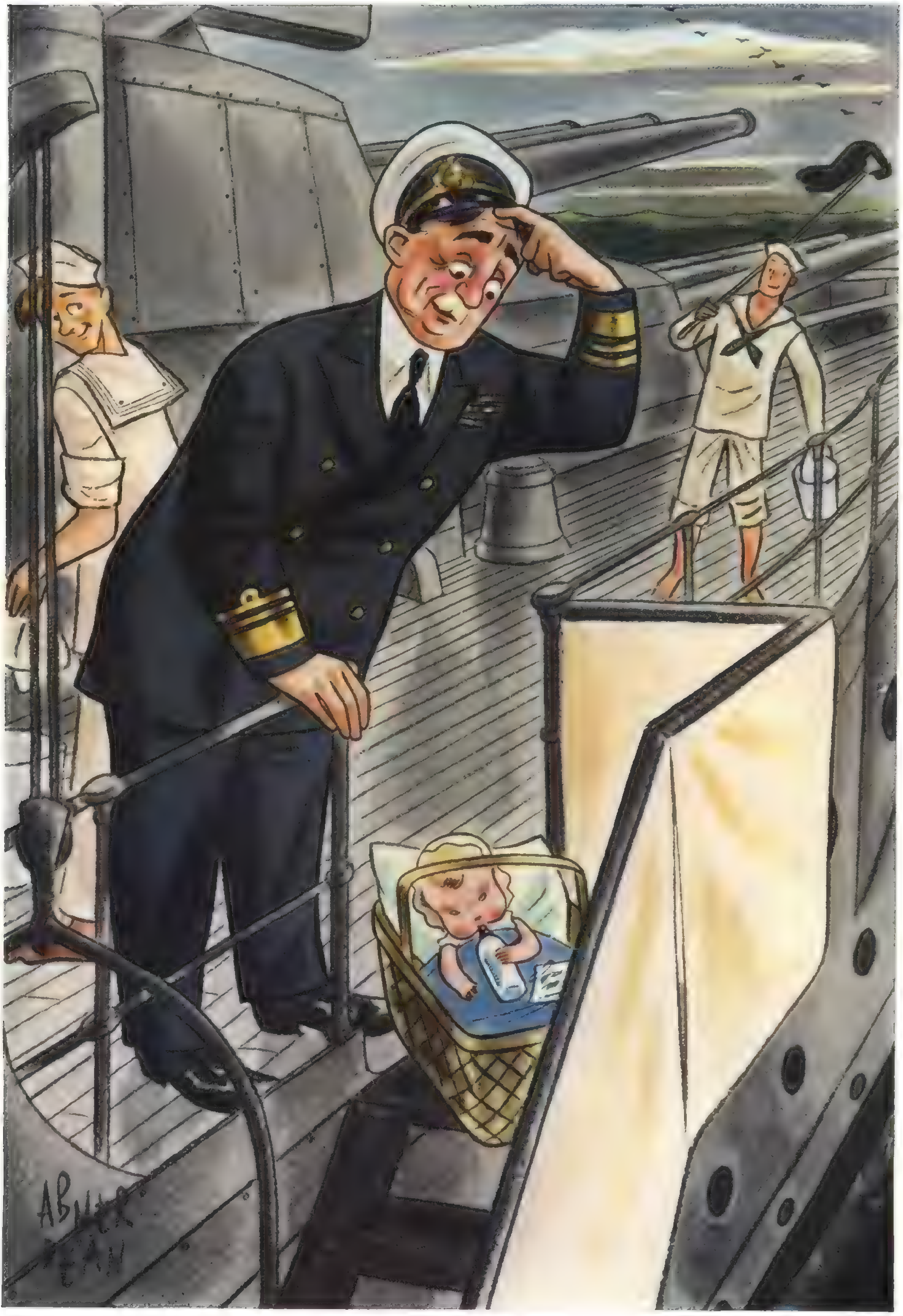
You take hands and feet from the controls and watch as he comes down over the end of the field and flattens out a few feet above the ground, waiting for the ship to lose flying speed. It floats along above the ground at thirty-five miles per hour, slows, and then you feel it begin to settle under you. Then the stick comes all the way back against the seat and against your stomach, and you find the nose high above the horizon with you sitting at about the position you sit when leaning far back in your favorite rocker. For the first time you learn that a plane is not landed level on two wheels, but on the wheels and tail skid (or tail wheel) at the same time. This, you learn, is a three-point landing.

Again he takes off and again you watch him land. On the third try you feel the stick in your own hand and listen to his cool voice as the plane comes gliding down toward the end of the runway.

"Pull up the nose a little—you're coming in too fast. There, that's better. Flatten her out a little more until she's about ten feet off the ground. Don't grip the stick too tight. Let her land herself. Careful now, she's slowing down, getting ready to settle. When she does pull the stick all the way back—there! All the way back."

You pull it all the way back against your stomach with his help, and from underneath comes the rumble of wheels and tail skid coming into contact with the oiled surface of the runway. You sit watching while he gently applies brakes, and brings the ship to a stop. Then he shows you how to gun the motor and use one brake to turn around and head toward the hangar. He lets you handle the controls, which now are no longer sensitive but loose and loggy. You taxi over to the hangar and gingerly close the throttle, cut the switch on the two magnetos. You get out of the ship, and suddenly realize that thirty minutes of unconscious tension while at the controls has left you all tired out.

You've just had your first flying lesson. ⧺


ABNER DEAN

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IF HE'S AS HANDSOME AS HIS LUGGAGE—I WANT TO MEET HIM!

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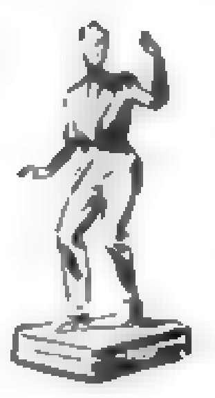

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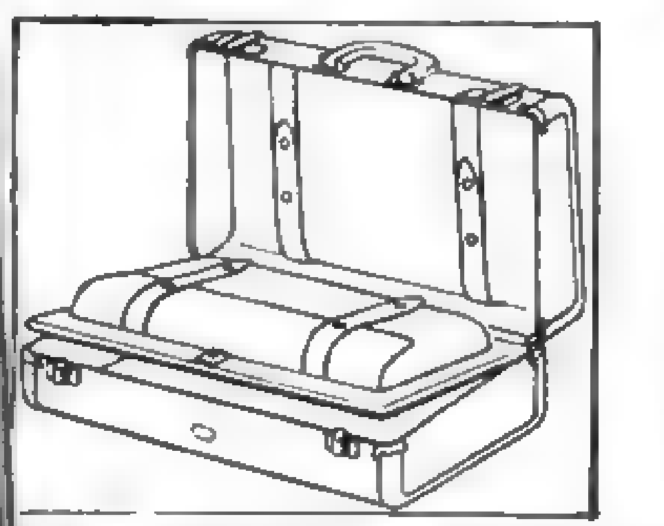

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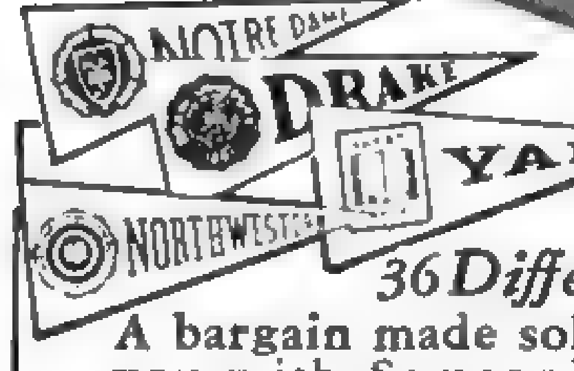

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15¢

SAMSONITE *Streamlite* LUGGAGE

## Women Can't Cook

*Continued from page 51*

one for myself. I get my nice new cookbook, and page 564 tells me to have a cup of crab meat, (see page 289). Page 289 tells me how to clean a crab, and leaves me very doubtful as to my ability to eliminate all the undesirable elements. Then I need a quarter of a cup of mushrooms, finely chopped. That's simple. I can chop. Next comes buttered bread crumbs (page 84). That's simple, too. Next comes a cup of Velouté sauce (page 498). This calls for butter, flour, salt, pepper, and a cup of chicken stock (pp. 348, 349). I turn to these pages to learn that what I next have to do is buy a *four-pound chicken*, remove wings and legs, separate breast and back, and then......... It would have consumed four hours and nine dollars, or thereabouts. Not long afterwards, I came across a recipe from George Rector, which taught me how to make deviled crab for six people at a cost of about seventy-five cents, in fifteen minutes.

A four-pound chicken for one cup of stock to make a Velouté sauce to go over a deviled crab! Aw, nertz! And the cookbook is a woman's culinary bible. But, as I said before, I prefer the woman who sticks to the recipe to the one who falls back on her "imagination." It's the lesser of two catastrophes. Women have yet to become acquainted with the basic elements of food, to prowl timidly among the embellishments, to get a feeling of which seasonings enhance the flavors of which elements, to learn which temperatures bring out the best in them, and which sauces give them allure.

A woman won't "prowl timidly." She has her measuring cup and a set of spoons which measure from a tablespoon down to a pinch. Those are her measurements, and she's going to stick to them. She also has a pastry tube. In fact she may have many pastry tubes. She loves them. Also potato ricers, with which she will produce riced potatoes, the very lowest form of food fit for human (so called) consumption. (Not far behind riced potatoes comes creamed chip beef—beef in its very lowest form, smothered with a floured mucilage, and which so many women seem to love.)

She emits two "fuffs" and a brace of "poohs" when you timidly recommend the purchase of a pepper grinder, so that you can experience the joy of freshly ground pepper. She smothers things in paprika, whether it belongs or not, merely because it "looks pretty." I suppose paprika has its place. So far as I am concerned, it can go in or stay out. But Rector seems to put much store by it, and whatever he says, goes with me. Anyhow, he never advises it because it "looks pretty."

But nothing, *nothing* can give a man as much pain as the way of a woman with a steak or a roast chicken. She has to tinker. There is some irresistible force within her which makes it imperative for her to tinker at some of the most solemn and important moments. She has to peek. She always has a large, long-pronged fork, and she will, in spite of what any protesting male can say or do, plunge that fork into the tender morsel of beef which is broiling. She will puncture that bit of heaven, and allow all the lovely juices to escape to steam. She simply will emasculate that steak, unless you strangle her or stick her own fork into her pretty throat—which is no fun. You lose your dinner companion.

And she *will* keep on basting the chicken. Men know now, that if you massage a chicken gently, with soft butter, dredge him with whole wheat flour, you will seal his juices into his own ample bosom. After that, you need only encourage him with a bit of wine and melted butter, say every half-hour. But the woman—she'll have none of this butter and flour business. She'll baste and baste and baste. She has a hysterical urge to look at him every eight minutes or so. She cools the oven. She interferes with his peaceful passing. After her frenzied basting, what is left under the chicken for sauce at the end, is a melancholy welter. She uses (God help her) water! So having cooled and drowned a lovely fowl, she brings him, with trills of triumph, to the table.

After that, you will probably get fruit and marshmallows. But you won't recognize them as such. Not at the beginning. The man who invented marshmallows should have been lynched years ago. Maybe he was. But I'll wager that not even he ever imagined what modern women would do with them with the aid of whipped cream and a bit of what they call vegetable coloring. They turn perfectly respectable fruits into American flags, Easter bunnies, or Santa Claus. They expect you to eat the damn things. Sometimes, you do!

Not so long ago, I was dragged along (poor sap) to a bridge function. A "salad" appeared. It was jellied and cut into hearts, diamonds, spades and things. It had salad dressing on it. Purple salad dressing, so help me! My fair companion saw the look in my eye and whispered, hastily, "Close your eyes and take a taste." I did, and I must admit that it didn't taste as revolting as it looked. That would have been impossible.

In one of our more sophisticated New York periodicals, I read a piece for women (written by a woman) proclaiming that modern housewives were discovering (sic) the exciting possibilities of pan broiling meats. It admonished, severely, that you must have an iron skillet! Shades of all good cooks. They've just discovered it!

I think that last observation just goes to show what I've been talking about all this time. Today, women can't cook. Maybe they're beginning to learn, but they've a long way to go. #

## Nothing to Worry About

*Continued from page 42*

best place he is off is right here in stir, where, like I been trying to tell you, a guy hasn't got anything to worry about, he gets his rent and clothing free, his groceries three times a day, all the books he can read, and a baseball game on Sunday morning."

"Maybe you are right," said the little man. "I don't know. I still want outa here. I guess it's a habit I went and picked up some place."

"Certainly it's a habit," said the big man. "The only reason you want out of here is because everybody else wants out of here, and not because it's any nicer on the outside."

"Why then does everybody want outa here if it ain't any nicer on outside?"

"Because," said the big man, "they ain't got good sense."

"All right," said the little man. "For the sake of argument, say for instance that I don't want outa here. Suppose for example a guy is better off here than he is on the outside. Just for the hell of it, we'll make believe a guy would rather be here than any place he can think of. What about the loved ones?"

"What about the loved ones? What loved ones?"

"The loved ones at home," the little man said. "The little old mother or something who waits patiently fer her wanderin' boy to return. Even if a guy is better off hisself in the clink, he has got to think of his responsibilities. Maybe the little old mother prays every night fer her wanderin' boy to come home."

"More than probably," said the big man, "the little old mother prays every night to keep her wandering boy locked up nice and safe in the clink so that she will not have to sit and worry where he is at. From what I have noticed of these gooks around here, it is ten to one the biggest favor they could do the loved ones at home is to stay just where they are."

"The trouble with you," said the little man, "you undoubtedly ain't got no heart. You ain't got no sentiment. Bein' in the clink has made you tough turkey."

"To the contrary," said the big man. "The very reason I keep on telling you it's pretty nice and that we have not got nothing to worry about is because of the very reason that I am looking on the sentimental side of life with rose-color glasses. It is you which do not have any imagination, because for example I will bet that you don't figure it is a lucky break to be in the clink where there isn't no gasoline trucks or cross-country busses or reckless automobile drivers rushing through this yard."

"For once you are right," the little man said. "The first cross-country bus that comes rushin' through this here yard he could be sure of at least one customer."

"Because," continued the big man, ignoring the inference in the other's remark, "because while you read in the papers that on the outside somebody is being constantly ran over by one of those gas wagons, you never read in no paper where any con in any clink is ever been the victim of some hit-and-run driver."

"Just the same—"

"And another thing," said the big man. "Supposing a war busts out. The safest place a guy can be when a war busts out is right here in the clink."

"Yes, but—"

"And that ain't all. On the outside a guy is always into trouble with women. On the outside it is very easy for a smart guy to get into trouble with women. But in the clink it is very tough even for a dumb guy to get into trouble with women."

"All right," said the little man. "But—"

"Besides that, you got to consider that on the outside a fellow is maybe walking along minding his own business and they puts the pinch on him because a warehouse is been stuck up and the cops have to pinch somebody. Here you don't have to worry over being framed."

"Sure," said the little man. "That's all very true. On the other hand—"

"On the other hand there is always a very good chance on the outside of being an innocent bystander. An innocent bystander is a fellow that if a piano falls on his head it was just an accident."

"Yes, but maybe—"

"And then suppose a fellow gets lucky and pulls a job on the outside and makes a little cash. In a case like that, what happens? The minute he shows up in a pair of pants without no holes in them his pals or his relatives all put the bee on him and before he can say Jack Robertson, why his pants is full of holes again. While on the inside all he has to do if there is holes in his pants is to put in for another pair. And it also stands to reason that while he is in the clink he is not going to have the bee put on him by his pals."

Overwhelmed, the little man shook his head. "Maybe you are right," he murmured sadly. "I guess after all a guy is a sucker to want out of a nice place like this."

"Certainly," said the big man. "That's what I've been telling you. This is pretty nice," he added, flexing his arms again. "Well, my stretch will be up in six days. Boy, does the time go slow! But me, I ain't complaining. While a guy is in the clink he hasn't got a thing in the world to worry about. It's all in the imagination."

The little man's mouth fell open. "You mean to stand there and say you only got six days to—"

But the raucous chime of the gong rang out, ending the exercise period.

"Six days and a rollover. Yes, sir," the big man repeated. "Worry is all in the imagination." His voice trailed off as he lost himself in the crowd that shuffled toward the prison gate. ⌗

# "I GET SORE WHEN YOU KISS ME" SAID THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

**"GET YOURSELF A BARBASOL FACE"** she said. Well, I didn't realize how rough and bristly my face must have felt to her until I tried Barbasol. Boy, you should feel my skin now. Clean as a pin and smooth as silk. If you want to make a hit with women, get a Barbasol Face.

Emmons Campbell

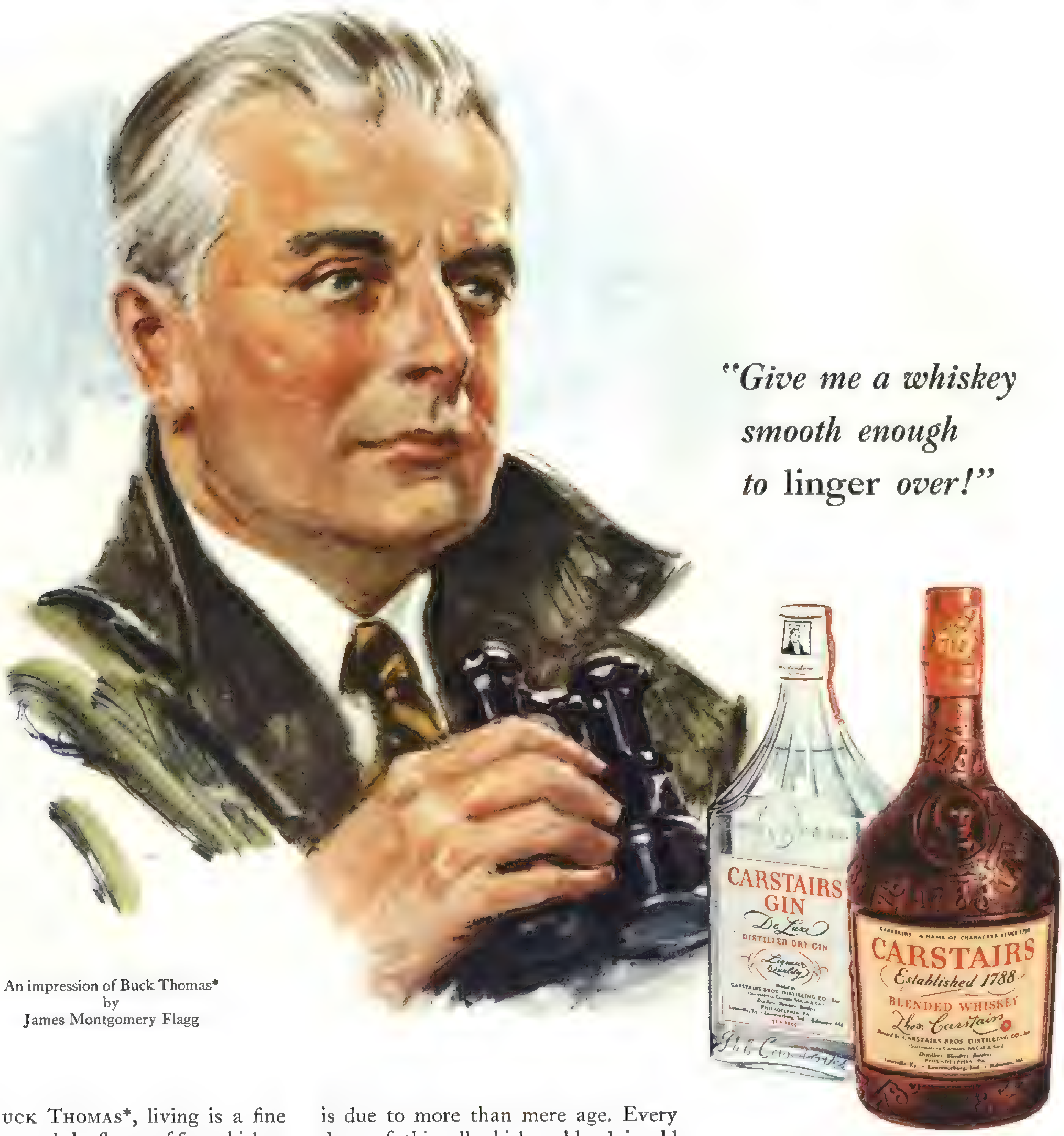
**THE TRAVELING MAN** had his shaving troubles until he switched to Barbasol. No messy brush to pack on train or plane. The quickest, sweetest shaves, too—gets your face in shape to meet the customer and leaves your skin feeling like a million.

**FEEL THE IMPROVEMENT**—Try Barbasol for just ten days. Note how much smoother, fresher your skin feels—how much younger-looking. No harsh irritants in Barbasol to bite and burn, even roughen the skin. Barbasol is a modern cream, containing beneficial ingredients that soothe the skin as well as soften the beard. Ask your druggist for Barbasol. Three sizes—25¢, 50¢, 75¢. Barbasol Blades, 5 for 15¢.

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Sanitary Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush · No Lather · No Rub in

For modern shaving—
No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

# Buck says: *"Haste Dulls Taste"*



*"Give me a whiskey*
*smooth enough*
*to* linger *over!"*

An impression of Buck Thomas*
by
James Montgomery Flagg

To Buck Thomas*, living is a fine art... and the flavor of fine whiskey one of its keener delights. Buck measures pleasure by quality, not quantity. He is a "Man who Cares".

Buck *expected* quality from a name honored since 1788. And in Carstairs Whiskey he found it . . . the perfect balance of rich mellow flavor with light-bodied smoothness.

The smooth deliciousness of Carstairs is due to more than mere age. Every drop of this all-whiskey blend is old enough to be bottled in bond; but the secret of its distinctive character is superb blending, of great straight whiskies chosen for richness of flavor, with rare and exquisite *special* whiskies distilled expressly to impart light body and delicate bouquet. A whiskey to *sip* at leisure—not to gulp in haste!

**The name "Buck Thomas" is not a specific individual; but merely a type; the type of "man who cares".*

The Highball of Character
"CARSTAIRS *and* SODA"

**CARSTAIRS BLENDED WHISKEY.** An 86.8 proof blend of whiskies. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 57½% straight whiskey and 42½% other whiskey four years or more old.

**CARSTAIRS GIN DE LUXE.** Distilled Dry Gin. A gin of Liqueur Quality, 94.4 proof. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., N.Y.C.

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## The Man who Cares says:- CARSTAIRS

## What People Talk About

Continued from page 27

burglary, and blackmail. Murders receive more verbal attention than do either football or baseball. Robberies and tennis seem to be equal favorites, as do rape and golf. Symphonies are discussed slightly more often than the finer points of forgery and burglary, but probably not by the same people. The scant attention paid blackmail implies that only during a serious slump in criminal activities does it become important to conversationalists.

Clothes bulk large in the conversational budget. References to dresses and coats are slightly more numerous than those to hats, shoes, suits, and ties, but all these are evidently more important than shirts, belts, or stockings. Trousers and socks inspire still less verbal activity. Even in this advanced age of enlightenment, there is comparative reticence about items of underwear.

Since the heroes an individual worships are supposed to be some index to his character, a listing of the historical eminents mentioned by Americans might be significant as to the American character. The usual standard, frequency of mention in ordinary conversation, was used in compiling this list; those mentioned oftenest come first. (Strictly American heroes such as Washington and Lincoln are not included, because of the unavoidable weighting in their favor.)

1. Caesar, Columbus
2. Solomon, Moses, Jesus
3. Cromwell
4. Queen Victoria, Luther, Napoleon
5. Lafayette, Brutus
6. Charlemagne
7. La Salle, Cleopatra
8. Nero
9. Magellan
10. Xerxes
11. Calvin
12. Mohammed
13. Richelieu
14. Hannibal
15. Marquette

It seems to be pretty obvious that we, as a people, have a deep respect for the sturdier virtues of human character. Cleopatra and Nero, whose chief claims to fame are probably glamor and originality in wickedness, poll comparatively lightly in the list. The Siren of the Nile must be considerably piqued at her complete eclipse by Queen Victoria. Soldiers are popular, but so are explorers and religious leaders. Taken as a sampling of our ideals, this list certainly shows no reason for shame.

Perhaps we haven't as much regard for science and scientists as we should have. An equivalent list for leaders in their field of endeavor, arranged according to frequency of mention, would place Darwin first among them, but his vote would plank him alongside Lafayette and Brutus. Newton and Pasteur who come next among the scientists, would have to share honors with Nero. Edison's name comes up about as often as that of Xerxes. Lister would trail Marquette.

Writers are of somewhat more concern than scientists. The most talked-about are Shakespeare, Milton, and Homer, who would rank in popularity with Cromwell in the historical division. Longfellow comes next. Molière, Pepys, Bryant, and Shelley come last. Tabulating mentions of writers results in some curious pairings of sharers of equal favor. Scott, for instance, ranks with Plato, and Dickens with Socrates.

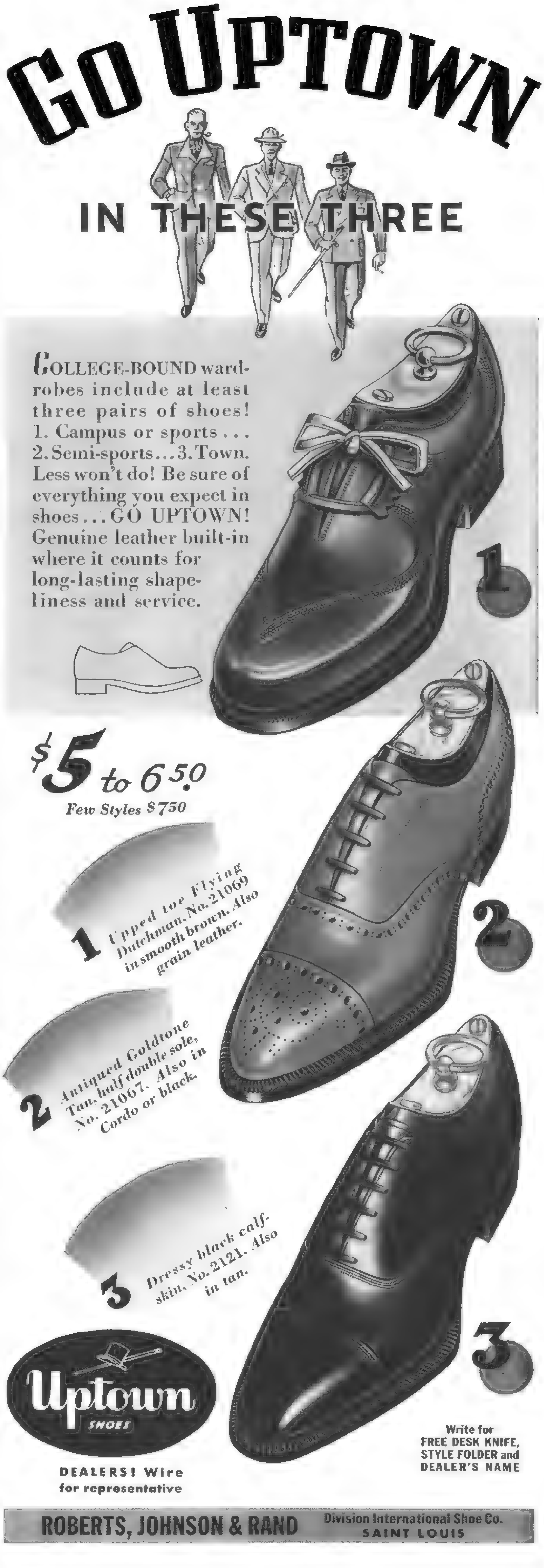
The list of Americans' favorite fictional characters, arranged in their order of occurrence in conversation, reveals interesting trends:

1. Santa Claus, Satan
2. Cinderella
3. Robinson Crusoe, Hiawatha
4. Bo-Peep
5. Romeo, Juliet
6. Scrooge
7. Galahad, Lancelot
8. Ulysses
9. Othello
10. Faust
11. Gawain, Miles Standish
12. Shylock, Falstaff, King Lear
13. Portia
14. Puck, Pocahontas, Sinbad, Caliban

A strong romantic tendency appears, as well as a reverence for high idealism, admiration for adventurousness, and a healthy interest in the supernatural. The popularity of many of these probably indicates strong symptoms of wish fulfilment. Juveniles are responsible for the leading position of the Christmas Saint, but only adults could have given him his running mate! The appearance of three strictly American creations in the list is noteworthy, and Shakespeare seems to have more than his share of entrants.

Classical allusions are rather rare in general talking. The most frequent of them are to Cupid, who leads this field, and after him, to Diana and Venus. Minerva and Bacchus are least often dusted off conversationally. Minerva has never quite been able to live down the fact that she was the goddess of intelligence, and Bacchus, while being a jolly good fellow and all that, unbuckled his inhibitions a little too often.

Among entertaining trivia highlighted by a study of word-usage frequencies, are these: *Pajamas* is a much commoner word than *nightshirt*, but not so much commoner than *nightgown*. Maybe social habits are reflected by this. Colors most frequently mentioned are red, yellow, green, and blue; next come orange, purple, and pink; last is violet. Monday, Friday, and Sunday occur in conversation more than do the other days. Marriages are talked about more often than divorces, but both much more often than are honeymoons. People say *yes* twice as often as they say *no*, and blonds are commented upon more often than brunets: a ratio of 9 to 13. ⌗



GO UPTOWN

IN THESE THREE

COLLEGE-BOUND wardrobes include at least three pairs of shoes! 1. Campus or sports . . . 2. Semi-sports . . . 3. Town. Less won't do! Be sure of everything you expect in shoes . . . GO UPTOWN! Genuine leather built-in where it counts for long-lasting shapeliness and service.

$5 to 6.50

Few Styles $7.50

1 Upped toe Flying Dutchman, No. 21069 in smooth brown. Also grain leather.

2 Antiqued Goldtone Tan, half double sole, No. 21067. Also in Cordo or black.

3 Dressy black calfskin, No. 2121. Also in tan.

Uptown SHOES

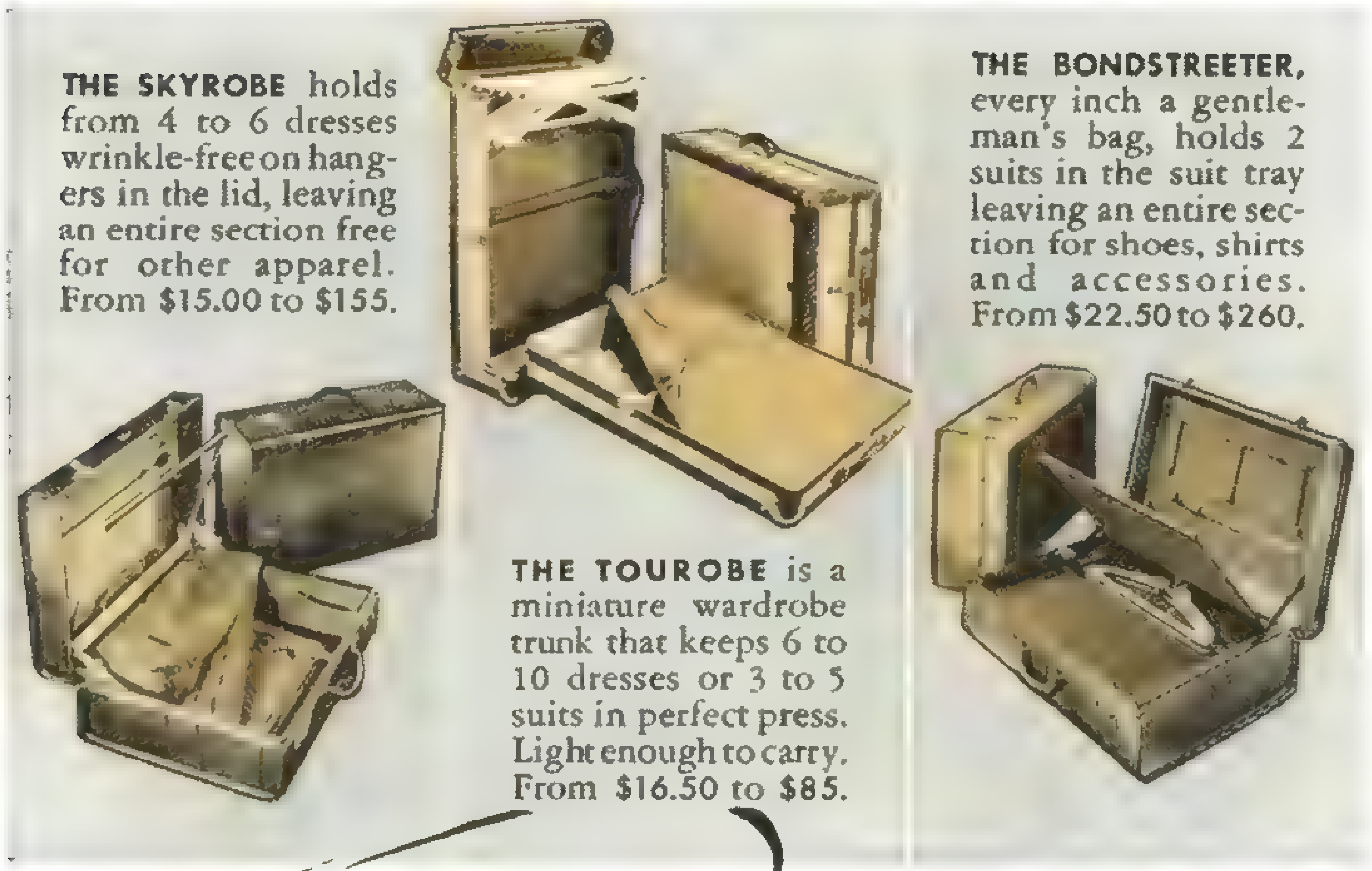
DEALERS! Wire for representative

Write for FREE DESK KNIFE, STYLE FOLDER and DEALER'S NAME

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND Division International Shoe Co. SAINT LOUIS

"Remember when we left for school? We were as proud of our Hartmanns then as they are now of theirs."

Off to school, with at least 16 trips in 4 short years ahead. Their choice of Hartmann luggage will be more than justified by Hartmann's 60 years of practical experience.



**THE SKYROBE** holds from 4 to 6 dresses wrinkle-free on hangers in the lid, leaving an entire section free for other apparel. From $15.00 to $155.

**THE BONDSTREETER,** every inch a gentleman's bag, holds 2 suits in the suit tray leaving an entire section for shoes, shirts and accessories. From $22.50 to $260.

**THE TOUROBE** is a miniature wardrobe trunk that keeps 6 to 10 dresses or 3 to 5 suits in perfect press. Light enough to carry. From $16.50 to $85.

HARTMANN *Luggage*

Write Hartmann, Racine, Wisconsin, for *colored folders* and name of your nearest dealer.

*THE WARDROBE TRUNK by Hartmann comes in fibre, canvas or rawhide coverings. Keeps all the clothes you need at school or college safe and wrinkle-free. From $25.00 to $320.00.

*"YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT CARE-FREE TRAVEL IS UNTIL YOU TRAVEL HARTMANN"*

## The Man Who Was Convertible

*Continued from page 33*

don't give it to them they beat hell out of you or something."

"Isn't there anything I can do?" asked the man.

The blonde girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Go argue with the President," she said, and wandered away again.

As the man who could turn himself inside out left the bar later that afternoon, he was pinioned suddenly between two people. He was not surprised to discover that they were the circus performers.

"Unpinion me," he said.

"No," said the buxom lady. "We need you."

The man who could turn himself inside out hailed a policeman who was strolling by.

"What's the matter, break it up," said the cop.

"They want me to tell them how to turn themselves inside out," explained the man courteously.

"Oho," said the cop.

"Like this," explained the man, and he turned himself inside out.

"An introvert, hey," said the cop, who had made high marks at police school.

"Aren't you going to help me?" suggested the man.

"Nuts," said the cop. "You get stuck, I'll get the Supreme Court to reverse you."

He had a pretty wit, even though his teeth were bad, and he walked away.

The circus people stuffed the man into a taxicab and took him to their apartment. There the circus man held him by the arms, while the lady took her dress off.

"Make me turn inside out," she commanded.

"No," said the man. "It is anatomically impossible. Especially for you," he added, eying her.

He looked about him at their little room. Old slippers littered the floor, and rags were stuffed into the cracks of the cocktail bar. A few depressed tubes of grease-paint lay on the dresser and over all hovered the sad, pathetic, gay smell of talcum powder. It seemed to the man that all the meaning of life lay in the sad attempt of these two failures to extract the secret of success from him by force. The meek were in a hurry to inherit the earth. This, then, was the climax of struggle; you dreamed and dreamed and ended up in a little bedroom, with a rough man pinioning your arms and a bright blonde in her lingerie in front of you begging for the sad privilege of turning herself inside out.

The man behind him took out a gun. "Tell us how you do the trick or we will kill you."

"No," said the man.

So they killed him. #

## Betwixt Life and Death

*Continued from page 41*

it. Pa would wipe tears from his eyes. "I'll tell you, time changed Pap a lot," Pa would say. "I never thought a man could change so after he reached ninety. Every time Pa started to write a sentence in the will he would say: 'Betwixt life and death, upon this footstool.' Then Pap would go on and bring out what he wanted to say. He wants the young people to come here once a week until he's buried. He wants them to play *Skip To My Lou.* He wants 'em to even have dances! He wants them to drink if they feel like drinkin'. Pap's will even sounds crazy in places! I will do just what I told Pap. I told him on his death bed that I'd see that what he wanted was carried out. I don't like to do it. But I'm afraid Pap will come back to me and haunt me if I break my promise. I look for him every mornin' when I get up to build a fire at four o'clock. Pap allus got up when I got up to build a fire. 'Early to bed,' he allus said, 'early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.'"

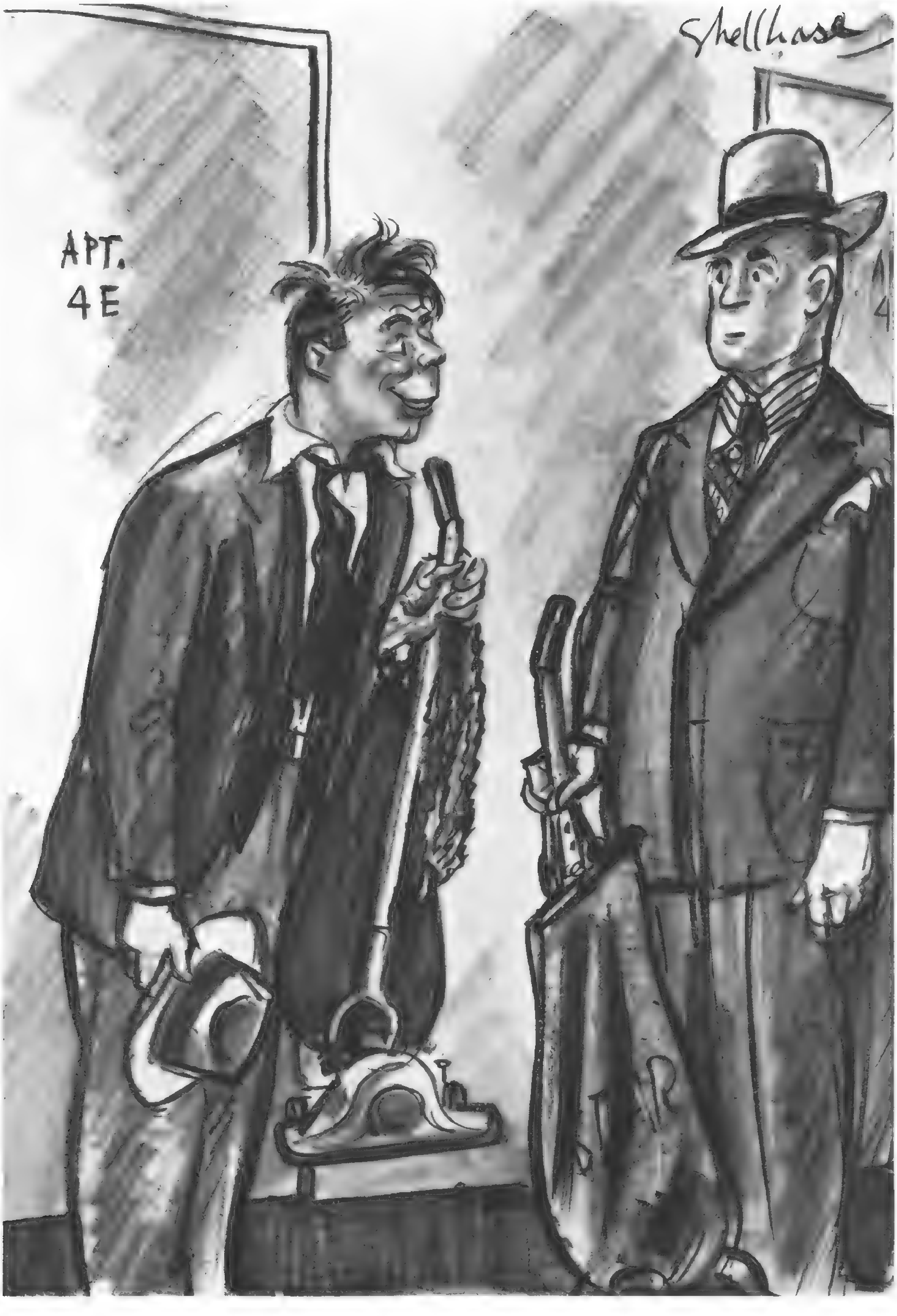
"Yes," says Ma, "we want to do everything your Pap wanted. If we don't, this house will be haunted eternally. Doors will fly open. There will be knockin' on the walls. A red dog will run over top the roof. There will be noises like somebody ripping off the shingles. Do everything Pap Grayhouse wanted you to do. I don't want to spend the rest of my years in misery. I'm scared to death now to think that I live and work beneath 'im. It's hard for me to believe he's up in the garret awaitin' burial when the wild roses begin to bloom in the fence rows!"

Pa got a letter from Uncle Jim's boy John. He said he was glad to get his hundred dollars that Grandpa had willed him. Said he would strut out in new clothes now. Said he would show the girls in Oklahoma a good time.

"If Cousin John can show the girls in Oklahoma a good time," I thought, "then I can show the girls in Kentucky a good time. I'll show one a good time. I'll show Gracie Thombs a good time. If Cousin Willie Grayhouse hadn't got a hundred dollars too! If Grandpa had just left him out'n the will! But Grandpa hadn't! I'd just haf to fight it out with 'im! I'd get Gracie Thombs!"

We had the settin' up every Friday night. That's the night Grandpa said for us to have it in his will. He said if we had it on Saturday night, we could only stay up until twelve. After that was Sunday and we broke the Sabbath. Said for us to have it every Friday night and stay up all night if we wanted to. Grandpa said we wouldn't do much work on Saturday anyway since it was so close to Sunday. Said since he'd grown older and a little wiser, that he believed people ought to take Saturdays off anyway. Said too much work and not enough play made "Jack a dull boy." Then, think of Pa thinkin'

*Continued on page 134*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*"I just discovered something—you don't have to demonstrate these things to sell them"*

*Smart* ECONOMY

Do you find pleasure in possessing something really fine, and satisfaction in spending your money wisely and well? Then you belong in that company of "men of good taste and sound judgment" who wear Stetsons. . . . One pair will prove to you that Stetson quality saves money, that Stetson perfection of fit means greater comfort, that Stetson styling leaves nothing to be desired. Stetsons are sold at a price that permits the use of the best materials and careful, unhurried craftsmanship.

LONGER ON THE LAST

Extra comfort and extra wear comes from the additional length of time that Stetson leaves the upper leather on the last. Go see the new Stetson models now, at your dealers'. Ten dollars to thirteen fifty—slightly higher west of Denver. THE STETSON SHOE CO., INC., So. Weymouth, Mass.

*Stetson*

WALKS THE FIRST TEN MILES

## Betwixt Life and Death

*Continued from pages 41-132*

Grandpa was not in his right mind when he wrote his will! It hurt me to think Pa had said these words. Pa just hadn't lived as long as Grandpa! If Pa ever lived that long he might agree with Grandpa's will. My young days would be over then. I wouldn't care about dressin' in good clothes, sparkin' girls and dancin' all night.

We had four settin' ups in January. Gracie was there every time. We played *Skip To My Lou.* I skipped with Gracie. Cousin Willie got mad. He'd break in every time he had a chance. "I'm as good a-lookin' as you," I thought. "I'm as old as you. Why ain't I got the same chance as you to get Gracie? She smiles at me more than she does you. She skips with me more. Why don't you take Murtie Perkins and let me have Gracie Thombs? Murtie loves you. You won't pay her any minds. People are talkin' about the way we're fightin' over Gracie, and Grandpa a corpse up in the garret!"

We had four times as many young people at the last settin' up we had in January as we did the first one. Young people heard about what Grandpa had said in his will fur and near. They come in droves. Some of them didn't know Grandpa and they didn't know us. They didn't have anyplace to go among the hills in the winter time and they just come to the settin' up. They joined in our games. They had a good time. The winter nights didn't get too dark for them. The roads didn't get too muddy or too long and the snow didn't get too deep. The young people come.

* * *

It was in February that I fell deeper in love with Gracie Thombs. I begin to think I couldn't do without her. I could shet my eyes and see her standin' before me. I could see her purty brown curly hair. I could see her blue eyes. I could hear her laugh. I could feel the touch of her hand like I felt when we were skippin'. I was in love with Gracie Thombs. Cousin Willie's Ma told my Ma that her boy Willie was wild about Gracie. Said she wished there was some way to stop the settin' ups. Said they'd become a nuisance and the whole country was talkin' about them. Said they was talkin' about the way the young people were actin'. Ma told Pa about what Aunt Emma had said.

"I can't hep it," says Pa. "I can't hep how much the people talk. They will just haf to talk. I've got to do what I told Pap I would do. He is up in the garret. Maybe, Pap hears every word I'm sayin'. I hope Pap does. I can't go against a promise I made 'im on his death bed. I'll do what I promised Pap I would do no matter if I don't believe in the foolish idears Pap got in his head after he passed ninety. I'll do what I promised if it does go against the grain. I don't want Pap's spirit to follow me and haunt me in this house the rest of my days. I don't want to ride one of Pap's fine saddle horses to Pap's funeral either. I know the other boys won't. It will look funny to see seven of us boys on seven thoroughbred horses ridin' to our father's funeral but we'll haf to do it."

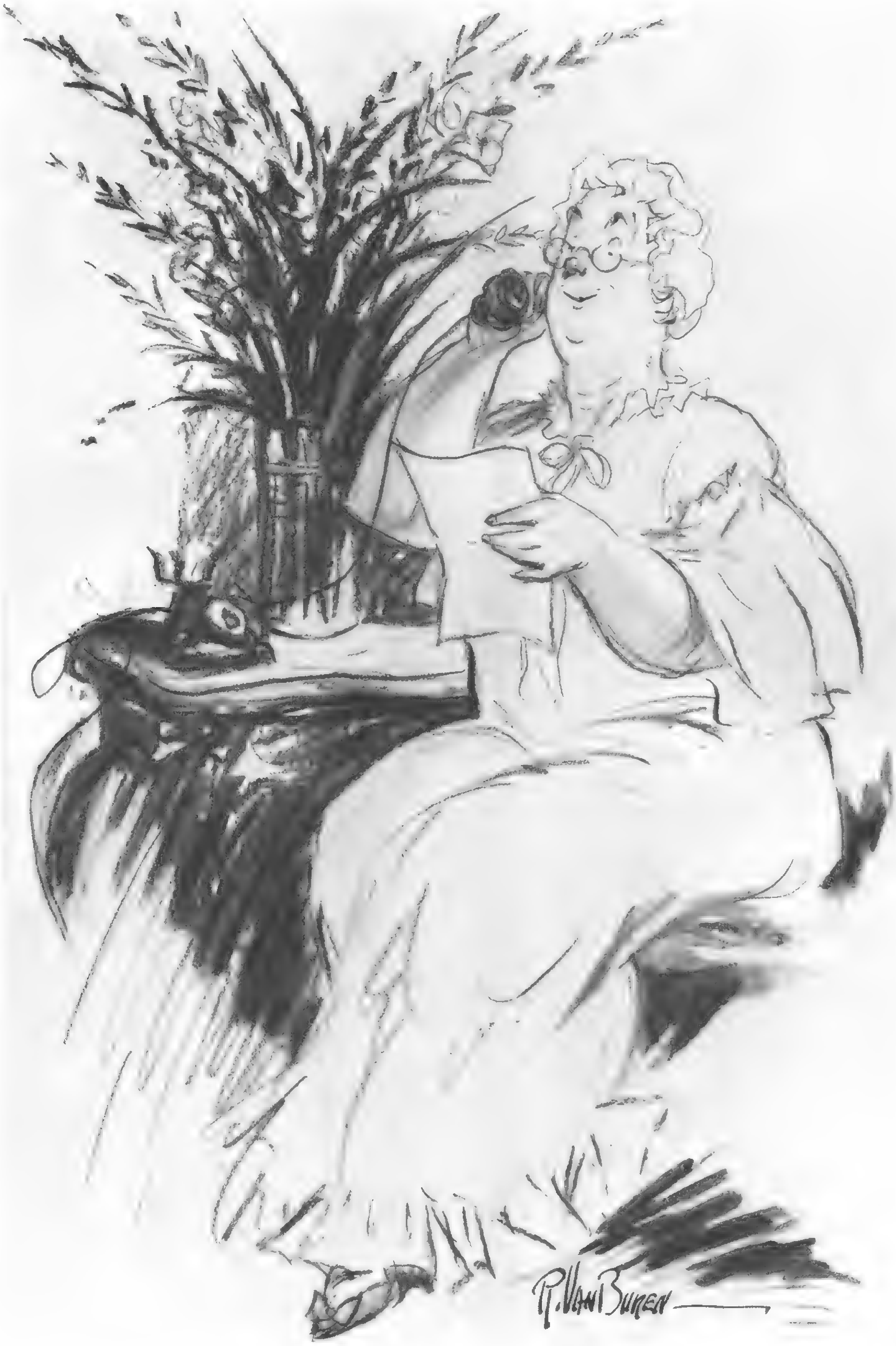
At the settin' ups in February we had a few dances. We had Willie Sizemore's jug band. We stayed up nearly all night long. What a time we had! I wanted to see Friday come all week. Pa worked us so in the fields. "Children you can frolic on Friday night but remember you are under my thumb durin' the week. Now forget about Friday night. Bend down on your hoe handles. Bend down on your ax handles. Bend down on your mattock handles. Spend a little elbow grease! You're drivin' me crazy talkin' about Friday night!"

Just like January, we had a cold February. The heavy snow laid on the ground. Just seemed like it loved the ground so much it would not leave. The deep snow and the cold wind held back the old people. They wouldn't come to the settin' up. A lot of them thought Grandpa was out'n his mind when he made his will. "W'y old Doug Grayhouse was a fine man. He was a Christian man. What got into him in his old days—after he passed ninety that he wanted the young people of the hills to leave the plow and come in every Friday night and kick up their heels at a shindig under his dead body! Peared like he wanted to be where he could hear their love makin'. Peared like he wanted to be where he could hear the old dance tunes and the clickin' of their brogan heels on the puncheon floor! You can't tell about people! That's the strangest thing I ever heard of here among the hills! Wants to wait until the wild roses bloom in the fence rows before they bury him. Wants to wait until Jim gets over with the fever in Oklahoma."

It was the last of February when we heard from Uncle Jim. "I'm out'n bed now," he said in his letter, "but my hair has all come out. I hate to come home without hair on my head. I know it will come back in a few months' time. I hope I'll have hair on my head by the first of June! Don't bury Pap before I get there. I ain't seen Pap for forty years. I want to see him no matter if he is a corpse. It will be a great day for me. I'll get to see all my brothers and my sisters and all of their children. It will be like a family reunion."

We had to get the corn ground turned in March. The snow melted and left the hills and we had worlds of work to do. The snow had laid on the ground too long. We had our terbacker beds to burn and sow. March nearly worked us to death. We had corn ground to get ready. Stalks and sprouts to turn under so they'd be mellowed for the corn roots. We had fences to

*Continued on page 136*



*"Elmer, here's a letter for you marked very personal—shall I read it to you, dear?"*

## Betwixt Life and Death

*Continued from pages 41-132-134*

mend so we could turn the sheep and cattle in the pastures. We had sassafras sprouts to cut out'n the young wheat before they got so tall they'd shade the wheat. Everybody worked along the Little Sandy. All the boys and girls in the deestrict were workin' but they found time to come to the settin' ups. They come in from the fields tired and they went away rested.

* * *

April come and we had the fences mended. We had the sheep in the pastures. We had the cows on the grass. We had the thoroughbred horses on grass. We had the sprouts cut from the wheat. We had most of the corn ground turned. We had the terbacker ground ready. We's just gettin' along fine with the work. The birds come back to build in the boxes Grandpa had fixed for 'em. When I'd see the wrens comin' back to the coffee sacks filled with rags in the smoke house, I'd think of Grandpa. He'd fixed the rag sacks for them and a lot of tin cans and water buckets he'd hung up for them to build in. The wrens and the martins would fly about the house and barn. They'd light on the comb of the house. I wondered if Grandpa could hear their footprints above him on the clapboard roof. I had a lot of thoughts like this. Pa must a thought a lot too. He'd stand and watch these birds buildin' their nests. Grandpa loved the birds. The birds loved him. They would fly down from the top of the house and barn and eat bread from his hands.

The oak trees leafed out. The wild rose vines leafed along the fence rows. Great masses of 'em leafed along the roads that led over the place. I wished Grandpa could just be back for a day in the spring and walk over his farm here among the Kentucky hills. I know he'd like it! I could just see him now walkin' along lookin' at the oaks when the buds started swellin' and sap come back to their veins. I could see him lookin' at the wild rose stems along the fence rows. I could see him take his mattock and cut the sprouts from the fence rows and leave the wild rose stems stand.

"It takes clean fence rows to make a purty farm," Grandpa used to say. "Wild roses look good along the fence rows in June."

I'll tell you I was glad to see spring come back. I was glad to see the creeks fill with blue waters from the high hills. I was glad to see the little lambs taggin' atter their mammies. I was glad to see the horses run and kick up their heels. Grandpa used to like to watch them. "That is the young life in a horse that makes him kick up his heels," Grandpa used to say. "He will slow down soon enough. It all comes betwixt life and death."

I was just glad that spring had come. I wasn't scared like I was last winter. Ma wasn't scared half as bad to hear a wind rustlin' among the tender leaves on the oak trees as she was to hear a winter wind moan through the bare limbs on the oaks and whistle among the corn stubble in January.

I could see Gracie Thombs pass our house now. She was barefooted goin' to the store. I'd see her takin' a basket of eggs to the store. She was so purty. She was just like the spring. It made me love Grandpa more than I ever did. Just think if it hadn't been for Grandpa's will I'd never got to a-been with Gracie every Friday night! The young couples almost doubled in April. They heard about the big settin' ups we's havin'. They flocked from every hollow among the hills. "If th' crowd keeps multiplyin'," says Pa, "I don't know where we're goin' to put 'em. It's two months yet before we can bury Pap accordin' to the last words in his will. Pap's got that will worked out wonderfully well. He didn't spend the last year of his life for nothin'."

* * *

It was in May. The wild rose buds had started to swell. The corn was peepin' through the ground on the high hill slopes. The lambs were gettin' big enough to eat grass. We had started settin' terbacker plants. "The time is gettin' near," says Pa, "that we bury Pap. I hate to see my father go under the green grassy ground. I guess the ground will be good as the garret. But seems like when we have put him under the ground we have lost him. When we have him in the garret, it seems like he is closer to us. But I'll be glad to see Pap put under the ground. The crowds at the settin' up are gettin' too big. It's the talk of this country and the wind forever blowin' among the tree tops and keepin' your Ma scared to death. It is a great worry to me. I didn't know what all was in that will when I made the promises to Pap on his death bed last January."

It was in May when all of Grandpa's grandchildren got their hundred dollar checks to buy their fine clothes. I'll never forget when I got mine. Grandpa said in the will: "Don't write the checks out to my grandchildren until May. I want their clothes to look good at my funeral." He went on and said a lot more about how to take care of the clothes before the funeral and atter the funeral, he would advise us to take care of our clothes, yet he didn't care if we plowed in our new suits since they belonged to us, we could do as we pleased with them.

When Ma opened the "Wish Book" she turned the pages where Grandpa had turned the corners down. In his will Grandpa said: "In the 'Wish Book' you will find the dresses I want my granddaughters to wear at my funeral. They are the prettiest dresses I have found in the whole book. They are plenty long and de-

*Continued on page 138*

CONTEMPO *Related* FASHIONS

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★

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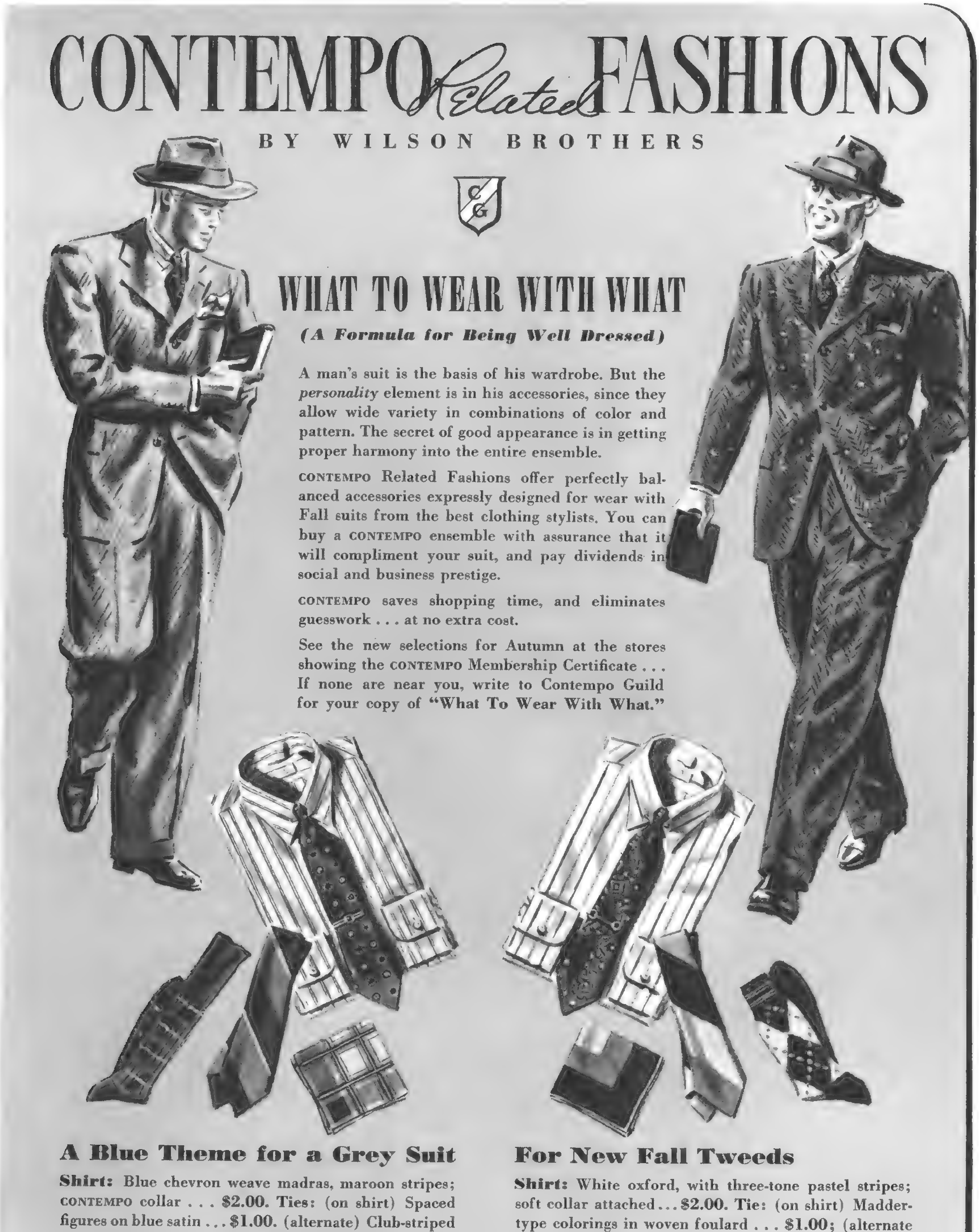

# CONTEMPO *Related* FASHIONS

BY WILSON BROTHERS

## WHAT TO WEAR WITH WHAT

***(A Formula for Being Well Dressed)***

A man's suit is the basis of his wardrobe. But the *personality* element is in his accessories, since they allow wide variety in combinations of color and pattern. The secret of good appearance is in getting proper harmony into the entire ensemble.

CONTEMPO Related Fashions offer perfectly balanced accessories expressly designed for wear with Fall suits from the best clothing stylists. You can buy a CONTEMPO ensemble with assurance that it will compliment your suit, and pay dividends in social and business prestige.

CONTEMPO saves shopping time, and eliminates guesswork . . . at no extra cost.

See the new selections for Autumn at the stores showing the CONTEMPO Membership Certificate . . . If none are near you, write to Contempo Guild for your copy of "What To Wear With What."

### A Blue Theme for a Grey Suit

**Shirt:** Blue chevron weave madras, maroon stripes; CONTEMPO collar . . . $2.00. **Ties:** (on shirt) Spaced figures on blue satin . . . $1.00. (alternate) Club-striped chevron repp . . . $1.00 . . . both in Wedglocke patented construction, for better tying and perfect drape. **Handkerchief:** Hand-rolled fancy . . . 35¢. **Socks:** 6 x 3 lisle; club stripes, wine or navy ground . . . 50¢.

### For New Fall Tweeds

**Shirt:** White oxford, with three-tone pastel stripes; soft collar attached . . . $2.00. **Tie:** (on shirt) Madder-type colorings in woven foulard . . . $1.00; (alternate tie) . . . chevron repp in patented Wedglocke construction . . . $1.00. **Socks:** All wool anklets in Argyle design with overplaid . . . $1.00. **Handkerchief:** Linen with hand-rolled hem in club stripings . . . 50¢.

NOTE: These ensembles apply the principle of *Related* Fashions, rather than a crude matching of color and pattern.

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No More Bow-Legged Pajamas!

Be the envy of the "dorm" in these revolutionary *Pajamas*

Now come *Pajamas Tailored* an utterly new way

. . . to make you LOOK like this debonair gentleman (sketched from life) instead of his envious friends—and FEEL "like a million."

. . . cut on custom suit lines—with straight-hanging trousers and no-droop shoulders.

NO LONGER need athletic young men—men of medium height and above—put up with skimpy, ill-fitting pajamas. Glover has revolutionized designing to create pajama suits utterly new in smart appearance . . . and in comfort!

These "Tailored Man" Pajamas have all the sparkling color and pattern interest you can wish—fresh, vigorous . . . plus something more—STYLE and FIT! They are *cut like suits*, as they should be.

***The ease of "English drape" clothes***

We re-designed the coat to hang straight, with no hike-up in front. Put fullness in where it is needed, took it out where it is just excess cloth. Eliminated the old awkward overhang at the shoulder.

Then we cut our trousers with wide legs, *shaped* them to hang straight like suit trousers, made them with *two-seam* legs instead of the one-seam construction that gives a bow-legged look. And we made sleeves, legs and coats longer!

What a vast difference in dashing masculine style—and in freedom for restful sleep! Yet you can get Glover "Tailored Man" Pajamas for as little as $2! At better stores.* Hundreds of gorgeous patterns. Enjoy this thrilling satisfaction!

*Style illustrated is BLACK KNIGHT, $3 . . . in black foulard with red, blue or green striping.*

*Tonight do this:*

*Look at yourself in the mirror in your present pajamas. Do you see style you're proud of—or bed-time bow legs?*

TAILORED MAN PAJAMAS BY Glover

WITH ADJUSTO-BAND WAIST

**If you don't find these finer pajamas, write H. B. Glover Co., 880 Merchandise Mart, Chicago.*

## Betwixt Life and Death

*Continued from pages 41-132-134-136*

cent." Ma read what it said about these dresses that they should be worn at night to parties and dances.

"I can't understand," says Ma, "what got into your Grandpa's head. Have you to wear dresses that girls wear to dances at his funeral. But they are long and purty and I guess they are all right. You will haf to dress like your Grandpa requested in his will."

The girls ordered their dresses. The boys ordered their suits. I got me a gray suit with a blue pin stripe runnin' up and down it. I'll tell you it was a beauty. I got a pair of shoes, socks, striped neckties and a dozen shirts. I spent every cent of my hundred dollars for clothes just like Grandpa requested.

"When Cousin Willie thinks he'll out-dress me for the funeral," I thought, "he'll be mistaken. I'll show him who'll look the best to Gracie on Grandpa's funeral day!"

We'd had the second settin' up on the second Friday of May. There was some crowd. The house was so full part of us had to dance in the yard. We tied lanterns up among the oaks limbs and went on like we'd done since last January. The Sizemore band played and we danced on a platform built o' planks. I danced with Gracie. I forgot Grandpa was up in the garret. I forgot how scared I was last winter when the snow was heavy on the ground and the wind made such lonesome sounds among the oaks. The wind made purty rustlin' sounds now among the green leaves on the oaks. I forgot about thinking Grandpa's spirit might be in a screech owl that roosted in the oaks in our barnlot. I forgot what Grandpa had said about the wild roses in the fence rows. I forgot everything about Grandpa when I danced with Gracie. If it just wasn't for Cousin Willie Grayhouse, everything would have been all right.

Maybe Cousin Willie didn't like me. Maybe he hated me more than I hated him. I didn't know. I didn't care. I had my mind made up if he fooled with me I'd beat the face off'n him. I told him that one night at the settin' up when he jumped in and danced with Gracie. He had the impudence to say: "The time will come when we'll fight this thing out. We'll fight to a finish. One of us has to conquer the other. The one who whops gets Gracie."

"Cousin Willie," I says, "I'll take you up on that. I'll fight you tonight. I'll beat your damned head into the ground."

"I don't want to dirty my new suit of clothes tonight," says Cousin Willie. "It's the first time I ever wore a long suit of clothes, I don't want to ruin 'em on you."

"I've got on my first long suit of clothes," I says, "It's the first time I've ever wore long clothes. But I'll ruin my suit to beat you up."

"I've got more sense than to fight tonight," says Cousin Willie. "Wait until I'm in my old work clothes. Then we'll just see who gets Gracie."

I took a swing at Willie. The crowd come in and stopped us. I would a hit Willie right there. I couldn't hep if it was at the settin' up. I couldn't hep it if Grandpa was right above us. My blood was riled and I'd a-fit Cousin Willie Grayhouse all over the hill. I was in love with Gracie. I'd got so I didn't care who knowed it. I was a little bashful at first. But that wore away. Now I had my new suit of clothes and I wasn't goin' to be out-done by a first cousin. I didn't like Willie. He had the same blood in his veins that I had but that didn't make no difference. I'd taken enough off'n him. I wasn't goin' to take any more.

"I believe there's drinkin' goin' on at the settin' ups," says Pa, one mornin' at the breakfast table. "There's a lot of glass laying around all over this yard. It looks like broken bottles to me. If I find bottles of licker out there I don't know what I'll do!"

I thought Pa might pour the whiskey out. I told the boys about it. We worked out a way. We tied the horse quarts of whiskey up in the oak trees by the necks. Pa would never find them then. When we wanted a quart one of the boys went up the trees and cut the string and brought back the quart. One night Pa and Ma were out watchin' us dance. They stood under the oak. They heard the wind blowin' the bottles together.

"Listen, Gurtie," says Pa, "that's the funniest sound I ever heard made by the rustlin' o' leaves in th' wind. It may be Pap's spirit over here. He might be sorry for the rope he's given these youngins. They've whopped the older folks from the settin' ups!"

Ma never said a word. She just looked at Pa. Then she watched us dance. The platform was so full we barely had room to dance. It looked like we's goin' to haf to build another platform.

* * *

It was on the first day of June when Pa got a letter from Uncle Jim. "I'll be home June 10th for the funeral," Uncle Jim wrote in his letter, "have everything ready. My children have their clothes. They can hardly wait to come. I dread ridin' a thoroughbred saddle horse to Pap's funeral. Pap must not have been in his right mind when he put sicha foolishness in his will. That don't sound like the Pap I had. He used to make me read the Bible two hours every Sunday before he'd let me go to the river to swim."

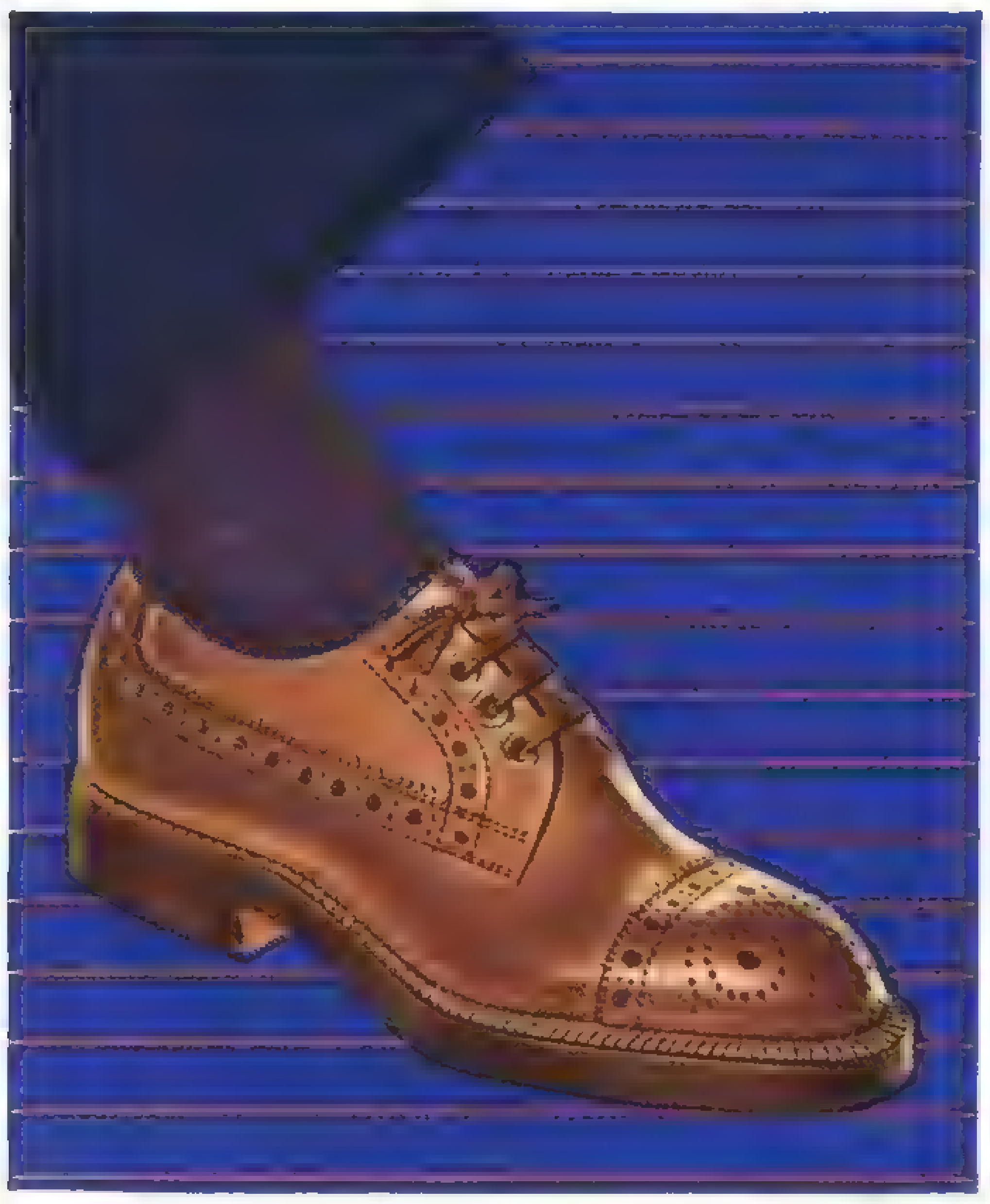
"Wait until he reads Pap's will," says Pa, "he'll find that Pap changed his mind atter he passed ninety. He'll be surprised at Pap's will. He'll see what a time I have had to see that Pap's will was carried out as Pap wanted it done. I'll never see that another will is

*Continued on page 140*

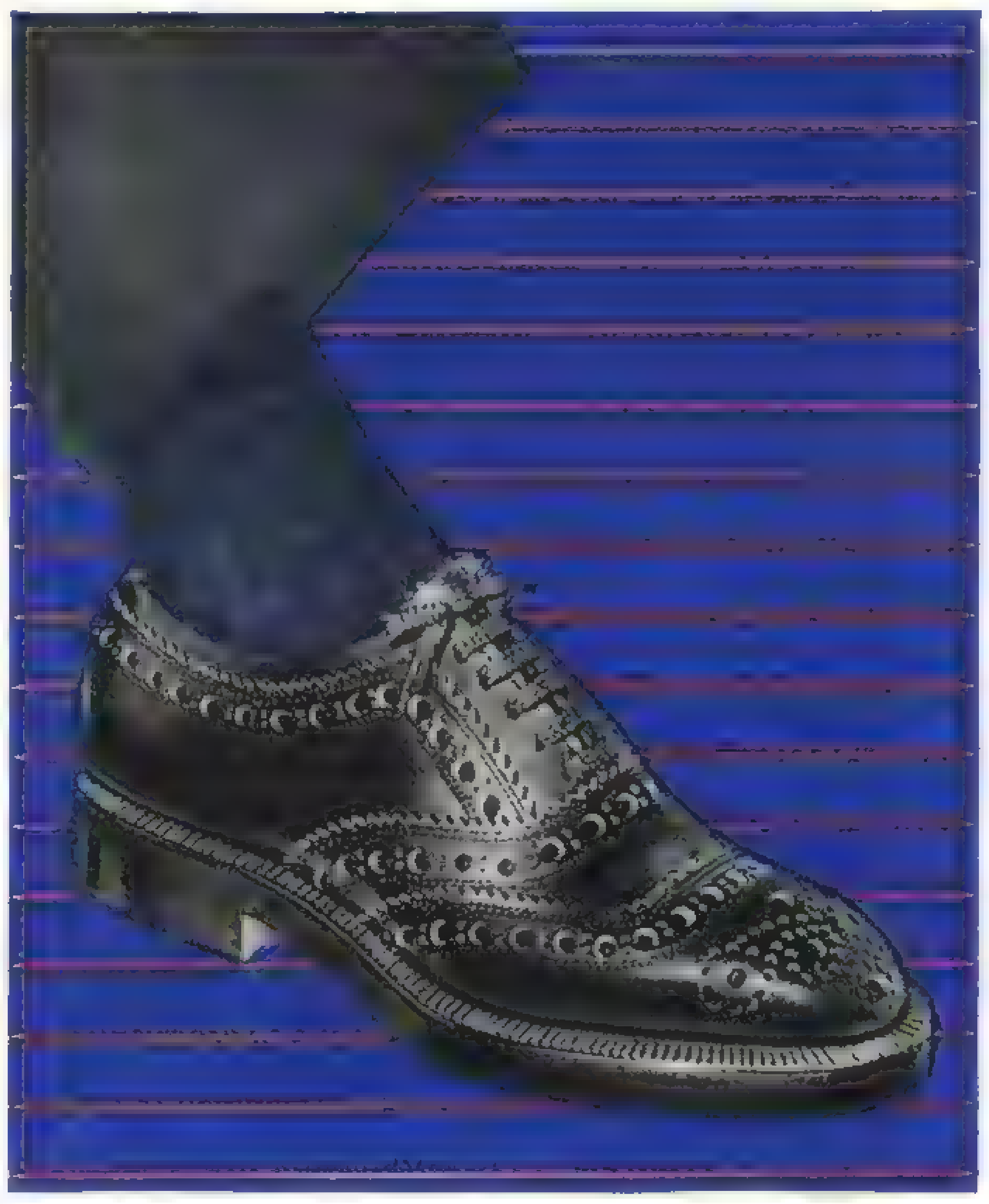
# What new name in shoes stands for young men's styles at young men's prices ?

*THE ANSWER IS*

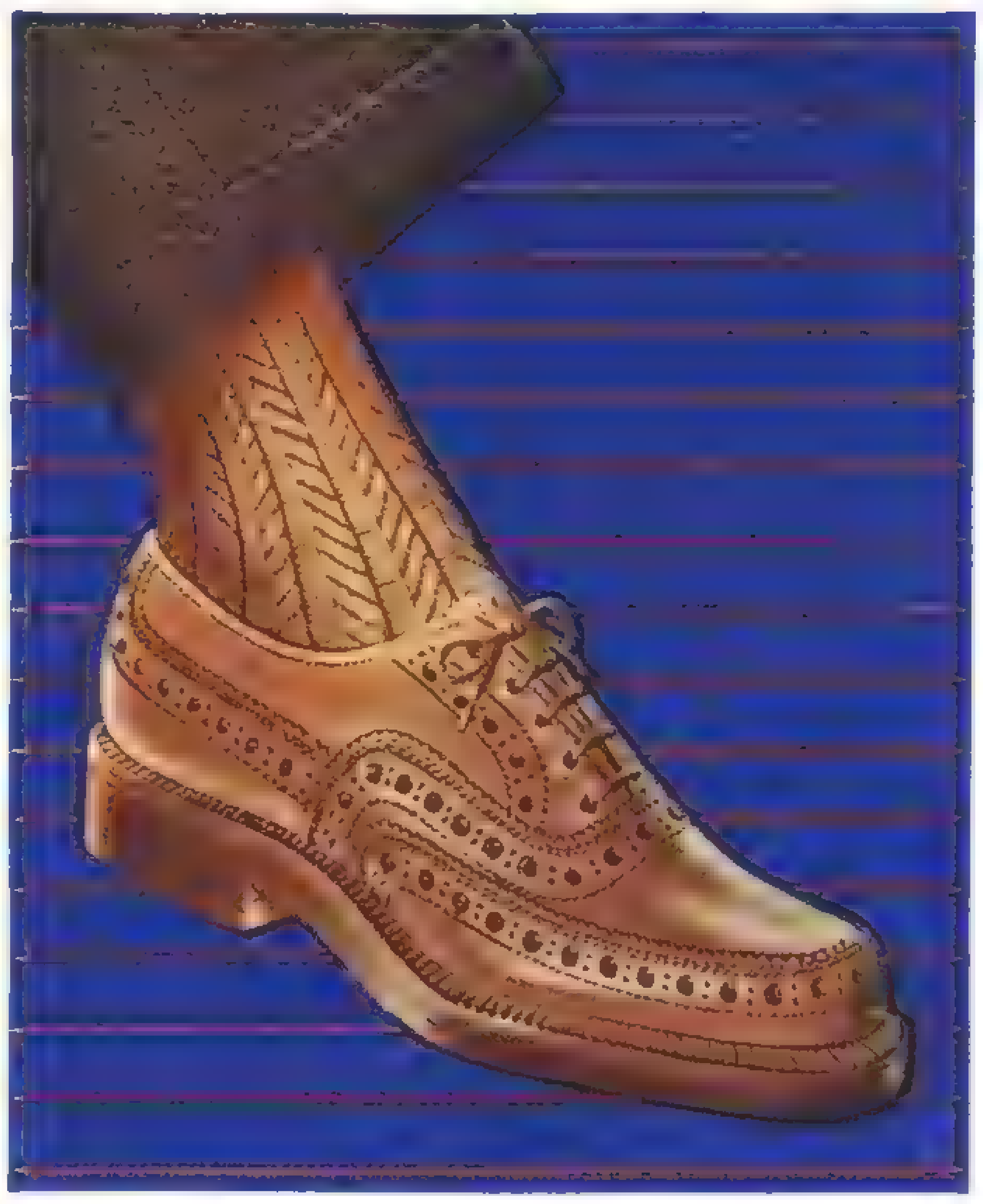
# Roblee



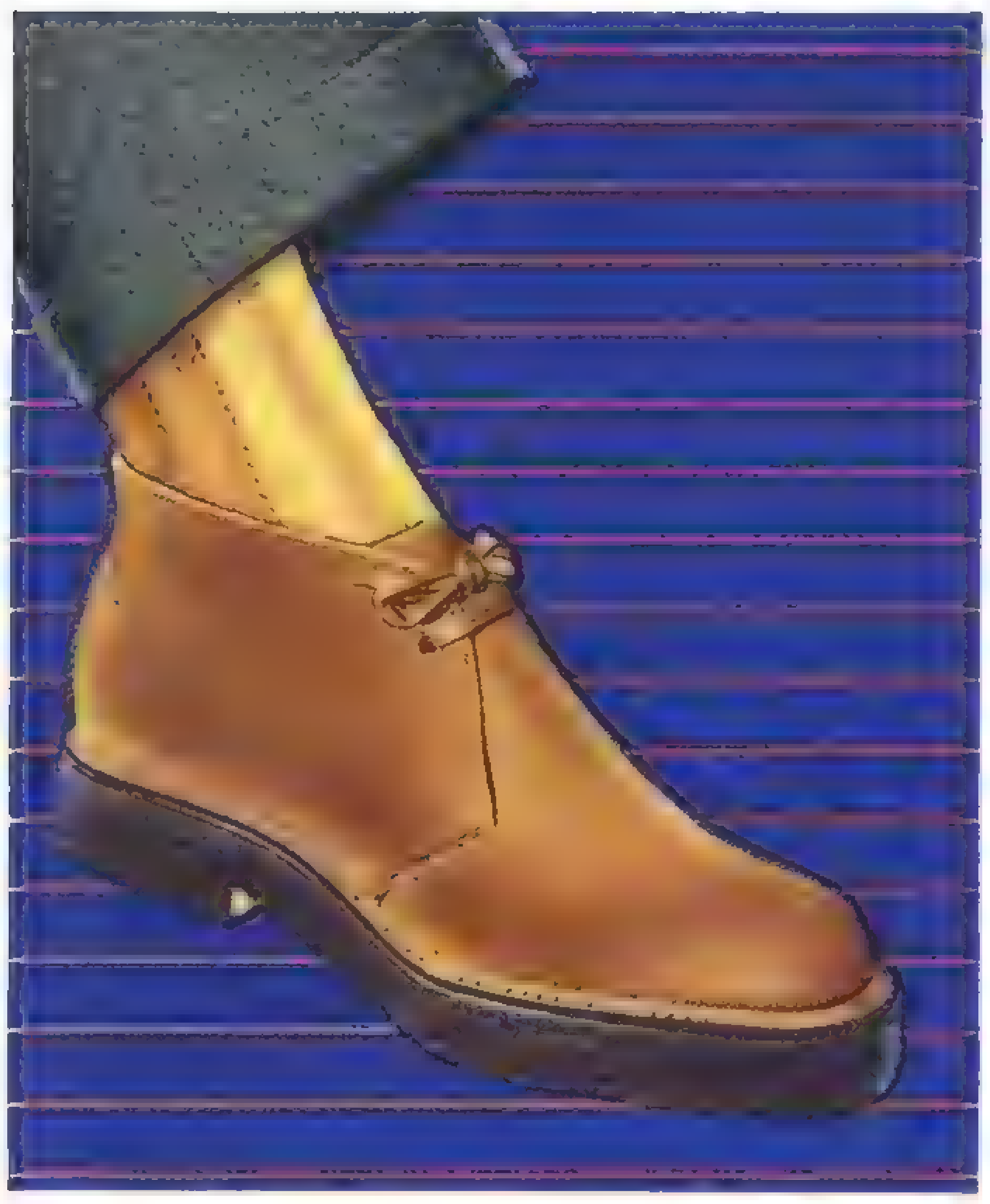
**BLUE** for the suit. Red and blue for the socks. Add this new Roblee Tan Skigrain, with extra thick soles and you have a hard-to-beat clothes combination for Fall. (Shoe: Ambassador last, B-545)



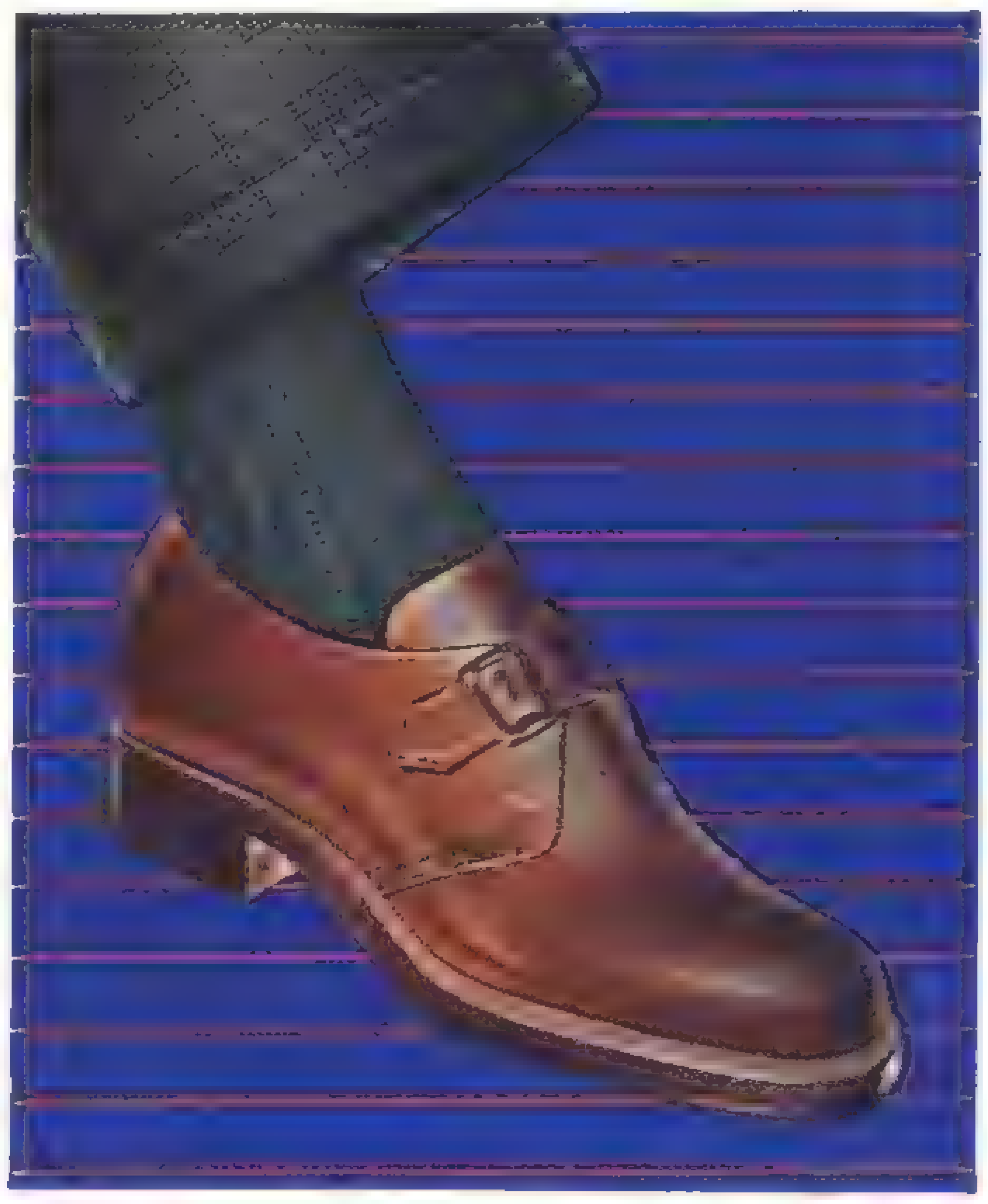
**GRAY** cheviot suiting, socks in two tones of blue, and this smart new Roblee Black Waxed Gambola make you feel like putting your feet on anyone's desk. (Shoe: King last, B-586)



**BROWN** is a great Fall color—suits and socks and shoes. Style shown is bootmaker hand-stained finish Tan Skigrain with heel-wheeling and big brass eyelets. (Ask for Bear Cat last, B-571)



**GREEN** mixture in the suit, brown stripes on yellow socks, with the style pay-off the entirely new and different Roblee Brown Bucko "Chukka," heavy ribbed crepe sole. (It's Ace last, B-141)



**PLAID**—Glen Urquhart style suiting, green wool socks make a perfect over-tone for this new Roblee Monk Pattern. In brown calf with buckle instead of lacing. (Key: Court last, B-573)

CUSTOM LOOKS in styles like these—at Roblee $5 to $6.50 prices—are bound to make a real hit with younger men. And with men of any age who like to keep abreast of the style parade. A college man or a chairman of the board —and any type fellow in between—can satisfy his style conscience in the new Roblee line for Fall.

Not only do you get last-word styles in these shoes but you also have a choice of two of the finest features of comfort ever built into footwear. Roblee Tread Straights snug the ankle, help feet point straight ahead and actually make you feel a half-inch taller. Roblee Air Steps cushion every step and take the bump and jar out of walking.

Every Roblee is registered for your convenience. You can get them where you see the red-and-blue Roblee sign. Made by United Men's Division, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, St. Louis.

**$5.00 to $6.50**

*Some special materials slightly higher*

Fall for Allen-A

*Spring-needle knits*

FINER FIT AND COMFORT — GREATER ELASTICITY AND WEAR

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**SPRING-NEEDLE'S SECRET** Allen-A spring-needle-knit

In knitting, the hook on the spring

## Betwixt Life and Death

*Continued from pages 41-132-134-136-138*

fulfilled. It's had me worried to death. From last January until this June has put ten years on top my head. I'm ten years an older man."

We had our last settin' up the first Friday in June. I'll tell you the house was full and the yard was full. We had our dances goin' and all kinds of games. We had our bottles up among the green leaves on the fruitful oaks. I danced every dance with Gracie. Cousin Willie was so mad at me he could bite a spike nail in two. He acted like he wanted to fight me all night. Our settin' up didn't end until the moon went down in the mornin' and the roosters had started crowin'. I just wondered what Grandpa thought about the good times we's havin' now. I believe if Grandpa knowed how much better our good times was a-gettin' he wouldn't a-been buried until summer was over—maybe not until snow fell again. I was havin' the best time I'd ever had in my life. But it was time for the funeral now. Our good times must come to an end. Three more days and Grandpa would be under the ground. I'll never forget takin' Gracie home Saturday mornin' atter th' last settin' up. I come back along the fence row just as the sun was gettin' up—while the dew was still on the weeds. I never saw wild roses purtier in my life. I never saw the place as purty. Terbacker was lookin' so good in the long curved rows around the high hill slopes. The corn was gettin' up to a mule's knees.

"Grandpa picked a purty time to be buried," I thought. "He couldn't have picked a purtier time in Kentucky!"

I wish you could have seen the crowd at Grandpa's funeral. It was like a homecomin'. I met my first cousins in Oklahoma. I'd never seen them before. Pa shook hands with all his brothers. I saw my sisters among the twenty-seven granddaughters of Grandpa's. All the girls were dressed in long dresses that swept the ground. They wore white slippers and golden slippers. The dresses didn't have any back in 'em. I'll tell you they looked good.

"It's a funny idear of Pap's," says Uncle Jim, "about the girls wearin' sicha dresses to his funeral. I guess if he wanted it—we haf to abide by his will."

"Yes," says Pa, "his will has been properly carried out and we

garret. It was a crazy thought, I guess, but I thought: "What if Grandpa is not in the garret. Wouldn't it be a joke? What if Grandpa had come to life and got out and slipped away. What if Grandpa had become young again?"

Pa, Uncle Jim, Uncle Cy and Uncle Alf went up in the garret and let him down with ropes to the upstairs. They took the coffin out'n the box of salt and carried it downstairs. Pa looked a little shaky when he started to take the screws out'n the coffin. When he raised the lid he says: "Pap's just as natural as he was the day we put him in here."

We marched past and looked at Grandpa for our last time.

"Looks just like he did before I went to Oklahoma," says Uncle Jim. Uncle Jim had his hat off. I couldn't keep from looking at his head. I'd told Gracie about Uncle Jim losin' his hair when he had the fever. I saw her lookin' at Uncle Jim's head too. The hair had sorty come back.

You should have seen us as we went to the graveyard. The mules and wagon were in front with Grandpa. Pa and all his brothers were on Grandpa's thoroughbred horses. They rode up next to the wagon. The horses pranced and twisted and stood on their hind feet. Then all of Grandpa's granddaughters and grandsons come next. Then the rest of the kinsfolks. Then there was a whole army of young couples that had been comin' to the settin' ups. It was the biggest funeral we ever had at Oak's Chapel. Brother Combs preached Grandpa's funeral in the chapel. Sister Reeves played the organ and we sung a lot of songs. I was with Gracie. Cousin Willie sat right over from us. He looked at us all the time Brother Combs preached the funeral. I thought he was goin' to try something just by the way he looked.

It was when they carried Grandpa out'n the church house, many of Grandpa's friends carried wreaths of flowers to put on his grave. There were many wreaths of wild roses. . . . When they started to put them down by the side of the grave one rolled off'n the pile. I picked it up and put it back on the stack. Cousin Willie reached down and fixed it on the stack another way. It was right in front of all of our people and a lot of our chin. He sprawled on the ground in his new suit of clothes. He got up and come at me again. The second haymaker I handed him, he stayed on the ground.

"Stop that fight George," says Pa. He come runnin' over.

"Ain't no fight to it," I says, "I hit Cousin Willie and he hit the ground."

"It's awful," says Uncle Cy, "you boys fightin' at Pap's funeral. I'd be ashamed."

Cousin Willie was down on the ground moanin' and goin' on. Cousin Willie was cussin'. He wouldn't a-done it but he's out'n his head.

"Let 'em fight," says Uncle Ambrose, "It's a good sign that the Grayhouse blood ain't losin' its color."

"Come on, Gracie," I says, "let's go home."

I took Gracie by the arm. Aunt Emma was fannin' Cousin Willie when I left. The crowd was divided. Part o' 'em was standin' around Cousin Willie while the rest o' 'em watched th' men lower Grandpa into the grave. ⧺

## Dinner at Midnight

*Continued from page 63*

transparent pipes of an invisible organ. For every guest there was an armchair with high Gobelin back and behind each chair stood motionless a wigged footman in livery of blue velvet with golden buttons.

The Baron seated himself at the head of the table in religious silence. The heavy silk curtains were drawn; the butler approached noiselessly, almost without sound. Maurice de Hirsch looked down the long table, narrowing to its end according to the laws of perspective, his eyes guided by the high backs of the chairs, standing like the columns in a cathedral. He knew this was a rare, a faultless moment.

Then he gave himself over to his task. The consommé finished, more substantial courses followed in slow, continuous succession. The Baron took his time. He ate leisurely, handling his fork and knife with deliberate small movements. His head erect, calmly he gave himself to the flavor of the chicken-paprikás, to the fresh-tasting fogas-fish, to the perfume of the Viennese creams. He said nothing—there was no need for orders. Everything had been perfectly timed: the setting of the plates, and the changing of the glasses—seven changes in all for seven brands of wines: three white, two red and two kinds of champagne. The ceremony progressed in perfect rhythm, impeccable to the last detail. Seventeen courses made this one-man banquet the richest gastronomic symphony of the century. Six chefs, seven women and innumerable assistants offered their imagination and art to satisfy an exigent master.

And the master was more than satisfied. He responded.

Course followed course and little by little the Baron found himself borne in exquisite sensation. This dinner was much more than a masterpiece; there was about it a human, a personal touch. The consommé of chicken was his childhood, the fears of his mother, the careful diet she administered at the slightest sign of an imaginary illness. The magnificent asparagus and the giant green peas made him smile at his old hobby: a passion for vegetable gardens. The fish recalled the most important fishing party of his life, during which he caught nothing, but was given the commission to finance the railways of the Turkish Empire. As if the dishes let loose invisible spirits, their fume and fragrance released episode upon episode. The wild boar *à la grand veneur*, an invention of Pierre, the French cook, was followed by cabbage strudle topped with a whole roast goose. The Baron knew this was how it was served in Hungarian monasteries and thought with pleasure of his Biblical discussions with prelates. And the Sacher-Torte, yes, that reminded him of his first appearance at the glorious court of Francis Joseph. How clearly he saw everything now, his past, his victories, his struggles. It was as if in preparing this menu, he had written his biography in recipes and rare dishes. He was stirred, shocked and delighted. Yet he sat correctly, without smiling or even looking at his butler. The wine and the rich food had gone to his head, but he would not notice it. He was determined to go through the whole dinner . . . through his whole life.

And the dinner lasted from nine until twelve. In one evening, the Baron had drunk and experienced every taste ever imagined or created by man. Still, enthralled by his dreams, he did not show the slightest strain. Nor did the untiring footmen who seemed to belong to another world, where ever and forever people are mute and immobile. The candles began to descend, their flames growing higher and higher, casting monstrous tottering shadows against the ceiling. The Baron, unaware of the world around him, saw nothing.

He had just finished the nineteenth course, had just gulped down the last sip of coffee. And then he blundered. He made the first mistake of this night and the last in his life. He forgot his small glass of brandy, forgot to finish the nineteen courses with a liqueur.

He leaned forward a little and dropped his head on his breast—but he did not reach for the brandy.

It was exactly at midnight that the Baron de Hirsch, seated at the head of twenty-four empty armchairs with high Gobelin backs, attended by twenty-four stalwart footmen in white wig and blue livery, in the shimmering light of seventy-two large waxen candles, at a table covered with crystal and gold and rare china, died his glorious, and but for the small glass of brandy, rarely perfect death. ⧺

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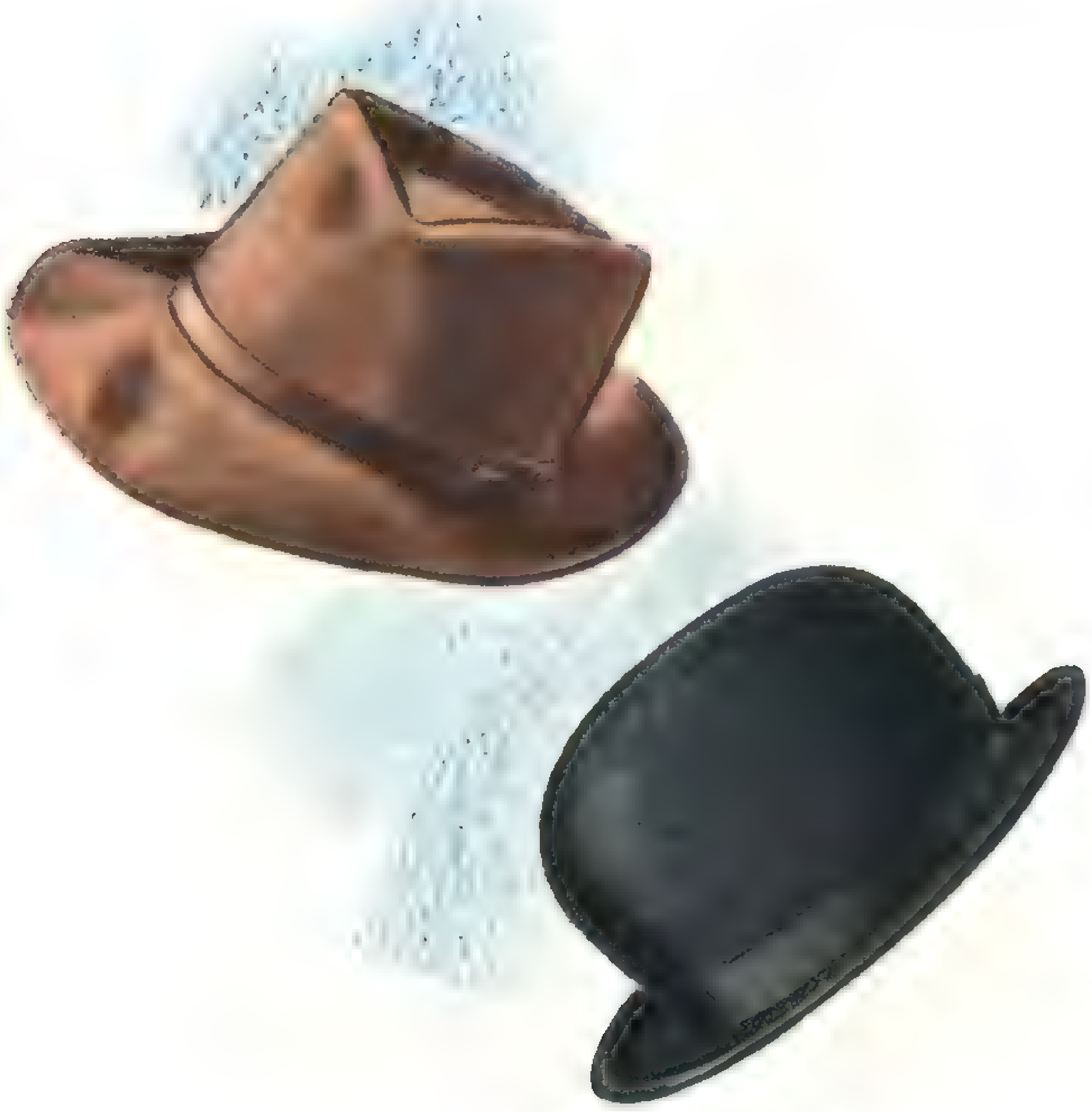
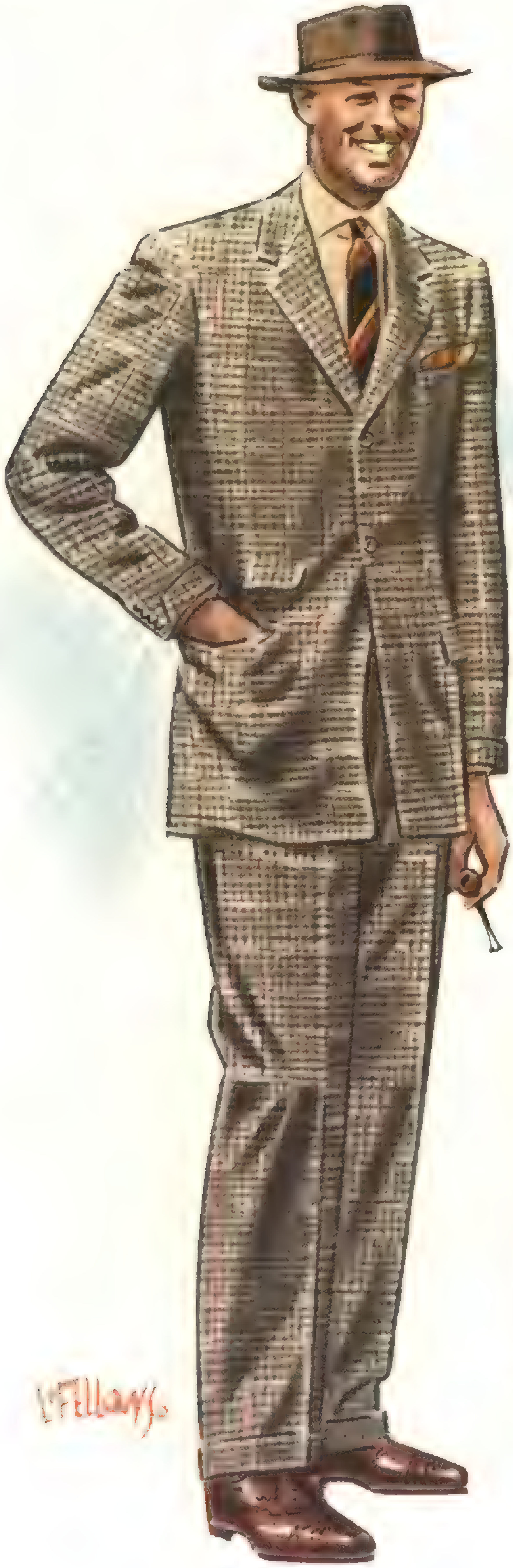
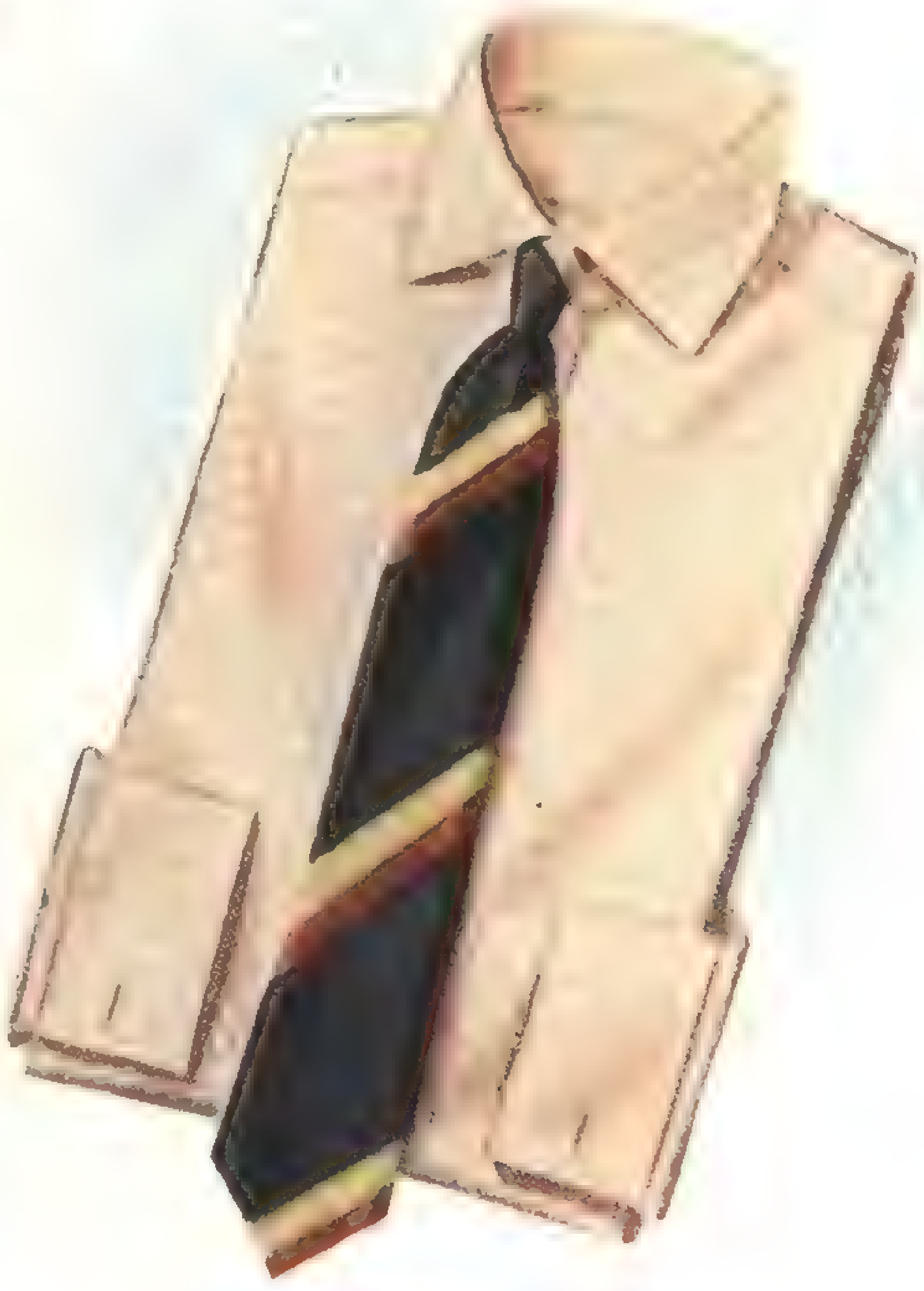


# We say it's broccoli . . .



One year ago you would have been desperately out of style if you had put in an appearance wearing a square front jacket. But slip one on today and you'll find yourself at the head of the class. Thus demonstrating that fashion is spinach? No—not quite. Yet, please observe that it all works out for the best. The latest, and most sensible, trend in men's apparel is the one toward semi-sports wear, and somehow or other the square fronter of distant memory seems to be made-to-measure for it. Shown here in the Paddock model with two-button front and bottom button at the waistline, the fabric is a pin-check cheviot with red overplaid. Fashion details of the jacket are the blade back, broad shoulders, cash pocket, turnback cuffs and long side vents. Accessories include a madras shirt with the new cutaway collar, regimental stripe tie, brown quarter-brogue shoes, semi-sports hat and foulard handkerchief. Separately sketched is the yeoman style bowler with full crown and flat narrow brim. The other hat, in deep fawn rough finish felt, is a close-up of the one on the figure. Note the double white overplaid of the shirt, the proportion of the cutaway collar and the authentic colors of the Norfolk regiment in the striped tie.



*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

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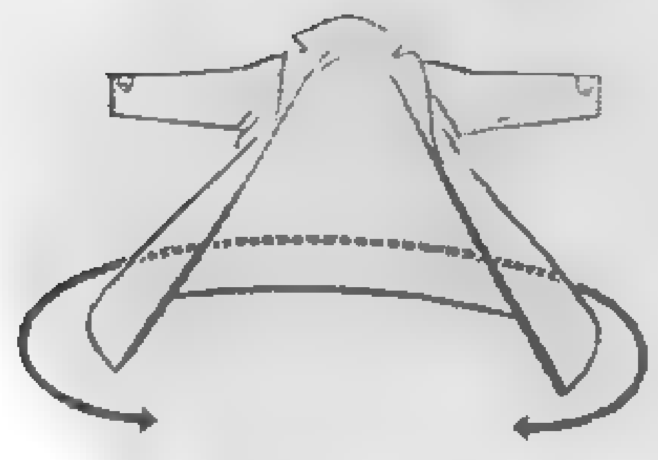

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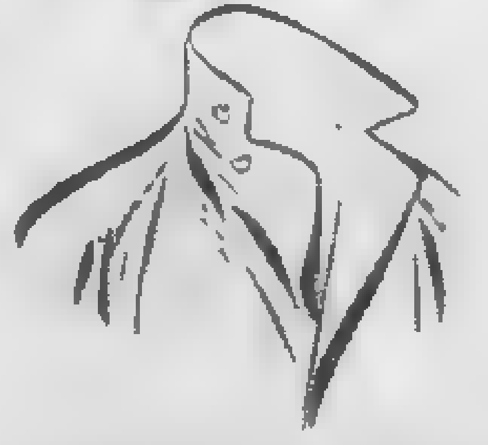
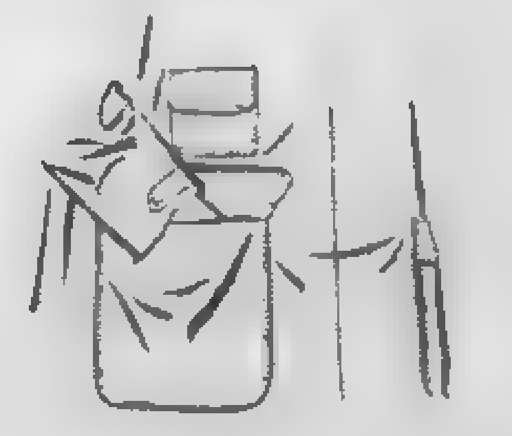
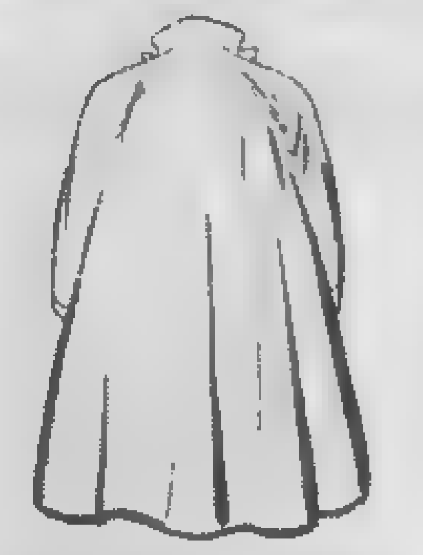


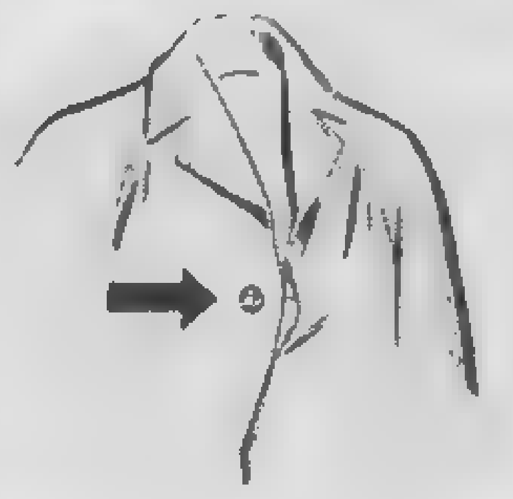
CASUAL TYPE CONVERTIBLE COLLAR!



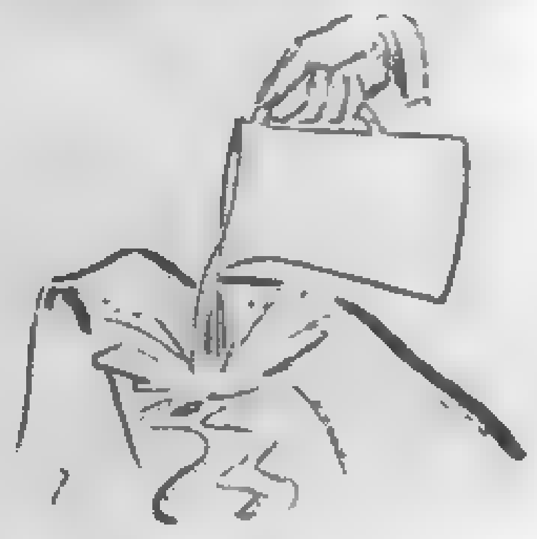
ROOMY POCKETS—AS YOU LIKE THEM!



LOOSE FITTING WITH FULL DRAPE!



SHINY BRASS BUTTONS—FLY FRONT!



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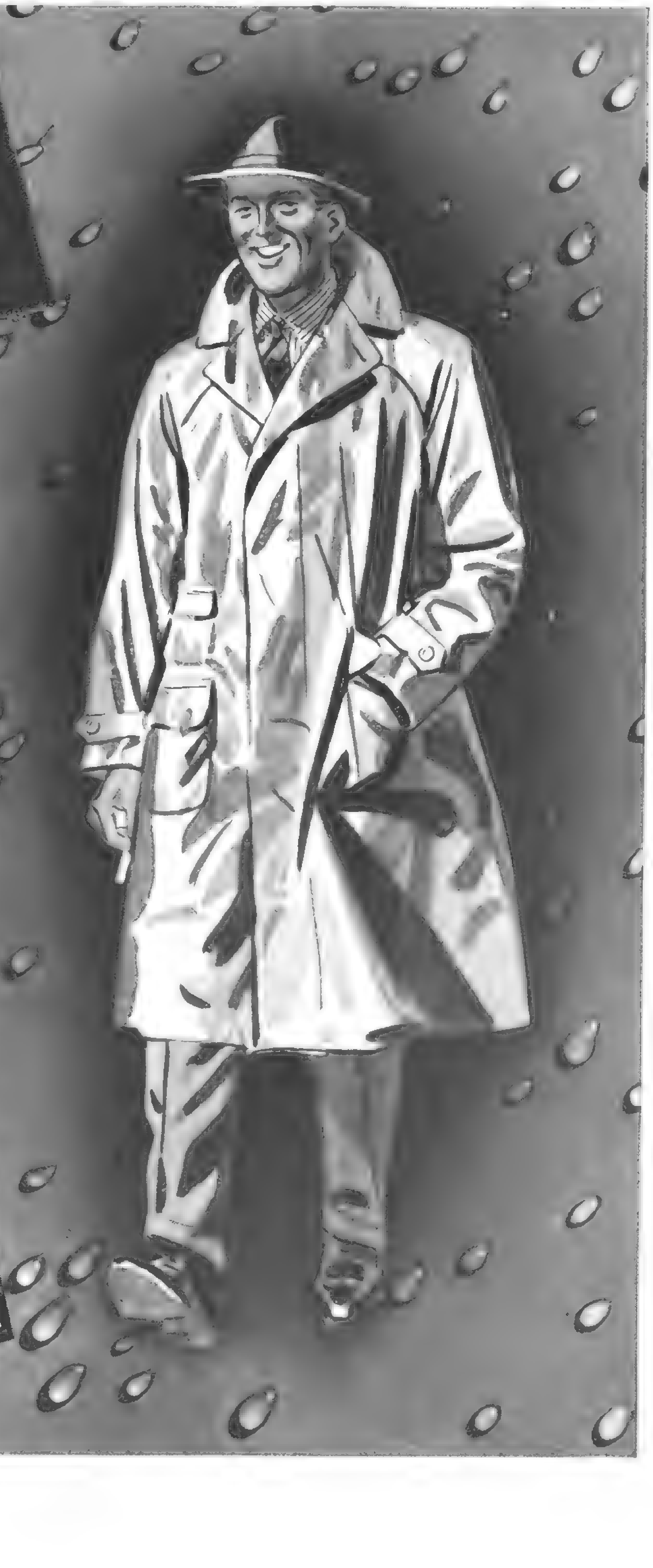

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## Divorces That Are Not Divorces

*Continued from page 47*

Mexico under a Mexican tourist's card entitling him to stay not more than six months. The papers were served on the wife in Maryland, and the decree was entered and a copy mailed to the husband in New Jersey after his return to his home in that state. The wife had previously obtained a decree requiring the husband to pay her $25 a week for separate maintenance, and, about a year after the husband's quick trip to Mexico, she asked to have that allowance increased. The husband then tried to interpose the Mexican decree as a defense, alleging also that he had married again. The New Jersey court held his Mexican divorce null and allowed the wife's petition, granting her $7.50 a week more.

A literal "mail-order" Mexican divorce was involved in a case decided in the District of Columbia a few years ago. The action was one in which one Thomas A. Cover sought to annul his marriage to Georgia Mattingly on the ground that her prior marriage to Louis R. Mattingly had never been legally dissolved. She set up as her defense a Mexican divorce procured by her and Mattingly through the "Mexican Divorce Bureau" in 1932, without either of them having left the District. The court held this pretended divorce absolutely of no effect and annulled the second marriage.

In an Illinois case the relief sought was a decree for separate maintenance, and the husband, a doctor, relied on a divorce obtained by him in Mexico in 1927. The court said of this pretended decree: "This man went to Mexico solely for the purpose of divorcing his wife. He returned two months after the divorce, which he obtained on grounds which could not be sustained in Illinois courts. The divorce was an evasion of Illinois laws and deprived the wife of her right to defend the action. It is null and void."

And in California an appellate court in 1935 upheld the conviction of one Don L. Harlow on a bigamy charge based on a marriage following the entry of a Mexican decree of divorce. The court held his purported decree utterly worthless.

Regardless, then, of all the attractions offered by states like Nevada, Arkansas, and Florida, and others bidding for the migratory divorce business, and of all the ballyhoo in behalf of Mexican divorces, purported divorces obtained in these jurisdictions by residents of other states and countries must be recognized as largely a snare and a delusion. To act on such a decree is to risk the annulment of one's marriage, the illegitimacy of one's children, and the eventual loss of valuable property rights, to say nothing of possible prosecution for bigamy or adultery. Unjust and archaic as our divorce laws must be conceded to be, it is a question whether freedom obtained by such dubious and precarious means is worth the price. If, as the old saying has it, marriage is a lottery, what is that kind of a divorce? ⧺

## On the Record

*Continued from page 95*

tones or optional low ones. He would distort the rhythm, shorten, lengthen and break up the melodic line to suit his purpose, which was to re-create the character at hand. Whatever he did or did not do, he *was* Ivan, Boris, Don Quixote.

His interpretations depended in the final analysis on his magnificent vitality, the compelling force of his genius. But they were also grounded in thorough preparation. The art of make-up he learned from the celebrated Russian portrait painter, Vrubel. The characters and personality of Ivan and Boris he studied with the historian, Klutcheffsky. He made a painstaking research as to how people die from various causes, in order to portray such deaths on the stage.

And he had a glorious voice. Let no one dispute that. His production was his own and he used his voice as a means to concentrated, almost visualized, characterization. But his singing evoked unforgettable pictures of love and sorrow, jealousy and dreams. His song struck deep in the hearts of men.

* * *

All that is left of it now—except that which lives in our memory—is impressed on a few discs. Priceless they are, for they convey to posterity a record not only of his voice but of his personality. Chaliapin, more than any other artist, projected himself into wax. Others left us their voices. Caruso and John McCormack are unforgettable, but neither had such a colossal and overwhelming microphone personality.

Hear Chaliapin's Death of Boris (Victor 6724 or 15177) and tell me if you can find a record to match it. Of course, not all his records are equally good. He visited recording studios off and on since 1902, and re-recorded certain selections several times. They are interesting to compare, as each version is different; he alters a phrase, adds some aside of his own, changes suddenly the thread of the musical discourse.

His four earliest records, made in Moscow by the Gramophone Typewriter Company, are collectors' items:

*When the King Went Forth to War* (Koenemann)—*22820.*
*Elegie* (Karganoff)—*22822.*
*The Night* (Rubinstein)—*22891.*
Sussanine's aria from Glinka's *Life for the Tsar*—*22892.*

The historical section of the current *His Master's Voice* catalogue lists his recordings as:

*1908*

*They Guess the Truth*, from Glinka's *Life for the Tsar—DB629.*

*1909*

Nilakanta's aria from *Lakmé* (Delibes)—*DB617.*

*1910*

*Invocation and Duet* (Church Scene) from *Faust* (Gounod)—*DB618.*

Russian folk songs: *Dubinoushka* and *Night* (unaccompanied)—*DB620.*

*Little Russian Song: The Birches—DB617.*

Russian folk song: *Arise, Red Sun—DB108.*

*Down the Volga* and *From Under the Oak—DB610.*

*The Tempest Rages* (V. Sokoloff)—*DB622.*

*1911*

*Now Let Us Depart*, church hymn (Strokin)—*DB108.*

*Merry Butterweek*, from Sieroff's *Hostile Power—DB610.*

*Do Not Weep, Child* and *On the Airy Ocean* from Rubinstein's *Demon—DB611.*

*Not a Little Autumn Rain* (unaccompanied)—*DB622.*

*1912*

*Recitative and Evocation* from Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo—DB106.*

*Ite sul colle, o Druidi* from Bellini's *Norma—DB106.*

*Infelice!* from Verdi's *Ernani—DB403.*

*Vieni, la mia vendetta* from Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia—DB403.*

*Pourquoi donc se taisent les voix* (Glazunov)—*DB629.*

*1926*

*Son lo Spirito* and *Ridda e fuga infernale* from Boito's *Mefistofele—DB942.*

*1928*

*The Wraith*, and *Death and the Maiden* (Schubert)—*DB1184.*

*1929*

Flegier's *Le Cor* and *The Old Corporal* (Dargomwijsky)—*DB 1342.*

*1930*

Stenka's *Rasine* and Glinka's *Doubt—DB1469.*

*1931*

*Aria of the Miller* from *Roussalka* (Dargomwijsky)—*DB1530.*

*Rondo of Farlaf* from Glinka's *Russlan and Ludmila—DB1530.*

Of records not in the Victor catalogue, *His Master's Voice* lists without recording dates:

*Vi ravviso* from Bellini's *Sonnambula* and *Ave Signor!* from Boito's *Mefistofele—DA962.*

*The Blind Ploughman* and *O, Could I But Express in Song* (Malashkin)—*DA993.*

*Madamina!* and *Nella bionda egli ha l'usanza* from Mozart's *Don Giovanni—DA994.*

*When the King Went Forth to*

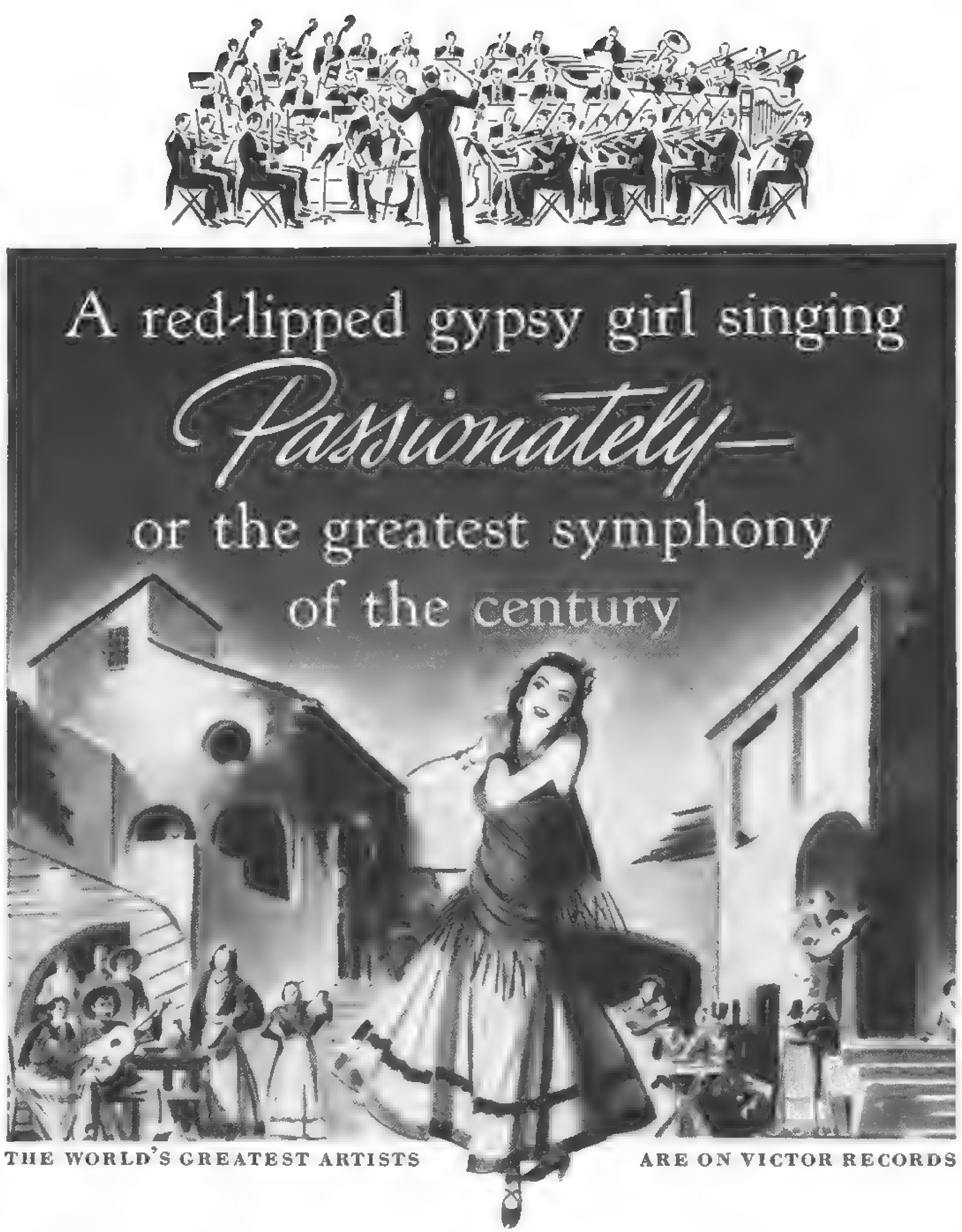
***Continued at top of page 146***

### ALL-CHALIAPIN BROADCAST

**Carleton Smith, Commentator**

**FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1939**

| City | Station | Kilocycles | Local Time |
|---|---|---|---|
| Allentown, Pa. | WCBA | 1440 | 11:00 p.m. |
| Atlanta, Ga. | WGST | 890 | 2:30 p.m. |
| Baltimore, Md. | WCBM | 1370 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Boston, Mass. | WBZ | 990 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Charleston, S. C. | WCSC | 1360 | 2:15 p.m. |
| Charlotte, N. C. | WSOC | 1210 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Charlottesville, Va. | WCHV | 1420 | 1:30 p.m. |
| Chattanooga, Tenn. | WDOD | 1280 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Chicago, Ill. | WENR | 870 | 11:00 p.m. |
| Cincinnati, O. | WSAI | 1330 | 11:00 p.m. |
| Cleveland, O. | WTAM | 1070 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Columbia, S. C. | WIS | 560 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Columbus, O. | WBNS | 1430 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Denver, Colo. | KOA | 830 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Des Moines, Iowa | KSO | 1430 | 10:00 p.m. |
| Detroit, Mich. | CKLW | 1030 | 11:15 p.m. |
| East St. Louis, Ill. | WTMV | 1500 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Harrisburg, Pa. | WKBO | 1200 | 11:30 p.m. |
| Hollywood, Cal. | KFWB | 950 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Hutchinson, Kan. | KWBG | 1420 | 4:05 p.m. |
| Indianapolis, Ind. | WIRE | 1400 | 11:00 p.m. |
| Kansas City, Mo. | KCMO | 1370 | 9:15 p.m. |
| Knoxville, Tenn. | WNOX | 1010 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Little Rock, Ark. | KARK | 890 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Louisville, Ky. | WAVE | 940 | 11:00 p.m. |
| Louisville, Ky. | WGRC | 1370 | 2:00 p.m. |
| New Britain, Conn. | WNBC | 1380 | 11:15 p.m. |
| New Orleans, La. | WSMB | 1320 | 11:45 p.m. |
| Oklahoma City, Okla. | KOMA | 1480 | 1:30 p.m. |
| Omaha, Neb. | KOIL | 1260 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Philadelphia, Pa. | KYW | 1020 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Pittsburgh, Pa. | KDKA | 980 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Portland, Me. | WGAN | 640 | 9:45 p.m. |
| Richmond, Va. | WMBG | 1350 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Rochester, Minn. | KROC | 1310 | 10:00 p.m. |
| St. Louis, Mo. | KSD | 550 | 11:00 p.m. |
| Salina, Kansas | KFBI | 1050 | 6:30 p.m. |
| Salt Lake City, U. | KSL | 1130 | 11:15 p.m. |
| San Francisco, Cal. | KGO | 790 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Schenectady, N. Y. | WGY | 790 | 11:15 p.m. |
| St. Albans, Vt. | WQDM | 1390 | 3:00 p.m. |
| Springfield, Mo. | KGBX | 1230 | 10:00 p.m. |
| Washington, D. C. | WMAL | 630 | 11:15 p.m. |
| Wilmington, Del. | WDEL | 1120 | 11:15 p.m. |



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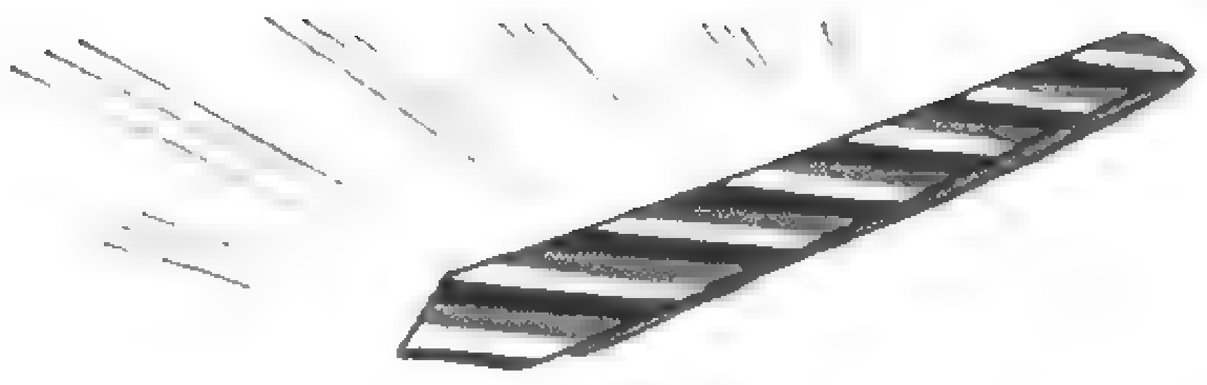

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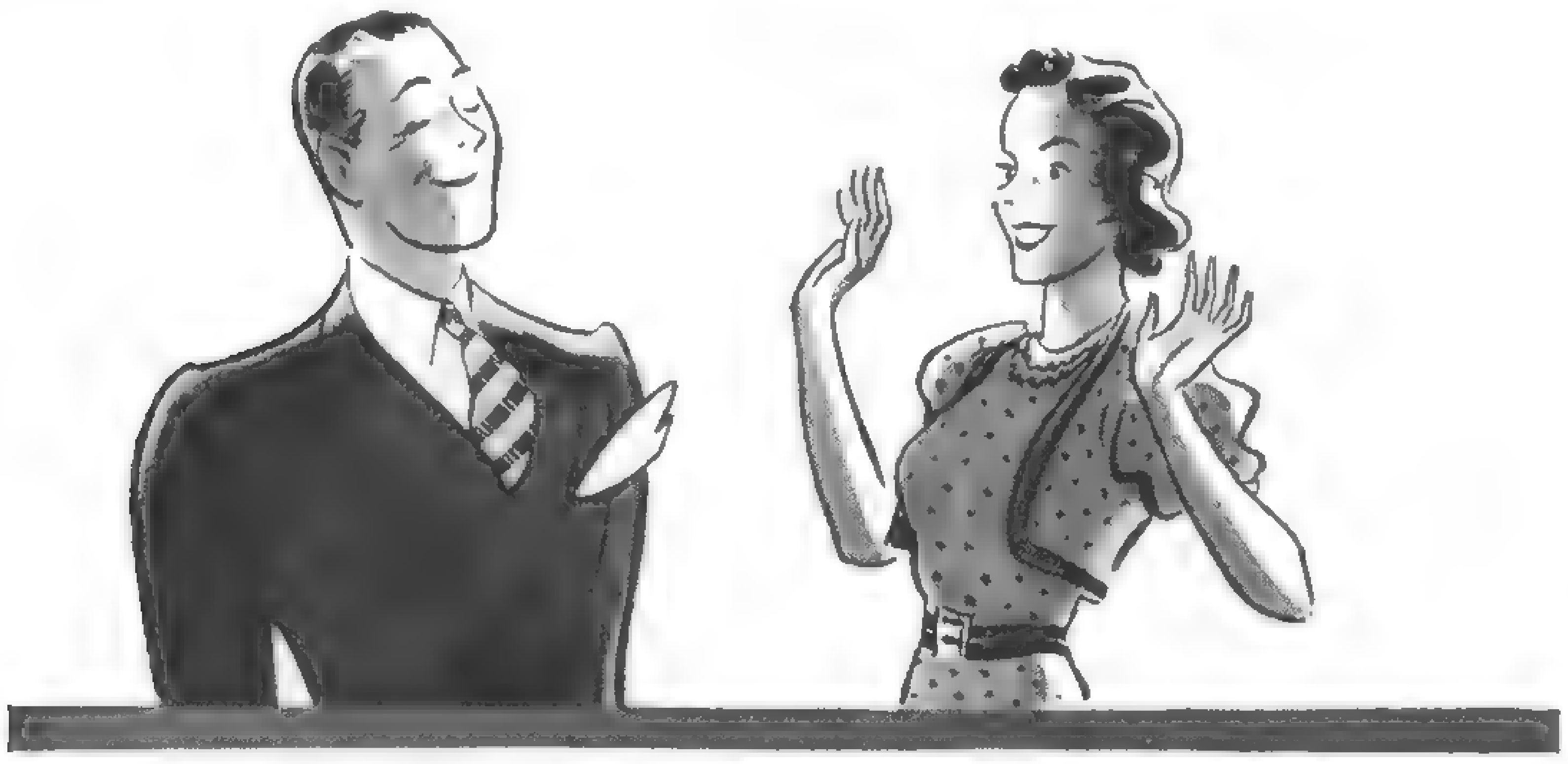

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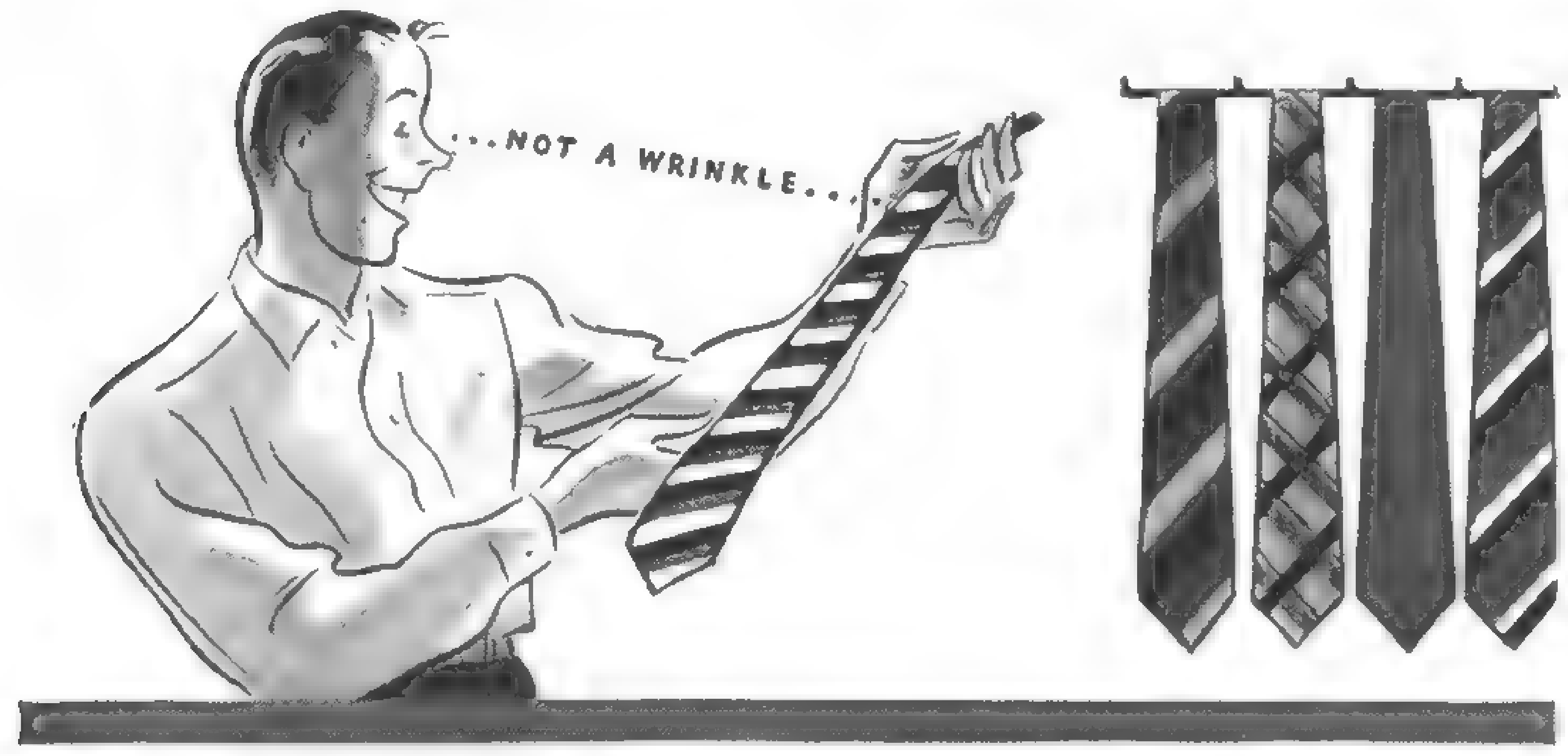

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## On the Record

*Continued from pages 95-145*

*War*—(Koenemann)—*DB1068.*

*The Prophet* (Rimsky-Korsakov) —*DB1103.*

*Songs and Dances of Death,* from Moussorgsky's *Trepak*—*DB1511.*

Rubinstein's *Persian Love Song* —*DB1525.*

Virtually all remaining Chaliapin discs are obtainable. Most significant are the excerpts from *Boris Godunoff* which include, in addition to Boris's declamations, the drunken monk's story of the Siege of Kazan (Victor 1237) and an old acoustic version of *Pimen's Narrative* (HMV 76446). Most popular, unquestionably, is the *Song of the Volga Boatmen* (Victor 6822 or 14901) which made Chaliapin a household name in America.

Open to criticism are his *Serenade* from *Faust* (Victor 7600), *La Calunnia* from *Il Barbiere* (Victor 6783) and Leporello's aria from *Don Giovanni* (HMV DA994). Chaliapin mouths his French and Italian, and completely disregards the vocal line. If you're not sensitive to details, it's OK. Otherwise it's murder in broad daylight and downright hammy.

Chaliapin will take liberties. His are always personal interpretations. I like best his recordings with the Afonsky Choir of Paris of the Archangelsky and Gretchaninoff *Credos* (Victor 7715). Two years ago when I was in the Crimea and mentioned the name of Gretchaninoff, old Tartar tribesmen crossed themselves. That is what I feel like doing when I hear this music. ⧺

## Progressions to Poverty

*Continued from page 56*

horses the occurrence of loss after loss taking him to higher and higher levels of play is almost inevitably bound to make him tighten up unduly in his selecting and force him more and more on apparent cinches, short-priced horses that will do him no real good in dollars even when they win. And if he is getting his plays from a public selector he will begin to lose confidence in the man, refuse to take his next horse, and possibly lose a good-priced winner that would have gone a long way toward pulling him out of the hole. Checking a system against six months' races already run is one thing; playing it with real money is another. Just as much depends on the man as on the method, and most horse-players are not good gamblers.

Some progressive operations are based on fallacies so obvious as to be laughable—to anyone other than the inventor or operator. One of these is the notion that occurrence of a streak of losers mathematically betters the chance of the next bet's winning. Throwing a penny tails ten times does not improve at all the one chance in two or even-money odds that it will fall heads on the next cast, nor does the failure of ten consecutive horses to win increase the chances of the eleventh to finish first. But some horse-players painfully pore over racing-sheets, make selections, and refuse to bet real money until five or ten or other number have gone down in a line, then begin to bet on a progression. The common-sense attitude would seem to be for them to inquire seriously into the validity of their own handicapping and selection methods.

Another variant of this same fallacy is adopted by a player who determines to follow some particular public selector but postpones play on his choices until such time as the selector is running far below his usual results in terms of percentage of winners secured. Then the player starts to follow him, on a progression, on the theory that the selector is due to bring his average results up to the normal level by getting extra winners after play starts. He may—and then again he may not. It's just a toss.

The infantile character of the theorems or assumptions on which nearly all progressive systems are based in itself is enough to discredit them without checking or playing. Assumptions that some fixed amount of winnings per race can be secured through use of a magic figure-griddle controlling the amounts of bets after losses, assumptions that occurrence of losses improves chances of getting a winner, assumptions that when the player does get a winner he will pay five or ten to one instead of the more likely one to two—all these horse geometries and algebras are too silly to require analysis. But millions of dollars are lost on them every week. The self-styled system-experts cogitate and sweat and continue to sell their junk to naïve suckers who continue to ride the baby's shoes and the wife's new coat on a bunch of dicky-legged $1000 goats turning up in the new dignity of "system-plays." Well, if the experts, the tracks and the bookies didn't get it, the sweepstakes, numbers racket or pin games would, so what's the difference?

A final answer to all claims made for all progressive systems of betting on horses is that there is no such thing as a progression anyway, in the last analysis, if the time-sequence of bets is disregarded. Assume that a player determines to start with a $2 bet, to add $1 to the wager after each loss and to go back to the original $2 wager as soon as a winner is secured. Then assume that the following setup (or any other) shows the amounts of his actual bets, the last in each line having won and thrown the next wager back to the original $2.

2-3-4-5
2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9
2-3

2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14
2-3-4-5-6
2-3
2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10
2-3-4
2-3-4-5
2-3-4-5-6-7

If these amounts are read vertically instead of horizontally (which is the time-sequence) it appears that the player has made 10 bets of $2 each (and lost them all), 10 bets of $3 each (and won only 2), 8 bets of $4 each (winning but 1), 7 bets of $5 each (winning 2), 5 bets of $6 each (winning but 1), 4 bets of $7 each (again winning but 1), 3 bets of $8 each (winning none), 3 bets of $9 each (winning 1), 2 bets of $10 each (winning 1), and one single bet in the amounts of $11, $12, $13 and $14 (winning only the last).

These are only a few bets, which would be made in a relatively short time. If one imagines the same thing carried out over a year or two it will be seen at once that the player will have made in that time so many dozens or hundreds of $2 bets, so many dozens or hundreds of $3 bets, so many dozens or hundreds of $4 bets, and so on. And it is also instantly apparent that whether any money is made over a relatively prolonged period depends strictly on whether an adequate percentage of winners at adequate average prices is secured among the higher-range bets. And that is almost statistically impossible because of the strings of losing wagers necessary to build play up beyond the average median range.

I am not a statistical expert, but I have spent some years in checking up on every imaginable type of progressive system play as applied to horses. I have never yet seen a detailed workout or breakdown of play by a particular method which did not depend for success upon hitting an extra-long price with a nice fat bet after a long string of losers. It can happen and of course it has happened; a player starting with $2 bets may have $40 or $50 on a twenty to one shot after experiencing enough losers to bring his wagers to that level. But the chances are he won't have the nerve to go on a horse of that type, after a long string of losers, even if he has the money. As I said before, checking systems through blue ruin to an ultimate good-priced winner is one thing; playing the same nags on a progression is another.

Since all progressive play, basically analyzed, involves merely the making of series of flat plays in different amounts, so many of $2, so many of $3, so many of $4, my own suggestion is to adopt this method formally and to progress only by series. Whether one picks his own horses or takes selections from a newspaper or scratch sheet he can determine to make ten bets (or more) of $2 each, then, if that series shows a net loss, ten of $3 each, then, if a net loss from the beginning still is shown, ten bets of $4 each, and so on, each series at an attained level to be completed even though it puts the whole operation on a profit basis before its end. If a profit from the beginning is shown at the end of any series, then for the next series play goes back to the original level —$2, $10 or $20, whatever the player has fixed on when beginning.

This mode of operating a progression has very definite advantages. In the first place the progression itself is quite mild and involves no great demands on capital if the original scale of play is not set too high. In the second place—and this is the vital and important point—after dragging along a net loss, small or substantial, through enough series to raise single bets to a relatively high level, one has ten bets of the attained amount with which to hit one or several good-priced winners instead of only a single bet necessitating further progression if it goes down, also recession in play if it wins. Results on horses seem always to go by streaks; the series method avoids violent demands on capital through bad streaks and tends to maximum profit through keeping play at an attained level when a good streak is experienced.

The series-of-ten method of progression was applied to 1340 consecutive selections on the New England tracks in 1938 made by a racing-sheet handicapper. Bet $2 each to win throughout, a net loss of $39.64 would have been experienced. Bet in series of ten at $2, then ten at $3 if a net loss was shown at end of the first series, with regression to the original $2 when the end of any series showed a net profit from the beginning, the flat bet loss became a net profit of $350.70 at the end of the 134 series embracing 1340 bets. The highest level of play attained was ten bets of $20 each, in the eighty-eighth series. As is well known, just about the severest test of any progressive system is to apply it to the whole-card selections of a newspaper handicapper. The series method here suggested has met that test, so far as I have checked it, and has done well in actual play on my own selections.

Progression by series, a mere mathematical schedule for increasing bets if loss is incurred, will not and cannot show a profit from a sequence of wagers that would result in heavy loss if made flat, in the same amount. But over a period it usually will turn into a fair profit a five to ten per cent loss of the total amount bet in flat play. Any progression, this one included, is merely a schedule for increasing wagers after losses, and it cannot be relied on to guarantee a profit from a large number of losers interrupted occasionally by a few winners at low average prices. Betting horses is betting horses, and some of them have to win for you before you can pocket anything. The fellow was dead right who went clean with a big system bet and said: "Don't worry about my system; it was that damn horse!" One loses on horses, not on systems, and one wins on horses, not on systems, too. ###

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# Mystery by the Wind

*Continued from page 67*

men who could be trusted to carry on.

The second surveyed him with an unwavering stare, wondering what was on his mind and thinking of his own young wife in England. What would become of her if anything happened to him? He was recalled from these uneasy speculations by the voice of the mate giving him an order, telling him it would be better if he called the men down from aloft. Should any of them happen to be caught by this mysterious disease, as Scotty had been, while aloft, they might not be so lucky as he, and it would be hateful to see them smashed to pieces on the deck. "It would make a hell of a mess," he ended in grim attempt at humor.

The second hailed Mr. Stoddart and instructed him to order all men down from aloft and to keep them busy at jobs on deck. There was a growing feeling of fear among the men, and Gantry in the starboard watch started some loud talk about their having to stay in the fo'c'sle with Scotty, who lay inert in his bunk, his labored breathing making in the ears of his watchmates a continuous threat against their own health and safety.

"The weather's fine," said Gantry. "An' I don't aim to stay in here and catch the disease from him like the skipper did." In terrified haste he rolled up his bed and bedding and carried it out to the forehatch, intending to sleep there in his afternoon watch below. Several of the men in the starboard watch followed his example, and the third mate offered no objection. It was difficult to find jobs for all of them on deck, and fooling with their beds kept them busy for a while. But as Gantry finished with his he straightened up and took a deep breath, stared queerly at his companions, staggered forward and fell on his face. All hands stopped dead in poses of arrested motion, staring down at him, and the third mate stood frowning in helpless confusion.

"What in God's name is happening on this ship?" he muttered, but recovered himself immediately and gave the order to lift the victim and lay him on the bed he had just made. The men obeyed silently, some of them beginning to show signs of panic which Duff made an effort to avert.

"There ain't no use in gettin' scared," he remarked calmly. "It won't help us none. We've got to work the ship, whatever happens."

"That's right," agreed Nibbs. "Gantry was askin' for it, anyhow."

The third mate went aft and reported the case to Mr. Rowney, whose face under its deep coat of tan looked pale and drawn.

"I don't suppose we can keep it quiet," he muttered. "The mate's down with it."

"Christ!" the third mate softly exclaimed. "What are we goin' to do?"

"Nobody seems to know the answer to that," the second replied. "All we can do is to put them in their bunks and try to keep their feet warm. I don't even know if that's good for them, but since their feet are cold it seems the reasonable thing to do." After a moment of brooding silence he raised his eyes, bright with the light of discovery, and stared at Mr. Stoddart.

"Scotty is sixty-five," he said. "The skipper is just under sixty. The mate is fifty and Gantry must be about the same. Maybe this thing won't attack the younger men." His voice sounded more hopeful and the creases on his brow seemed not so deep.

"If that's the way of it," the third mate speculated, "how young do we have to be to escape?" His steady gaze rested on the second mate, who was now acting captain, and they stared at each other with expressions of dumb stupidity, a sort of trance that was terminated by a high voice from forward, shrill and insistent, asking questions and demanding answers that no one seemed able to give.

"What are we goin' to do?" cried this voice. "Do we stay on this plague ship till every mother's son of us falls down in a fit like these other blokes, and dies helpless because nobody knows what to do about it?"

"Pipe down, you bloody fool," answered the sane strong voice of the bosun. "If I hear any more of that guff you'll fall down all right, an' don't forget it. What would you aim to do, anyhow, to make things better?"

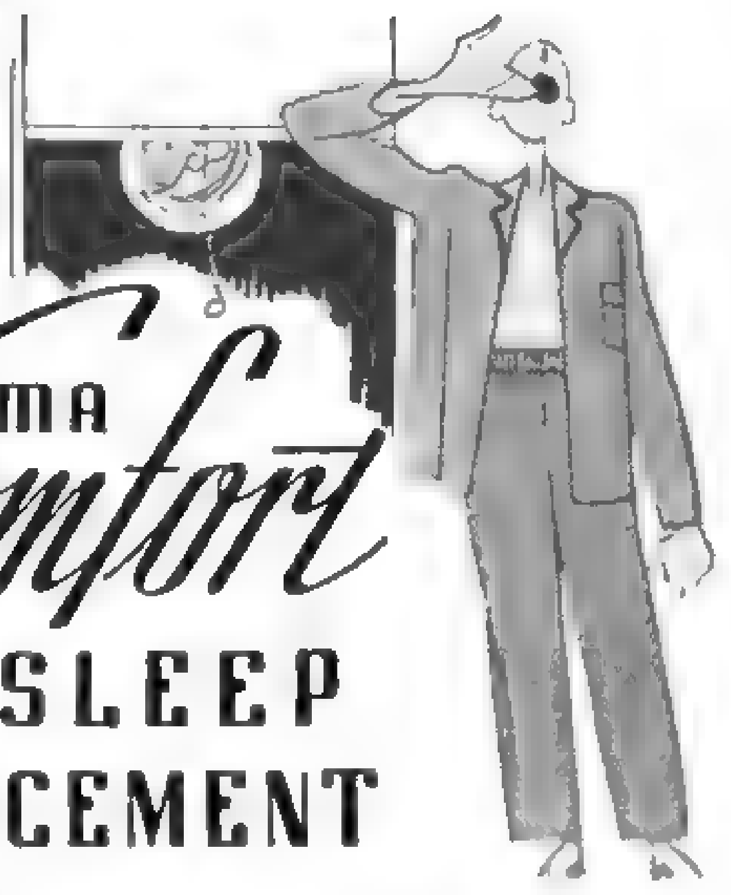
"We could get away in the boats before we're all dead," answered Blowhard. "We'd get clear of this blasted plague, or whatever it is, while we're still on our feet. That's just plain an' simple common sense, ain't it?"

"Aye, it's your sort of common sense," said Bosun with withering scorn. "Tell me—what would you do in the boats that you can't do aboard the ship. If the ship is full of this plague, the boats must be full of it too. But mebbe it ain't the ship that carries it. There might be something in us, bugs in our blood that we know nothing about. How'd you get rid of them in an open boat?"

Blowhard could find no answer to this one and remained silent. Also he had something else to think about, for Perry came aft and reported that two other men were down and had been laid in their bunks with bottles of hot water at their feet.

"All right, Perry," said the second. "That's all you can do."

The two officers watched the man Perry going forward at a leisurely pace and listened to a rising hubbub from the forehatch, where all the men who were still on their feet had gathered for the comfort to be derived from each other's company. But men now



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began to fall with the sickness with such terrifying frequency that those who remained unaffected refused to stay near them or lift them into their bunks, and the third mate called on the four apprentices to help in moving them out of the sun, exposure to which might kill them if the plague happened to spare their lives. Working steadily they attended to all the casualties. While the officer and the four boys were busy at this job, half a dozen crazed men rushed to the port forward boat to clear away and lower her, but even while they were frantically working with the boat they fell one by one, as if the violent exertion had made them more susceptible to attack, and the afterguard carried them into the shade of the forecastle. When there were no more left to carry, the third mate and the four boys returned to the poop, and as they mounted the ladder they saw the man at the wheel stagger from his post and drop to the deck.

"Take the wheel, Bart," the second mate ordered in a voice that trembled.

Bart stepped briskly to the wheel and the others carried Graham forward. He was the thirty-second, including the captain and the mate, and the last of the foremast hands to be struck down. On their way back to the poop they stopped to look into the galley and saw the cook lying on his back, so they carried him to his bunk and went on their way to attend to the steward, who had been lying in the pantry before Graham went down. They did not know how long the cook had been prostrate. When the second mate tumbled over, the boys carried him down to his cabin in white-faced silence.

"Thank God we're in the trades," said the third mate. "We'll have no need to handle the ship for ten days or more, and maybe before that time we can signal a passing steamer for help. She'll have a doctor aboard, and we ought to sight one in these latitudes." He looked at the boys strangely when he had said this, and they observed him intently as he drew a deep breath, saw his eyelids droop over eyes gone suddenly dark and caught him as he fell. When the three younger boys returned to the poop Bart called them over to the wheel.

"We're the last of the Old Guard," he remarked in a voice he tried to render casual. "And we'll have to carry on while we stay on our feet. I'm skipper now, and I'm free to admit I've achieved my boyhood's ambition much sooner than I expected. Listen, fellows. We won't need to touch a rope while we hold the trades, as the third mate said, and there are three of us who can steer. We're steering by the wind, so we needn't worry about the course. You haven't done much steering, Davy, but there's no reason why you shouldn't stand your trick at the wheel. You know the first principles, and in this steady wind she just about steers herself. As regards food, we'll live high for the present. I'm skipper, Goram's mate, Melford's second and Davy's third. Now that we're all officers we'll eat in the cabin, of course. It must be about seven bells now, so Goram and Davy can go below and rustle up some grub. You needn't cook anything except coffee, and I expect you'll find some already brewed in the pantry."

Goram and Davy went silently down to the pantry and collected bread, butter, cheese and some cold boiled beef which they placed on the cabin table with plates and cutlery.

"Of all the mysteries that ever happened," Goram broke the silence, "this is the deepest." He stared at Davy, who stared back at him. "Listen," he said, and they stood in profound silence listening to the labored breathing of the skipper, the three mates and the steward. The faces of these boys were too grim for their years, and their eyes were haunted by the thought of a merciless fate striking them down one by one as it had struck all the men of the ship's company. But their courage sustained them and they made no complaints. Davy realized that this might prove to be the greatest adventure of his life, but it was too tragic and too near to be in any sense welcome. When he thought of all the fine officers and men lying helpless and possibly dying, his heart constricted painfully and his cheeks whitened. It seemed infinitely senseless, insane and stupidly cruel.

"What do you think now, Davy?" Goram stared at him with burning eyes. "Will you ever see home and mother again?" There was no levity in his voice and manner. He was in deadly earnest and eager to hear Davy's answer.

"Yes," the younger boy answered. "I'll see home and mother again."

"But, Davy! In a case like this. You know, it might not be possible."

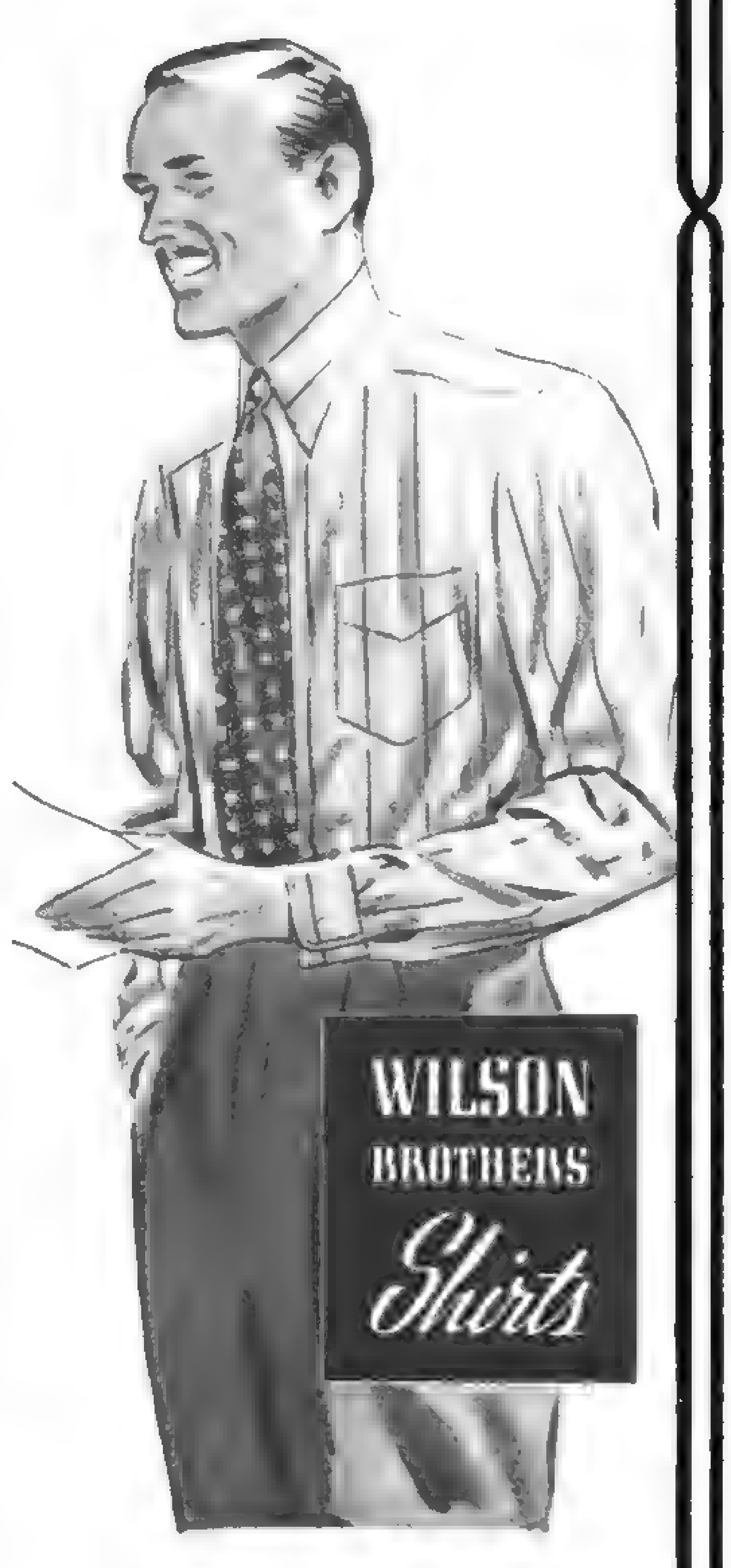
"It is possible. I promised faithfully to go back safe and sound, and a faithful promise is stronger than the world. Whatever happens—I don't care what it is—I will go home safe and sound. A promise like that, given to your mother, can't be broken. It isn't possible to break it."

The silence that followed this statement of Davy's creed was broken by the anguished voice of Melford from the deck above:

"Goram! You and Davy come up here. Bart's down."

The glances of the two boys met and held briefly as they turned and hurried on deck. Between them they carried Bart to his bunk in the half-deck and returned to the poop. Melford was at the wheel. Davy and Goram sat on the wheelbox grating and looked at the peaceful sea, the small waves curling over and breaking in little crests of foam, whispering playfully under the gentle touch of the wind. How little the sea cared about ships and men, whether they lived or died, Goram

*Continued on page 150*



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GEORGIA men find WINGS sold by Michael Bros., Inc., in Athens, styled for discriminating men in whites, solid colors and confined fancy patterns in a wide range

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ALL WINGS ARE SANFORIZED-SHRUNK

# Mystery by the Wind

*Continued from pages 67-149*

thought, but Davy interpreted the scene differently. It knows, he thought, that we'll get through somehow. They carried Melford to his bunk beside Bart and let the ship steer herself for a minute or two. When they returned to the poop the leeches of the sails were shaking and Goram put the wheel up to let her pay off. A few minutes later he turned to his companion and said in a tone of farewell yet strangely hopeful:

"It's up to you, Davy."

Davy caught him as he fell and dragged him into the shade of the wheelbox. He would be all right there, the stunned boy thought as he laid hold of the spokes of the wheel. He was the only conscious being on the ship now, and perhaps the lives of all these men, who had been his friends and companions through storm and calm since that first wild night in the English Channel, depended on him, on his faith, his honor and his courage. For their sakes and his own he must continue to believe with undaunted faith in the power of the promise he had made, that he would go home safe and sound at the end of the voyage. His mind settled on the task before him.

The wind was gentle and steady, the ship steered easily and the course was by the wind. He must be careful not to let her luff too much or she might come up in the wind and be caught aback. Then he would not know how to get her round on her course again, and she might remain in that dangerous sea till everybody died, unless they came to their senses before then. There was no light in his mind as to the future, since he did not know what was wrong with the men, or if they would ever get well again, but whatever happened he must stick to his post. This was the thought that suddenly dominated him. Here at the wheel he must remain to the end.

He held the wheel two or three spokes a-weather to keep the sails full and avoid the danger he dreaded of putting the ship in irons. Goram's labored breathing, coming to him from under the wheelbox, troubled him with its implication of pain, but another thought convinced him he was wrong in this, since Goram and the others would moan if they were suffering. They were all completely unconscious, unable to feel pain. Comforted by this conclusion he took a deep breath and straightened to a more erect posture, raised his eyes to the weather leech of the mizzen topgallant and noted that it stood firm and full. Glancing into the binnacle he saw that he was heading north-northwest, a point to the westward of the course an expert steersman would hold. But he was rather glad of this.

Again he drew a deep breath and straightened up, and a growing panic seized him. Why had he consciously filled his lungs twice during the past few minutes? Was this the beginning of the labored breathing that marked the onset of the plague which had smitten the ship? Wild emotions, nameless and wordless, struggled furiously in his mind and sudden blackness descended on him, amid which he felt himself struggling madly to emerge into the light again. Searing lights began to flash behind his eyes and he shook his head from side to side, sobbing aloud to the heedless day that he was not going down to the darkness. He would not go down, for he must bring the ship out of this evil sea and live in the light with his shipmates, must stay at his post to the end.

By some mysterious instinct he kept the ship on her course while he fought against the suffocating blackness that closed upon him with a deadlier weight as the minutes passed. At times he returned to brief sanity and found himself weeping deplorably, heard his voice praying wildly in words that had no meaning. Pains began to rack him, piercing his flesh and all the nerves of his struggling body, fighting to stay in the light of day and not to go down to the darkness. He must carry on.

Pain began to subside but was followed by a dreadful languor, a weight of utter weariness that must compel him to sleep or die. But he would not sleep and he could not die. He must go on. The languor overpowered him, dragged at him with force unbearable, crushed him to his knees, but his head struck sharply against a spoke of the wheel and he rose again with an effort that was torture ineffable. Again he came back to the light and saw that the ship was on her course, gliding sweetly across the laughing sea, and he felt a growing brightness within him. He was winning the fight. The light came back again, stronger now and steadier, remaining a little longer. His languor lessened, lifting its deadly incubus from his heart and mind. Pain departed from him and did not return, and gradually his normal senses emerged. Once more, after hours in that valley of dreadful strife, he stood in the bright sunshine of the smiling Pacific, his faculties cleared, the blackness vanished and a strange sound loud in his ears. He looked to starboard.

A few miles from the ship a huge geyser of lethal vapor blew steadily up from the face of the sea, which boiled about it like a witch's caldron. That roaring vent was made, he guessed, by invisible gas from a fissure in the sea bottom, driven up through a thousand fathoms to poison the air at the surface. There was the plague which had smitten the ship and struck down all her men. But the ship was well to windward now and all the gas would be blown down wind. He heard a sound from under the wheelbox and turn-

*Continued at top of page 152*

TO SCHOOL WITH Wings

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NOTRE DAME men in South Bend get WINGS at the Ellsworth Store, find a rigid guarantee plus SANFORIZING, that extra insurance against [illegible]

WASHINGTON students know that WINGS are sold in Seattle by M. B. Robbins Co., and that no other shirt has collars and cuffs of that genuine AEROPLANE [illegible]

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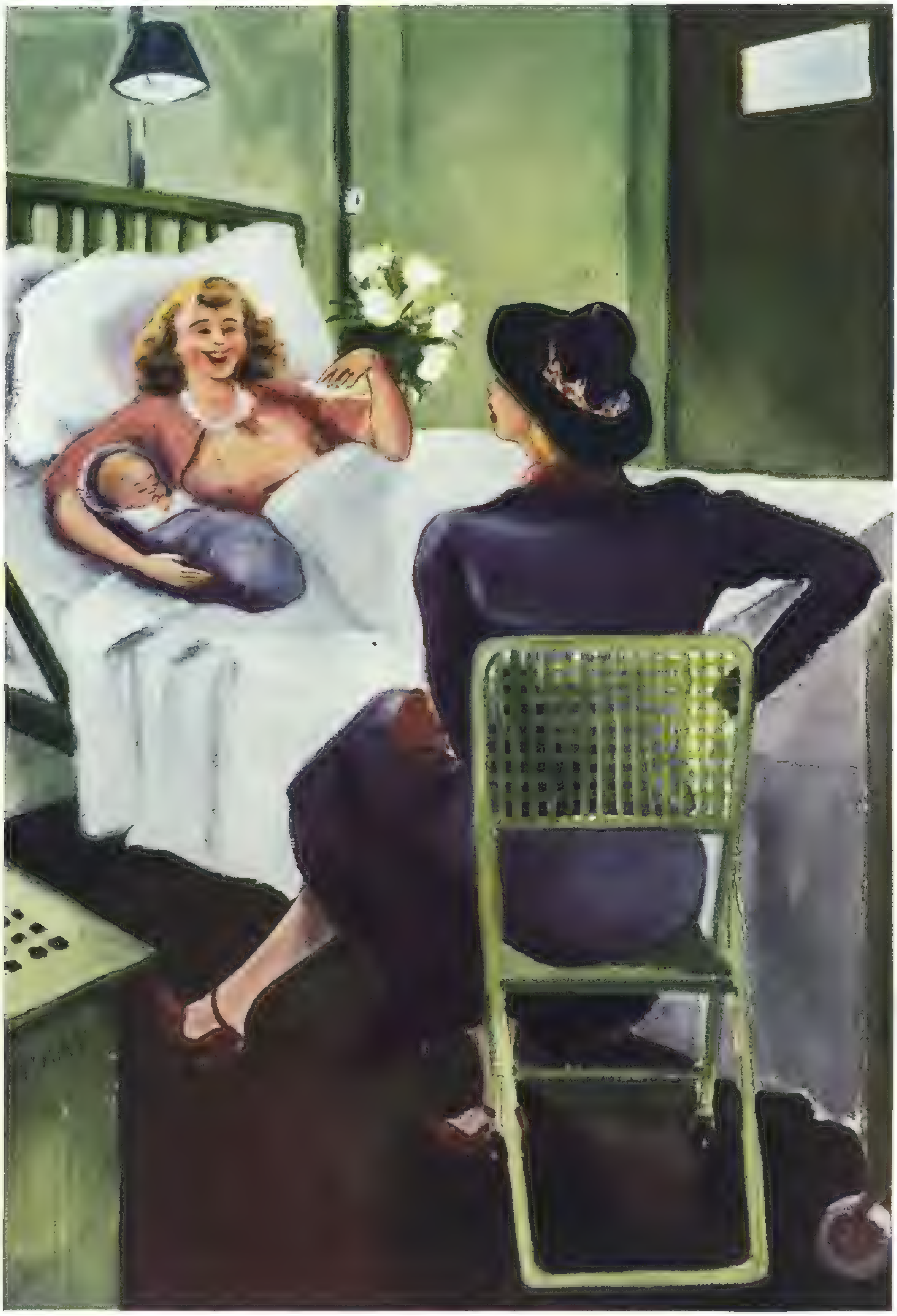
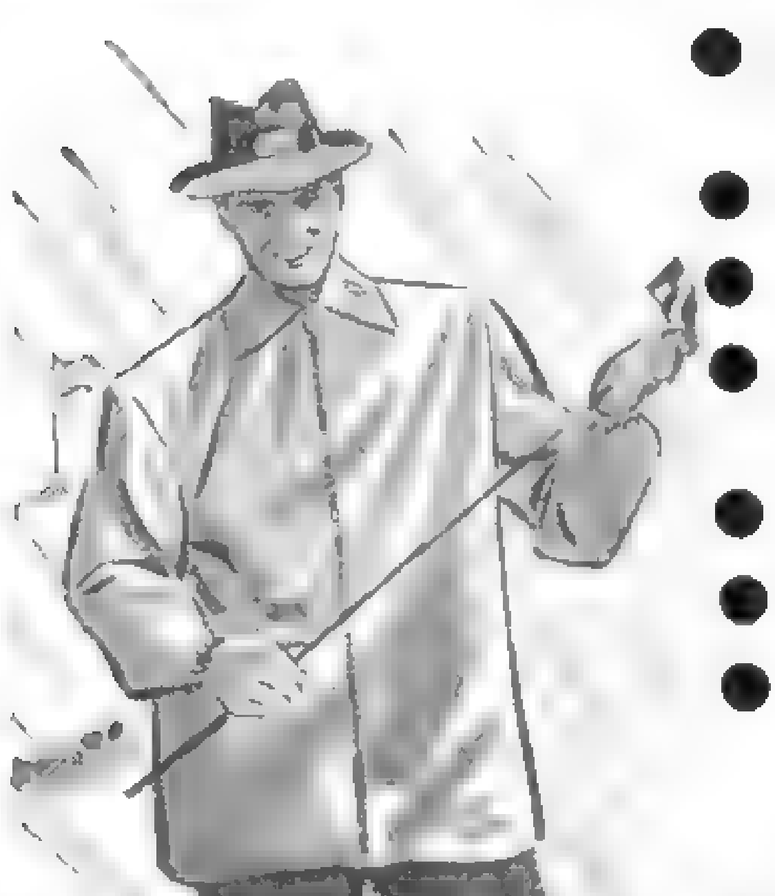


*"Henry says this is the last one—but you know Henry!"*



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- Absolutely waterproof.
- Contains no rubber or oil.
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- *Will not stick, harden or crack.*
- Will not stretch or shrink.
- Can be washed, or easily cleaned with a damp cloth.

These are not mere claims—but actual facts taken from experience and backed by the reputation of this raincoat manufacturer who has been in the business 57 years.

Now you can have the perfect raincoat—the phantomweight Zephyr—light as a feather, yet it will keep you dry in a torrent! Order two and keep one at home or in the car and the other in your desk at the office.

PRICE $5.00

Zephyr GOLF COAT
*with Talon Fastener*
Zephyr fabric in popular golf jacket model. Real protection against thundershowers. Leave it in your golf bag a year or two—it will come out as fresh as the day you put it in!

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Send me Parcel Post Prepaid, Zephyr Raincoats ($5) and Zephyr Golf Coats ($3.95) as shown.
RAINCOATS—☐ BLACK ☐ GREEN ☐ BROWN SIZE—☐ SMALL (36) ☐ MEDIUM (40)
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CHECK OR MONEY ORDER ☐ CASH ☐ C.O.D. (15c extra) ☐
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## Mystery by the Wind

*Continued from pages 67-149-150*

ing saw with sudden happiness that Goram was crawling from under the wheelbox toward the rail. Gripping the bars he hauled himself to his feet and turned toward Davy.

"What's that over there?"

"It's poisonous gas, I think, coming from a crack in the sea bottom."

Goram stood observing it, holding himself erect at the rail, but in a few minutes he had recovered sufficient strength and came haltingly in front of the wheel, staring at Davy.

"My God, kid!" he cried huskily in admiration and wonder. "You've been through it."

Bart and Melford came staggering out on deck and the third mate came reeling up the companion followed by the other officers. The decks were soon crowded with men staring at the uprushing fountain of gas which was rapidly falling astern. Davy heard voices of men and laughter and forgot the darkness and the pain, but he was utterly weary and began to sag downward at the wheel. He heard the mate swearing at him softly and with great affection, felt himself lifted and carried to his bunk.

"You go to sleep, m'lad. You've earned a good rest." said the mate gruffly. ⌗

## Known Treasure's Waiting for You

*Continued from page 39*

coveries. In 1930, following the directions of a chart which Pirate Stede Bonnet, of the early 1700's, sent to his wife, Mr. Fitzgerald dug $60,000 from the roots of a wild plum tree. When the authorities heard of G. F.'s sixty grand they clapped that gentleman in jail until he agreed to divvy up. The division was not favorable to Fitzgerald, who was permitted to keep only $20,000.

The reader may object that these citations relate to single finds, and indicate unusual luck rather than the possibility of deriving a stable income from the profession of treasure digging. If you share that objection, consider Lieutenant George Williams, and Mr. Thomas New.

At the close of the War, Williams left the British navy with little save a knowledge of history, a proficiency in electrical engineering, and an abundance of optimism. Somehow he scraped up funds for the construction of an electrical treasure detector, and for passage to Panama, where his detector promptly signaled the location of what turned out to be $3,000 in gold. Since then it has been disclosing treasure with such frequency that Williams has had to restrict operations to two months a year in order to give the rest of his time to the supervision of his large stable of remarkably slow and unprofitable horses.

To me, Mr. Thomas New, of Cincinnati, is an even more interesting example of what an intelligent man can do at the business, for while Williams did the conventional thing in rushing off to the Spanish Main, New has specialized in "back-yard" treasures—within two hundred miles of Cincinnati.

At first thought, one might be inclined to doubt the existence of any appreciable amount of hidden wealth in this area, but there is enough to keep him well occupied. Mr. New, a geophysical expert and radio engineer, is reticent as to just how much he has recovered. However, he admits having made some finds, he employs a salaried assistant to aid in the operation of his electrical devices, and he is willing to pay cold cash for likely sounding treasure information, so that it is a fair inference that he finds the work profitable. His only regret is that he does not live in Texas, which, he says, is practically solid with treasures.

Mr. New's success illustrates an important point in this lesson—the fact that the earnest worker need not feel hampered by an inability to charter yachts, or to spend heavily on railroad fare. Authentic treasure-trove is available within a short radius of most places south of the Arctic Circle.

It is perfectly true that the classic treasures—the big ones somebody or other is always trying to dig up more because of their flavor of blood, piracy, and romance than because of the probability that they will be found—are mostly on uninhabited tropical islands, but the less romantic, bread-and-butter treasures—the sort that get found—have more prosaic locations as a rule.

Should you become seriously interested in treasure seeking, the odds are that you will feel a gnawing urge to recover the hoard of Cocos, or that of Trinidad—probably the former. Either one would make a man rich in a big way, and both are good reading, decorated, as they are, with all the incidents of stock pirate fiction—buccaneering, mutiny, wholesale murder, shipwreck, the capture and hanging of all save *one* member of each crew, cryptic charts, deathbed confessions, and so on, plus a thick and needless layer of honest confusion and deliberate lying.

Both treasures are believed in implicitly by thousands of men all over the world who dream of the day they'll be able to take a shot at one or the other. A Toronto printer sells his business, packs himself and his family in a twenty-foot boat, and sails off for Cocos via the Lakes, the Chicago River, the Gulf and the Panama Canal. Or a British or American syndicate goes there with sizable funds and extensive equipment. One or the other, or something similar, has been happening every few weeks for a good many years. Mil-

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**Slacks** waist (27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-36-38-40-42)
inseam (29-30-31-32-33-34-35)
Colors
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CITY STATE

lionaire yachtsmen take a fling at it as a sporting proposition, and a well-known New York stage director avows that, when he's able, he'll *get* the damned treasure.

Personally, I doubt that he will. I believe that both stories are probably true in substance, but that the physical difficulties are too tremendous. The Alerte expedition, probably the best-equipped ever to embark on a treasure hunt, left Trinidad so appalled at the magnitude of the task that further attempts for that cache have been discouraged, and an engineer has estimated that the Cocos job would require the shifting of some 5,500,000 cubic yards of dirt for conclusive results.

However, there are treasures—and pirate treasures at that—which combine authenticity and practicability, and which offer a much better opportunity for the tyro digger. On Star Island, off the Maine coast, for example, there's $75,000 in gold, deposited by a gang of Colonial freebooters. Tristan da Cunha, away off in the South Atlantic, holds loot of substantial, if unknown, value, while, if you can't get a seaworthy boat, there's Gibbs' $50,000 on Long Island, and others of surprising proximity to New York.

The three caches which have been mentioned are not only authentic, but hidden in very restricted areas, and at a depth of only two or three feet. There is no record of any effort having been made to recover any of them.

The fact that these thoroughly recoverable, if comparatively modest and unromantic treasures, remain undisturbed indicates that most treasure hunters, unlike New and Williams, are less practical than romantic, and points the moral that success in this profession depends upon a realistic frame of mind. You must overcome the emotional appeal of cutlasses and boarding-pikes, and exercise a great deal of patience in collecting and verifying "facts," most but *not all* of which are pure hokum. Don't try to tear down a good-sized mountain with a few picks and a little dynamite, don't bother looking for treasure credited to Captain Kidd or Sir Henry Morgan—they didn't leave any—and above all don't let anyone sell you a buried treasure map, even if it is on genuine parchment. The real article is rare. Most are phonies.

For information about treasures, start with the writings of the late Ralph D. Paine, of A. Hayatt Verrill, and of Charles B. Driscoll. To that add the amazingly extensive magazine material.

This stuff is pretty wild-eyed as a rule, but it does disclose some information of value. Anything Paine says is so—he went at his job seriously, and gives references and verifications. Verrill is particularly good on South American treasure lore, and on that of the British Isles. He's a scientist as well as a fictioneer. Driscoll gives you facts you may not be able to get elsewhere, and his research has been done with care. Cross-check the dope, throw out the contradictions, pick the project that gives least affront to your business judgment, and that won't require more time and money than you have to spend, verify any tag ends of the story with chapter, verse and photostats, and go to it!

After reading of the experiences of other treasure hunters, you may conclude that automatic firearms and plenty of ammunition are the most essential items of equipment, for it is a curious fact that treasure seekers tend to swarm to one spot at the same time, without previous knowledge of one another's intentions, and plenty of rival expeditions have spent more time in tossing dynamite at each other than in blasting for the treasure itself. However, I suggest that, for most work, a good electrical detector is of prime importance.

Such detectors are perfectly simple, scientific devices which work well under some conditions. The earliest was the Hughes induction balance, with which the doctors tried to locate the bullet in President Garfield's body. The newer ones are based on the fact that an oscillating radio circuit changes its frequency when taken near a mass of metal.

Detectors are advertised in most mechanical and scientific magazines, and at modest prices. One firm, which makes nothing else, prices its "Junior Radio Gold Detector" at $87.50, its "Marvel" model at $98.50, its "No. 1 Master" style at $147.50, and its "No. 2 Master" at $195, so you have plenty of choice. As there are several other concerns in the business, it will give you some idea of the extent to which treasure hunting, as an industry, has grown!

Benjamin Franklin took a boy along when he did his kite flying, so that he could pass over the string and say that he was just watching if anyone saw them. You need suffer no such timidity in embarking upon your career of treasure digging, for the profession has been dignified with the names of men of note and substance.

Sir Malcolm Campbell, the famous British sportsman, has dug on Cocos, and hopes to go again. Captain Shrapnel, an officer of the English navy, and the inventor of

*Continued on page 155*

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Post Office delivery charge of 16 cents on C. O. D.
**Sizes** waist (27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-36-38-40-42)
inseam (29-30-31-32-33-34-35)
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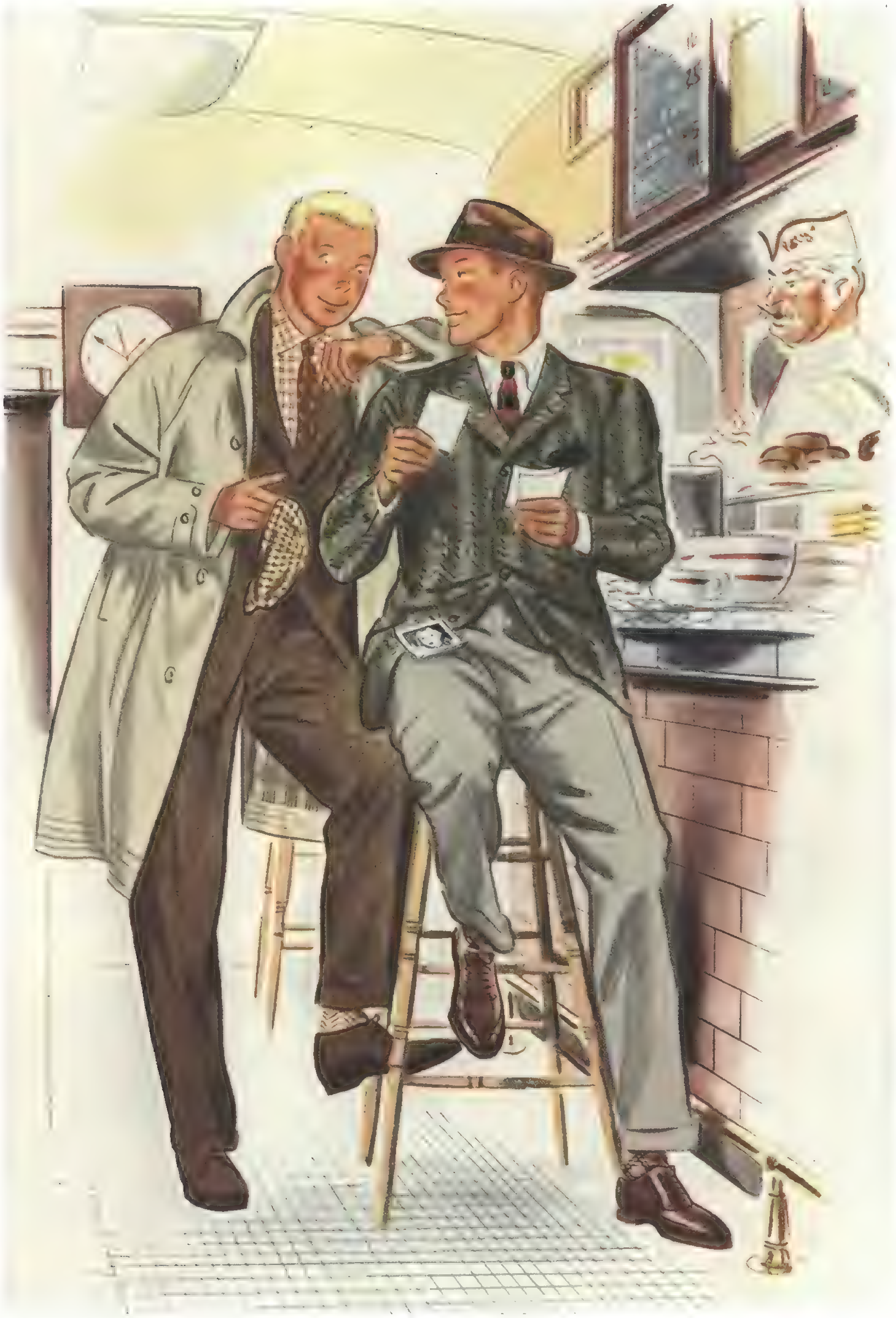
# L'après-midi d'un crew haircut . . .



Short on hair but long on fashion is the gaga-eyed undergraduate at the left, wearing a typical university model suit in Devon cord, a new fabric for country and campus wear and heir apparent to the popular Covert cloth tradition. The suit is single breasted, with three-button front, notched lapel and narrow trousers. The raincoat is of lightweight cotton with raglan shoulders, military collar and stitching at the bottom. A new shoe for both campus and country wear is the ankle high reverse calf chukka in nutmeg color, with crepe soles and heels. He also wears brown and white chevron wool hose, flannel shirt in brown check effect with cutaway collar and red wool tie in Paisley design. In his hand is the small shape checked tweed varsity cap. Don Juan de la Hamburger wears a Lovat green Shetland tweed jacket. Note the four-button front, revival of an old college fashion. Accessories include a white oxford button-down collar-attached shirt, worn with a striped silk crochet tie, grey flannel slacks and light brown snapbrim hat. Shoes are brown wing-tip brogues with red rubber soles and heels, the hose, district check wool.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## Known Treasure's Waiting for You

*Continued from pages 39-153*

the shell named after him, headed two treasure expeditions. Col. Brooks, of the U. S. Army, and, subsequently, of the American Bank Note Co., had some particularly hair-raising adventures on his South American treasure hunt. Lord Fitzwilliam, Arnold Gray, Admiral Nicholson, Lord Curzon-Howe, Admiral Palliser, and Carl Weigan, former editor of *Yachting*, have hunted treasure at one time or another. Not long ago a prominent British capitalist backed an attempt to recover the wealth King John lost in The Wash several centuries ago, and more recently Clarence Saunders, of Piggly-Wiggly fame, put up money for a treasure hunt, which, however, turned out to be a swindle, the promoter thereof having decided that a buck in the hand was worth two in the bush. Other names might be added, but these are given, not to illustrate the profits which reward the digger—for none of the gentlemen listed here found a cent for his troubles—but only to banish any possible embarrassment on the part of the novice. The individuals who *find* the treasure-trove are obscure persons who, invariably, go to some lengths to remain obscure.

It isn't hard to find treasure. All it takes is more than average common sense, and the courage to devote to such a speculative enterprise the time and money required to do a thorough job. It's a little harder to keep it after you get it. To do that you need a good lawyer, and the disposition of a clam.

For the guidance of the beginner at this interesting business, a short selection of better-known treasures is appended. All are authentic.

Oak Island, Nova Scotia, near Halifax. The most perplexing of all treasures. No one knows its size, or who put it there, but drilling has brought up, from a depth of 170 feet, three links of a fine gold chain and a bit of parchment with the letters "vi" or "wi." Excavation halted at 98 feet by inflow of sea water through two tunnels, one over 450 feet long! Sounds fishy, but absolutely true.

Star Island, Maine. About $75,000 left by some of pirate John Quelch's crew in 1704. Highly recommended.

Santa Rosa Island, West Florida. Two caches of pirate William Rogers, who died in 1888, leaving directions which resulted in the finding of one hoard.

Mexico City, Mexico. The gold lost in the canals which surrounded the ancient city, on the night the Aztecs cut Cortez' little band to pieces.

Southampton Beach, L. I., New York. Fifty thousand dollars buried in 1831 by Charles Gibbs. Should be worth looking for.

Trinidad Island, South Atlantic (not the better-known Trinidad of the West Indies). Loot of Lima, Peru. Covered by a great landslide, and hard to dig out.

Cocos Island, off Costa Rica. Another $20,000,000 from Lima. A swell story, but a bad speculation.

St. Charles River, Quebec. A boatload of coin hidden before Wolfe's attack. Hunt for this treasure can be combined with a summer vacation.

Salvages Islands, West Coast of Africa. Two millions in silver, deposited in 1804 by mutineers of a Spanish merchantman. An American ship is said, on dubious authority, to have recovered four chests of silver dollars here in 1813.

Avignon, France. Near the square tower of the old papal palace is a substantial sum buried in 1366 by Pope Urban V to save it from duGuesclin, free-lance warrior in the service of Charles V. Recovery, seemingly easy, has never been attempted.

Gough Island, South Atlantic. Rather isolated, but a good risk. The plunder of unidentified pirates, near Church Rock, at the western end of the island.

Swamps of the Rio Grande, Calumpit, Luzon, P. I. The enormous wealth of Chan Lee Suey, hidden before the capture of the city by the British in 1762.

Nightingale Island, South Atlantic. One chest of pirate loot recovered by American adventurers, but much more remains. Details rather vague.

Ecbatana, Asia Minor. Near here, 331 B.C., after his defeat at Arbela, Darius III buried about half a *billion* dollars' worth of gold. Perfectly authentic, hunted by such well-known characters as Crassus, Mark Antony, Germanicus, and Nero. With up-to-date equipment, a good project for a syndicate with plenty of money.

Arenas Cay, Gulf of Mexico. Seven iron cannon, full of gold, deposited by one Villazon, pirate. A very limited area to be searched.

Hermitage Castle, England. In the foundations of this structure, a goodly treasure placed there by King John's own hands.

Sucanbuzo, Bolivia. Forty-four million dollars in Jesuit gold.

Ecuador. A great Incan or pre-Incan treasure, far back in the Andes. A map, left by Valverde, a poor soldier who lived like a grandee on what he could carry away, exists, but has been found difficult to follow.

Near the ruins of the old temple of Pachacamak, the profusion of gold with which it was adorned before the coming of the Spaniards. A splendid project for the ambitious digger.

Cuzco, Peru. Beneath the Incan fortress of Sacsayhuaman, a vast treasure of unknown origin, a little of which has been recovered.

Tristan Da Cunah, South Atlantic. From $100,000 to $200,000, hidden by Lambert, a thrifty Yankee pirate who established the first settlement there. A rather inconvenient location, but one of the best bets on the list—perfectly authentic, and located within an area of a few square yards. ⧺

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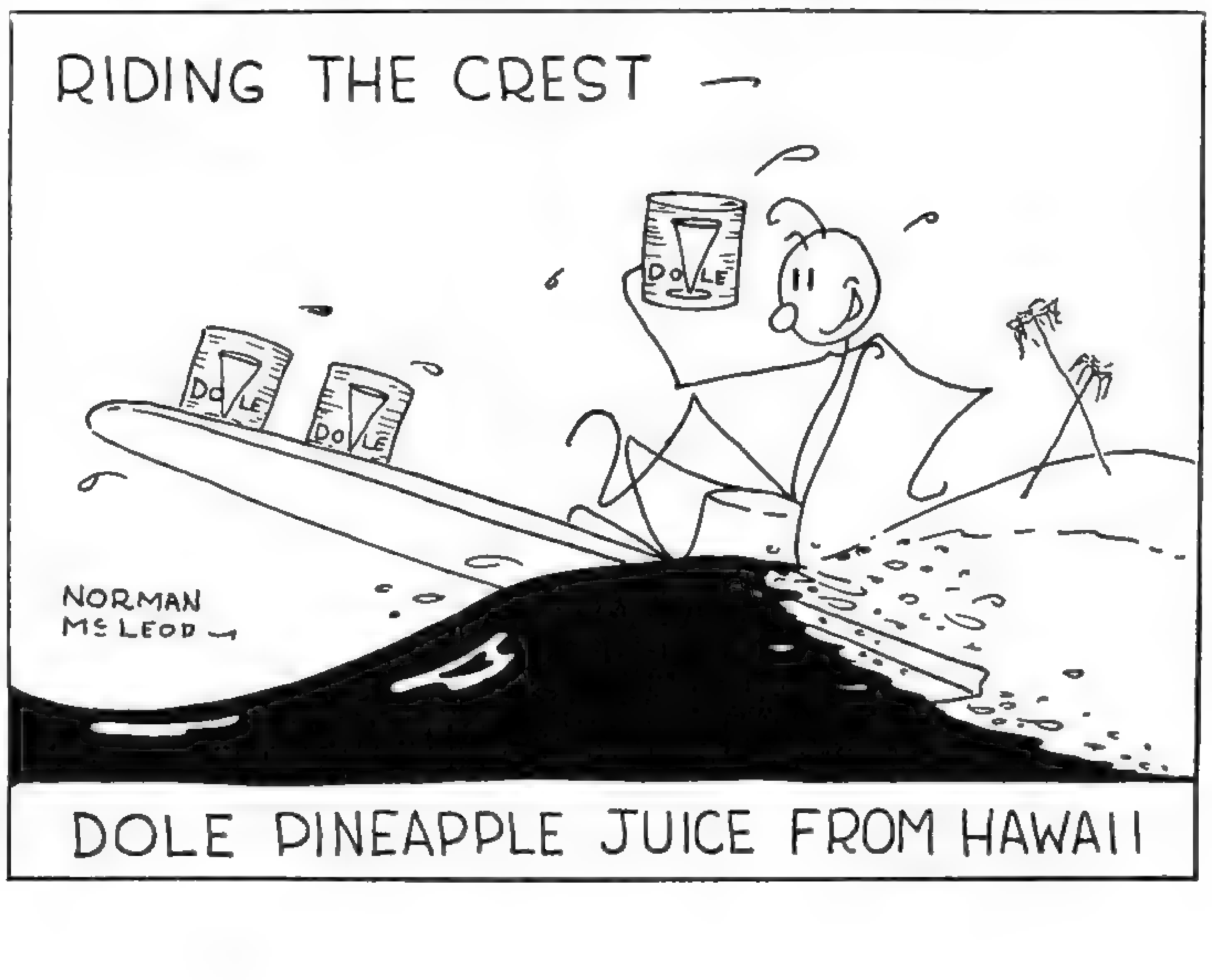

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# The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from pages 8-12*

### MR. HORTON GETS HIS

Perhaps since Esquire is primarily a men's magazine in which the egotistical male can have his occasional jibe at the opposite sex without danger of feeble attempts on their part to uphold their dignity, my refutation of Thomas D. Horton in his article, *What Men Don't Like About Women*, will be distinctly out of place. However, I believe that Mr. Horton has let himself open for a flurry of criticism and I, as a member of that sex reputedly in a continual state of adolescence, intend to thrust my little and probably ineffectual dart. I doubt if even a spear could penetrate the thick skin of our critic of femininity as a whole.

Apparently Mr. Horton assumes in the first place that women care what men think of them. Women do precisely as they please regardless of masculine disapproval as evinced by their freakish styles in clothing so bitterly criticised by men. They so buffet male disapproval for the primary reason they don't care a scrap. Mr. Horton belongs to the species "Genus Egotisticus" known to all women. This type manifests itself by sitting high above the crowd and gazing down pityingly at the puppets at its feet known as women. This type has persuaded itself that it forces these puppets to act and without it as guide they would be lifeless.

I am forced to admit that the average woman is a bonehead worthy of all Mr. Horton's criticism, but then he is an object of pity for he has apparently met only the average woman. Like the average man she is dull and motivated by the mass spirit. With sweeping generalizations, however, he has carefully worked out an attack of women literary in general. According to him, women prefer handsome authors . . . may I suggest the probable flurry that would agitate the masculine world if a beautiful woman were to turn out a chez-d'oeuvre? She wouldn't even have to be famous to have the men en masse turn out to make her book a best seller. This trait is equally effective in both men and women and comes from the conflict in adjusting the idea that beauty can occur simultaneously with brains, contrary to popular opinion. As for fame . . . men as well as women feel more secure in praising a familiar and already overpraised author. As for the come hither appeal, men would never have their pictures on the covers of books in the first place if they were not vain and desirous of selling their masculinity as well as the book.

"Women have sympathy for the writer's misery," says our sage. Certainly, women are sympathetic creatures. As long as a man puts his name on the cover of a book, he lets himself in for the personal fallacy. Fame in any field for either man or woman brings the public, man and woman alike, snooping into their respective lives.

"Women prefer Kathleen Norris to Thomas Mann." What a pity our critic has never met an intelligent woman! He must have come in contact with some rather awful specimens. But then he is, perhaps, the "older man" who knows little about the average girl the colleges are putting out today. Putting out, mind you, because woman has finally broken the ban man put on the educated woman for so many hundreds of years. For generations he has forced her to be confined to the home and forbidden her the equality of his superior education. Any such preference, I say, is due to a hangover from former years.

"They also seek the unintelligible writings and pretend to make sense out of them." After all who is to say if Firbank or Faulkner made sense? Why go into the controversy of communication vs. expression? That has been argued by men and women alike. And to think these were MEN guilty of such a dire fault! I wonder if Mr. Horton believes that men and men alone can fathom the so-called "modernistic" painting and tell if the artist is a hoax or the real McCoy? Men as well as women were taken in by the "Spectra" imagist poetry which was successfully put over on the public not so many years ago. As for Stein, women knew that she was only answering the feminine urge to be different. The men alone take her seriously.

As for "erotic literature," as our critic is pleased to call it, need I remind him that sensuality appeals to men as well as women? The only difference being that women are a little more frank about it. Should I mention the things by Thorne Smith which enjoy such a large distribution among men? It is a common failing, why should women be exclusively blamed?

And so women are jealous of the abstract love of their mates for the arts! If this has been the personal experience of Mr. Horton, he certainly must be a superior man and I should very much like to meet one who has such indescribable attractions for the opposite sex. Strange how I personally have known many women who have cared so for their own careers in the field of the arts that they have been divorced rather than be deterred by their husbands.

As for criticism as a whole, I should like to hear Mr. Horton's definition of a "good" literary critic. In the first place, literary criticism is such a useless occupation anyway. The whole matter is so personal and even the most famous and authentic critics have been known to disagree. On the whole no matter how meritorious the book is, the critics feel that since they are being paid to be critics, they had better look to their duty. Hence, they pore through the pages of every new and well-meaning author and futilely take apart even the best for the sheer love of showing their superiority in matters literary. Criticism is easy compared to original writing and, although it is not pertinent here, the critics write merely to give a well-stated view to the unintelligent who are incapable of forming their own opinions. They remind me of a horde of vampires waiting in the darkness until a suitable prey appears on the scene and then they lose no time in picking it to the bones. Anyone who takes a critic seriously is a fool. Women understand this and secretly laugh at the critics anyway. No wonder they don't make good ones!

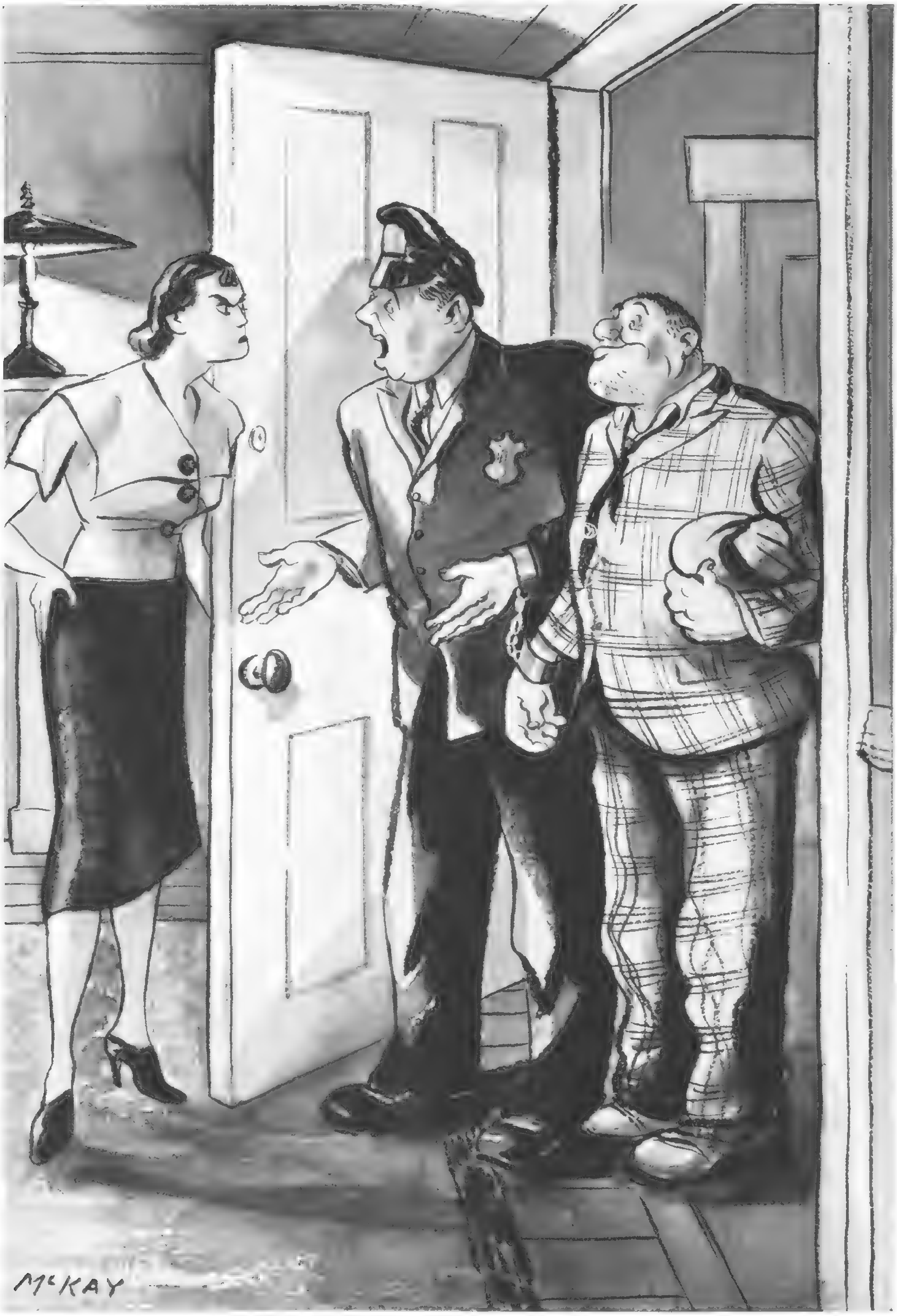
I personally resent the assumption that all women authors are repulsive. As an embryonic author myself, I have neither "ink on my fingertips, creases in my neck nor dirt behind my ears." There are extremists in any case. All columnists don't have to be as personally sloppy as Heywood Broun. Writers of tramp travel stories don't all have to parade on Fifth Avenue in dungarees as did Halliburton. Therefore, it stands logically that all women writers aren't as eccentric as Gertrude Stein. Margaret Halsey, Eve Curie, Anne Lindbergh and Margaret Mitchell, to give a few outstanding examples, seem to have their share of feminine appeal and could write interestingly and well without the coating of dirt and eccentricity which Mr. Horton feels to be a part of the stage properties necessary to prepare women for authorship. Need I say more?

Sincerely,
Evelyn Urban Shirk
Little Neck, L. I., N. Y.

### REVEALING

My friends (male and female) and I all consider Mr. Horton's articles wonderful pieces of character analysis. Of a man who is unable to attract an intelligent woman.

Sincerely yours,
Chevy Chase, Md. Janet Deitrich



*"I'm doing it as a special favor to the Captain, dear—the jail was crowded!"*

An Appointment with Sophistocrats
Robt. Burns de Luxe

• New York's Social Registerites, Mr. Rene Bellinger and Miss Kay Will, say au revoir to Miss Louise Norvell, Virginia Blue Booker.

Pleasing to look at—pleasing to smoke—the Robt. Burns Panatela de Luxe is always a welcome member of a sophistocratic group. By birthright of pedigreed Havana filler, 100%—by virtue of skillful craftsmanship—it is a patrician cigar. It is *de luxe* in shape and in smoking enjoyment. Look smart by smoking society's own cigar.

**Robt. Burns**
Panatela de Luxe 10¢
"THE SOPHISTOCRAT OF CIGARS"

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## Roulades and Cadenzas

*Continued from page 83*

bution to the musical experience as the composer and the interpreter. There is a sense in which music may be said not to exist until it is heard.

The immediate problem is to do something for those innocents who lack sufficient imagination to create their own atmosphere and must always be at the mercy of the insensitive horde . . . for those who cannot stomach the mechanical impediments of the gramophone and the radio . . . for those gregarious souls who feel lonesome at home.

The Legislature should act. Listening, as we know it, is a community enterprise, and rules for it should be laid down, exactly as for sewage disposal. Or, perhaps Vigilantes' Committees should be formed—they've worked for less worthy causes.

We've pussy-footed long enough. There's been too much coddling of these coughers and babblers, program rattlers and wigglers, whisperers, prancers, late comers, and other human pests. Doors should be shut and no one admitted (unless I happen to be late) before the interval. If the Metropolitan can get by with it in Cleveland, why not in New York?

When the audience is steeped in manifest ignorance and doesn't know the end of a movement from the end of a symphony, a red-and-green signal system can be installed, as a board member suggested to the Indianapolis Symphony. Programs should be printed, as they are at the Toscanini concerts, on cloth or blotting paper.

A chest and throat specialist in the foyer should dispense permits to enter the auditorium. For the benefit of those who get by him . . . and afterwards feel the urge, the conductor might be persuaded to hold up his handkerchief, as Frederick Stock did, before every fortissimo crash, so that they may relieve themselves.

Ushers at concerts in the World of Tomorrow will be big, strong, silent men. As Olin Downes suggested, they will yank every disturber "to his feet, choking him to keep him quiet as he is carried up the aisle. At the head of the aisle he will be gagged and slapped into a straight jacket. He will then be escorted to a stone courtyard back of the building, where the audience during the intermission may witness the execution."

Pending that Utopian day, you might discipline yourself. Not only silence but spiritual communion is necessary for the full appreciation of music. If, through an act of God or your own carelessness, you must disturb the calm, do it with care and proficiency. Remember von Bülow's dictum to the lady with the fan: "Madam, if you must fan, please do so in time with the music." ⵌ

## La Boule Blanche

*Continued from page 93*

day, Saturday, and Sunday night. As with André and Mons. Victoire.

Now I dance the beguine, and I find that it is not simply a matter of individual expression: the dance has certain standardized movements, and those who carry it to extreme or take advantage of these movements for an open sex thrill are in disfavor, even at the Boule Blanche. The sailor, for instance. The intricate basic rhythm has entirely escaped his Nordic mentality. He sees only breasts and hips and buttocks. He is dancing with a well-known "taxi-mama." She is thin, and her features are fine and Madonna-like. Excepting that her mouth sags and her eyes are a little bloodshot. Her brown hair is long and silky. She is a Dominican who came here for business, and she dances the beguine as a part of her advertisement. Mechanically she rolls her hips. Her movements are hard and deliberate; she has none of the smooth suppleness which melts the dance into the pulsations of the tambour-like bass viol. She is pressed tightly against the sailor, and she kneads his awkward body with her hard thighs and stomach. At the end of the dance she leads him onto the balcony at the far end of the hall and up the stairs . . . this is not really the beguine . . .

My attention is drawn to the wrinkled little woman in "grande robe" and three-pointed madras. She sells peanuts at the Boule Blanche, and she is a good dancer. She is much in demand. Every other dance she deposits her tray of "pistaches" under a chair in the corner. The full "grande robe," trailing skirt tucked high on one hip, is a graceful accompaniment to her stately yet supple movements. Her head balances from side to side coquettishly, and her partner stands far enough away so that each is practically a solo dancer. The beguine as the Empress Josephine would have known it. When the dance finishes, the peanut vendor in grande robe returns to the corner, retrieves her basket, and recommences her half-indifferent rounds of the room.

There are other dances—the "Valse Creole" and the haunting "mazouk"—creole mazurka . . . Then suddenly in the midst of heat and perspiration and the giddy high pitch of the sight and feel and smell of so much joy it is black . . . "La nuit"—signal for all lights to be put out, and the night is consummated in inky blackness while the clarinet whines the melody and banjo and sha-sha and bass viol keep up the insistent throbbing that follows us as we slip away. Beneath, the silent canal, malodorous haunt of myriad mosquitoes. And the black boatmen with upturned faces . . . La Boule Blanche . . . ⵌ

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ROYAL Lounger
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## The Censor Marches On . . . IV

*Continued from page 77*

ample, are state censors.

The line of demarcation between federal and state censors, while clear-cut in theory, is not sharply observed in practice. A book banned at the customs is effectively kept from the people of the states; the motion picture producers in California work with the New York State Board in mind; the decisions of the federal courts on books, plays and films are usually followed by the state courts, and vice versa.

### *SEX VERSUS POLITICS*

There is sex censorship, and political censorship. The latter seeks to perpetuate the present order by suppressing criticisms of it; all prosecutions under sedition and criminal syndicalism laws fall in this class. The former aims to protect the morals of society from the taint of obscenity. Suppression of political ideas is frequently resorted to in the guise of a prosecution for "sexual impurity." Here are three typical cases:

Fred Warren of Kansas, publisher of *The Appeal to Reason*, a Socialist weekly, was indicted for alleged violation of the obscenity law.

In 1912 Herbert Coomer, publisher of a Socialist paper in Oklahoma, received a jail sentence of six months, ostensibly for publishing a "lewd and lascivious advertisement in his paper."

In 1923 Carlo Tresca, anarchist, strike organizer, editor of the radical weekly *Il Martello*, gave offense to the Italian government because copies of his paper, vigorously attacking the Fascist regime, found their way into Italy. There is persuasive evidence that official instructions were given to "get" him. He was arrested, indicted and convicted for publishing a two-line advertisement of a book on birth control. He received a sentence of a year and a day. His appeal was denied and he actually served four months in Atlanta. ⱡⱡ

## Pretty Cassie Chadwick

*Continued from page 53*

Chadwick home on Euclid Avenue in Cleveland took on new luster. Dr. Chadwick had a fair income but hardly enough to support three maids for whom Mrs. Chadwick presently bought sealskin coats, making them doubtless the only three maids in Cleveland thus attired.

It was the only ostentation noted of the Chadwick menage during that first year of the Chadwicks' married life.

At a date unknown, but at approximately this period, Mrs. Chadwick appeared at a large Cleveland bank. She would talk to no one but the chief official. To him in a private room she exhibited a package which caused the official to whistle happily under his breath. In the big fat envelope was what was obviously a trust fund amounting to an even two million dollars of principal, the various documents signed in the distinctive script of Andrew Carnegie, and properly witnessed. All the papers looked to be in good order.

It is possible that the lawyer who had accompanied Mrs. Chadwick to New York had whispered about the Fifth Avenue call to the Cleveland banker. It would have been a natural thing, seeing as how the lawyer had close business connections with the bank. In any case the banker was very happy to handle a big trust fund with the Carnegie name on it—the name of a man then rated greater than John D. Rockefeller and next after J. Pierpont Morgan. Mrs. Chadwick demurely mentioned that she wished the fact of the trust fund kept secret. The banker assured her that such was common practice. He gave her a receipt for the papers she turned over to the bank.

Cassie Chadwick now stepped into a pace that amazed Cleveland. For the next five years she ran the new steel barons of Pittsburgh a close race in large and vulgar spending. Old-timers in Cleveland still talk of it. The staff of Chadwick servants grew. A footman in livery appeared. So did a butler.

One time Cassie telephoned a Cleveland department store and asked them to remain open, for her privately, a short time after the usual closing hour; Mrs. Chadwick wanted to buy a few trifles undisturbed by *hoi polloi*. The store stayed open. Cassie showed up and purchased a thousand dollars' worth of hose and handkerchiefs.

She liked to play Lady Bountiful. In 1900 she selected twelve Cleveland high school girls and took them on a three months' tour of England and the Continent. In 1902 she collected a group of kids from Cleveland slums and gave them an outing in the country.

Cassie was kind to dumb animals, too. She had fresh green clover fetched from Ohio fields to feed the horses of the Chadwick stable.

She did a good deal of traveling, much of it alone. The good doctor, a kindly man, let her have her way. Whether or not she had told him of the "Carnegie private trust fund" is not certain, but it would seem likely that she had.

During the winter of 1903-1904 she staged what was to be one of the last of her grander gestures. She chartered a special train, filled it with Cleveland friends and took them to New York for a single performance of Wagner's *Parsifal* at the Metropolitan Opera House.

It had long been apparent that Dr. Chadwick's income could not support the elegant carryings-on of Cassie. She had become a noted, almost a notorious character in Cleveland. No scandal had attached itself to her; not that. She kept her skirts very clean. She had borne a son to the doctor and lived circumspectly. It was her showy

*Continued on page 160*

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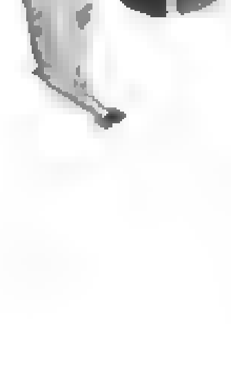

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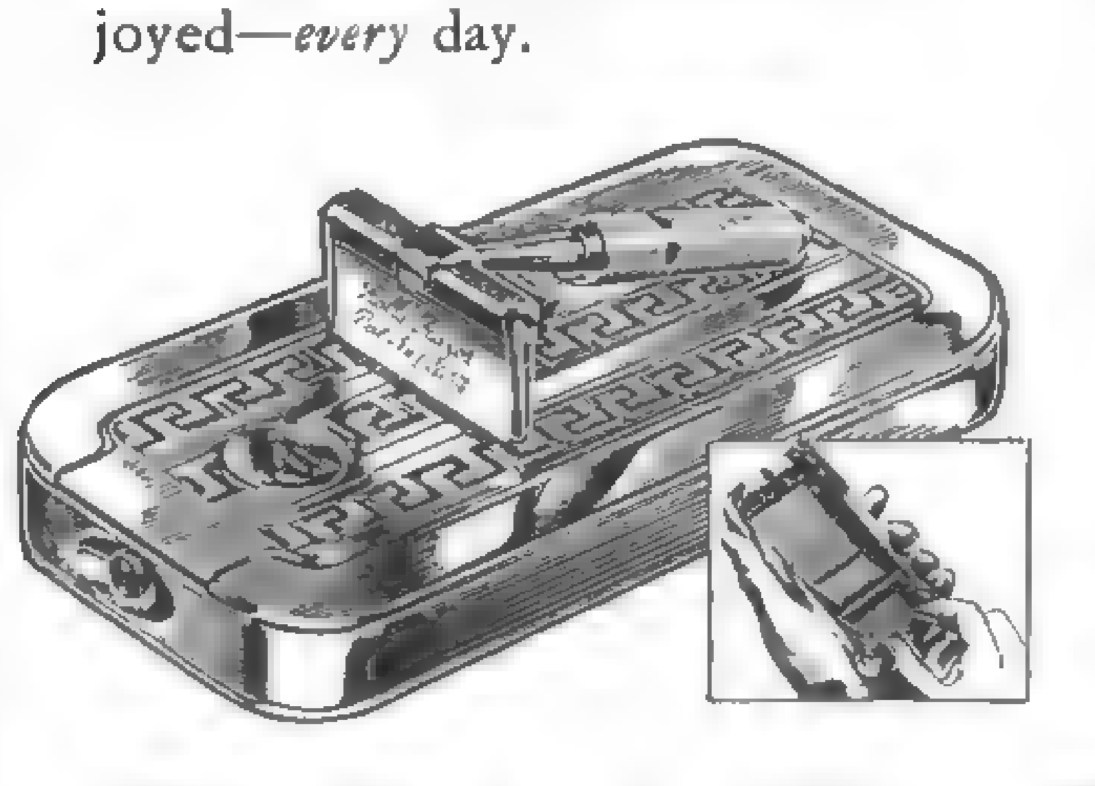

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ROLLS RAZOR

## Pretty Cassie Chadwick

*Continued from pages 53-159*

manner of living that caused talk.

Cassie had long fascinated two newspapermen. They were Charles Martin and Robert Larkin of the *Cleveland Press*. The boys figured it might be interesting to learn if possible where the money came from that Cassie Chadwick spent so lavishly.

One thing led to another. Martin and Larkin soon discovered that Cassie was none other than "Madame La Rose" who had done time for forgery. Tracing back, they found she had once acquired money by mortgaging furniture that belonged to a sister and a brother-in-law. She had spent the cash on herself. Getting back even further, the boys learned of the raised check back in Ontario.

Without more ado the *Cleveland Press* came out with a story that said Mrs. Leroy S. Chadwick was an ex-convict and probably an awful fraud to boot. Cassie had her attorneys bring a suit for libel. And then the Chadwick affair burst in style, blowing in all directions at once.

The Cleveland bank hurriedly took another look at those "Carnegie" documents. They still looked good but the bank thought Mr. Carnegie ought to see them. The Scot came to Cleveland. He told the bankers and the press, who told the nation, that he had never established a trust fund for any supposedly illegitimate daughter. Further, he had no illegitimate children of either sex. The woman, he said, was a complete hoax. He had never seen or heard of her. As to those papers in the bank, they were forgeries. He scrutinized the signature and promptly pronounced it a very good imitation of his own.

Sensations followed. In Brookline, Massachusetts, a capitalist named H. D. Newton said he had loaned Cassie Chadwick sums totalling $198,000 on her personal notes, backed by a "trust fund" held by a Cleveland bank. Mr. Newton said he understood that Mrs. Chadwick was a natural daughter of the King of Steel, Mr. Carnegie.

In Pittsburgh, a builder of railroad cars revealed that he had loaned Cassie Chadwick large but unnamed sums on similar notes. "They seemed to be backed by plenty of good collateral," he said.

But it was in small, quiet Oberlin, Ohio, where the Chadwick touch struck hardest: the solid, conservative Citizens National Bank there closed its doors.

A check-up showed that the Oberlin bank was holding Cassie's notes to an amount close to half a million dollars. One bank official later went to jail. Another died of what was said to have been shame and grief.

Cassie talked very haughtily when she was arrested. But it soon appeared that she could not raise bail for the insignificant amount of five thousand dollars.

Cassie's trial in the language of the day was a "lulu." It brought out the fact that a number of others besides those already named had been duped in a similar manner.

It had been Mrs. Chadwick's practice to get a loan from a bank or an individual, sometimes both. These she would repay by a loan from elsewhere, and so on. The loans grew larger each time. How long she could have continued of course isn't known, but experts seemed to think she might have got along pretty well for several more years, had it not been for the Cleveland paper's exposé.

The Cleveland lawyer testified that he had accompanied her to New York and had seen her enter the door of the Carnegie mansion. Carnegie vowed again that he had never laid eyes on the woman.

Cassie's defense was that she herself was the result of a careless moment in the youth of the great steel baron; that the documents of the so-called trust fund were genuine in every respect, right down to the signature.

The jury did not believe Cassie. On March 27, 1905, she was sentenced to ten years in the Ohio penitentiary. There was no appeal to higher court. She went to prison and there she died of a heart ailment on October 11, two years later.

Following the crash of the Oberlin bank, Andrew Carnegie was said to have paid many but not all of the depositors' claims in full. He still denied any connection with the woman but said he felt very sorry that his name had been used to break a bank.

A recurrently favorite song of the era was one named *Tammany*. It had a lively refrain in pseudo-Indian tempo. Some parodist wrote a new version that took the country, now conscious of the Cleveland adventuress and rather pleased with her, by storm. Went the chorus:

> Carnegie, Carnegie;
> Cassie Chadwick on his knee;
> Girl of a long past mem-or-ee.
> Carnegie, Carnegie,
> Sandy Andy, you're a dandy,
> Carn-e-gie.

To fit the meter the accent on the steelmaster's name had to be moved to the final syllable, which was no trouble at all. How the iron and steel boys sang that parody! You could hear it rendered with gusto by the crew of an ore freighter heading down the Lakes for Conneaut on a pleasant evening. You might hear a strophe of it between the thunders of a rolling mill.

It was even hummed discreetly by clerks and big officials in the offices of U. S. Steel in Pittsburgh.

Popular songs are like that. You can never tell what they will do, nor how far they will go. The Carnegie-Chadwick song became the nearest thing to an official Steel song that was ever written. ##

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**JOHN FLYNN & SONS, INC.**
SALEM MASS.

## Ten Cents from Times Square

*Continued from page 75*

carries her up to the house all wrapped up in a blanket, the labor leader thinks the worst has happened, the low heel, but the wastrel ex-husband doesn't care whether the little lady did or didn't admit her rescuer to her bed, so she marries her ex all over again—and for some reason it is the most sickeningly sloppy sort of a do you ever saw.

In the course of the play a lot of things are said about labor, class struggles, the possibility of rich people being fine fellows, the necessity of young women having understanding hearts concerning (a) their father's mistresses and (b) their husband's tendency to take liquor. And a lot about certain yawls or ketches or schooners being "yarr." That's symbolic. Miss Hepburn gets so damned yarr before its over, you can see the Girl Scouts rallying around her. There's also a suggestion that young women oughtn't to think of themselves as chaste goddesses after the marriage night and that labor leaders oughtn't to worship girls from rich families.

On my word, this drivel is so vulgarly put together that you'd hardly conceive it possible that it should remain so dull. The social bitch-with-the-heart-of-gold has the tongue of a tart, and the audiences laugh at her saying that marriage is a goddam racket just as they laughed at whores cursing on the stage thirty years ago. The unfinished goosing of women, the suggestion that someone is going to say "ass" but is interrupted, the "frankness" which still stinks of innuendo—

Out at the Fair they've got a few semi-dirty shows. Some people are shocked by the Cuban village (including some Cubans who say it's all slander). But the New York Fair did not make its reputation even on a Sally Rand ranch of nudes; the reputation was made by the Perisphere's world of tomorrow, by the General Motors Futurama, by the brilliant restaurants, by the magnificent Soviet Russian Building, by the heavenly music on the Pipes of Pan in the Rumanian pavilion, by the fine exhibits of the telephone company and steel and electricity—in short by exhibits appealing intelligently to the average intelligent man.

That man, and his wife and children, will find more things to think about in fifteen minutes at the Fair than in the four hours he has to spend at the Behrman-Barry plays. Better presented, more honestly, more entertainingly. (And since I've been there, they've begun to show a four-reel movie called *The City* which seems to have more energy and intelligence than the theatre uses up in five years.)

Right now a play called *Family Portrait* is still running—rumored to drop any minute, maybe to be revived later. It's the play about the family of Jesus, in which he does not appear; Judith Anderson is magnificent in it. It is faulty, but very moving.

Also current and definitely succeeding is *The Little Foxes* in which Tallulah Bankhead triumphs over her last fifteen starts, in a melodrama with a lot of substance behind it. It is also moving, but not quite in the same way—it rather terrifies you. These plays both have an honest, direct, simple drive, and when you have seen them, you know you have been in the presence of something vigorous and alive. I have a feeling that both of them needed the theatre enormously; that neither could have been done well, in the first instance, in any other medium. By such plays the theatre is kept alive. By taking people away from such plays, world's fairs and movies and radio do harm the theatre a little.

But not very much. People have always stayed away from certain good plays in droves; you can't quite tell why. They have also patronized good plays in noble numbers.

The lesson to the theatres is not that fairs may not help business. The lesson is that fairs supply a very high grade of entertainment and the theatre will have to do at least as much. I don't know how many people are needed to keep the theatres of New York going; whatever the number, only part of them go to the Fair; the others simply do not go to the theatre because they don't expect to see much of a good show. In preparation for the Fair, apparently, producers brought in about a dozen plays which flopped instantly. That doesn't help to create confidence. *The American Way* was certainly intended to be the big show for visitors to Rockefeller Center; it got boosts enough, but maybe it wasn't quite the show the producers hoped for; maybe the phony showed through, in spite of the fine acting of the Marches. Maybe the theatre can do some things well and ought to concentrate on them. Years ago Brooks Atkinson, speaking of all that had been taken away from the theatre said, "Now it will have to get along with nothing but the best." (Oh kay, Mr. Atkinson. How does the best look to you now?)

When low commerce can give you things pleasant to see, pleasant to experience and to think about, the arts had better scurry around and give you intense emotions; if we are going to be made to think, we'd better be thinking straight and clearly, because a couple of documentary pictures or a textbook in psychoanalysis may render all the thinking of our dramatists pretty cheapjack. New ways of touching people's minds and souls have been invented. And the writers and producers of plays go on as if there were nothing to know about the playgoer which Colley Cibber didn't know. ⌗

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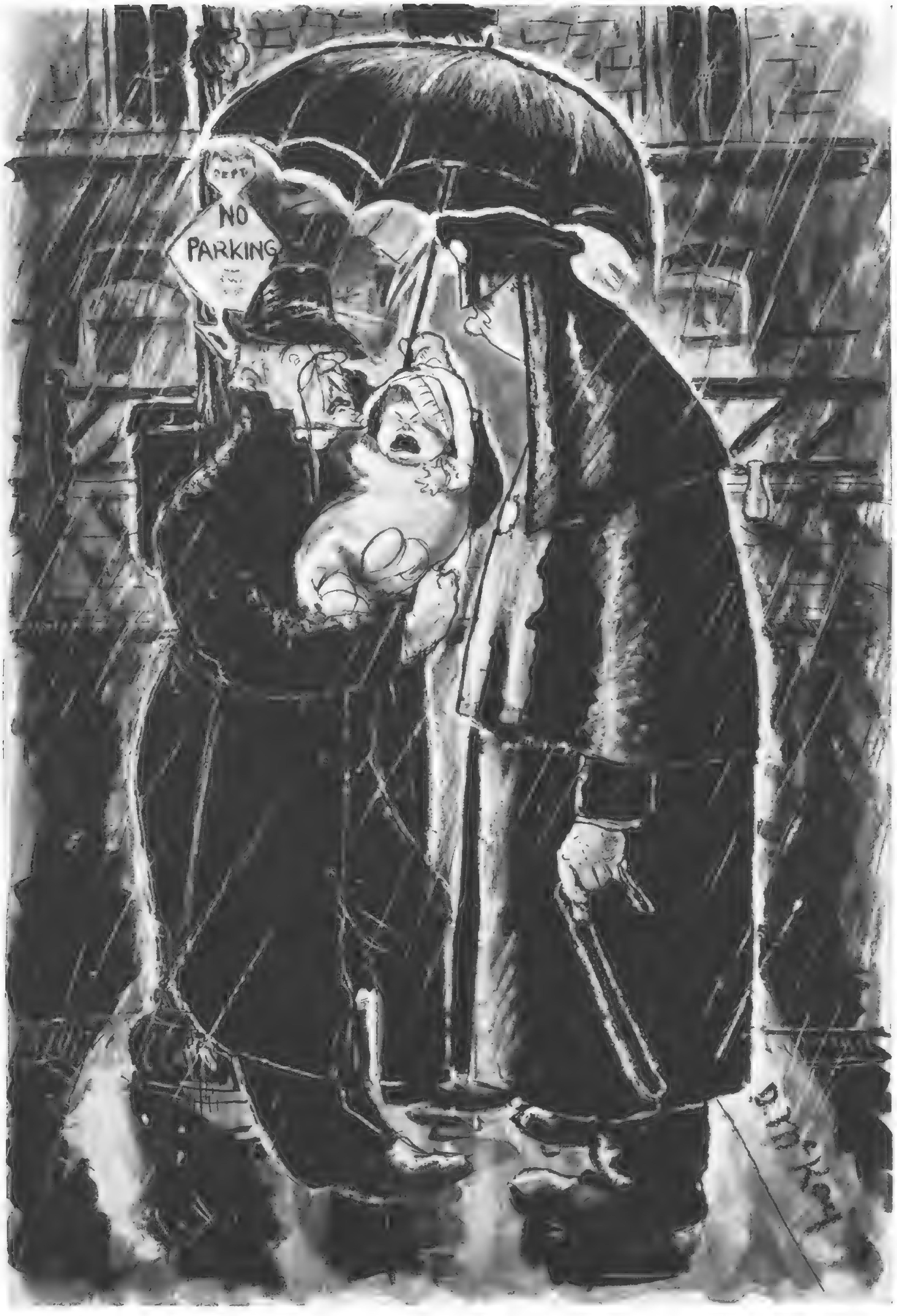
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*"She said she'd be out right after the newsreel, Officer"*

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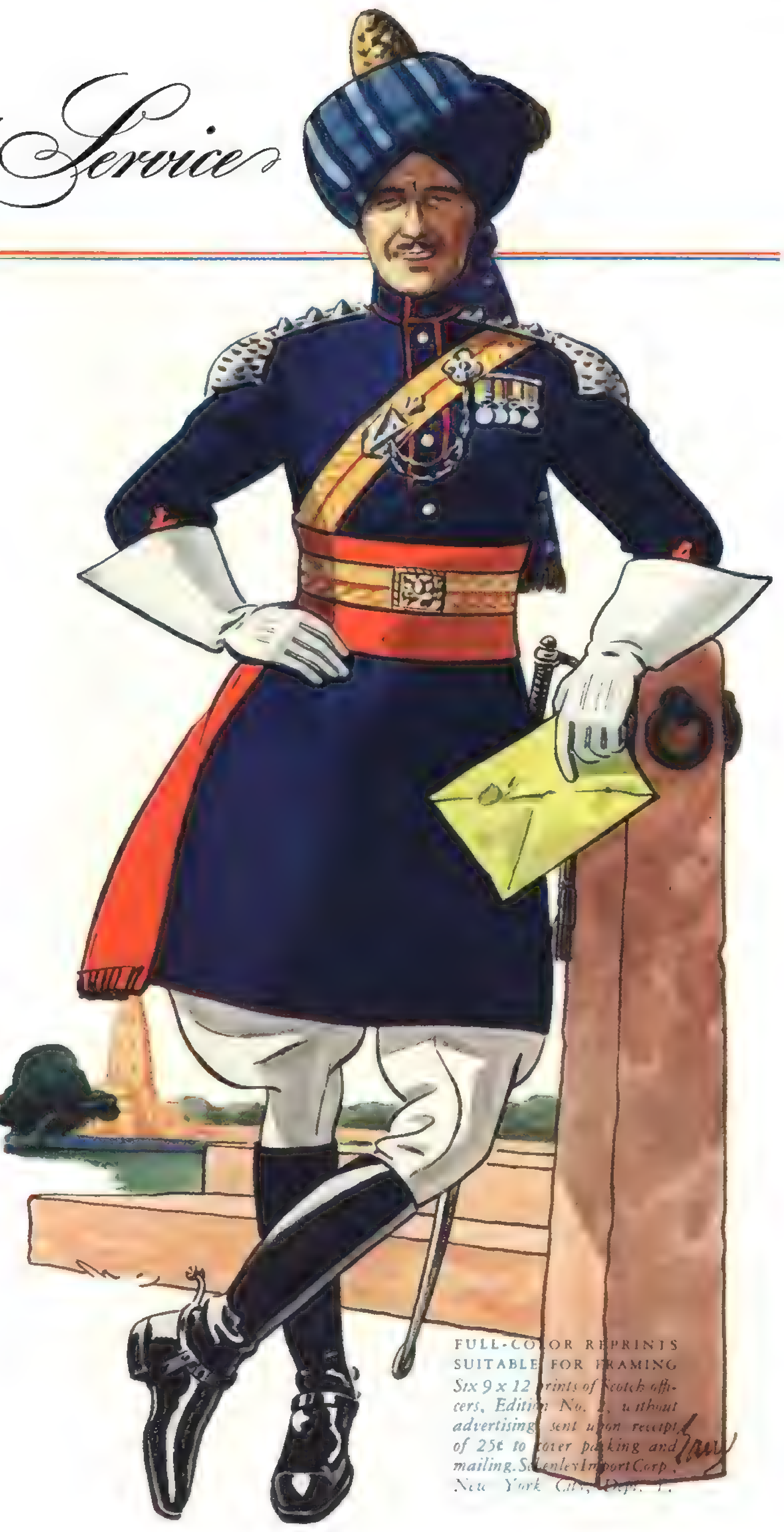

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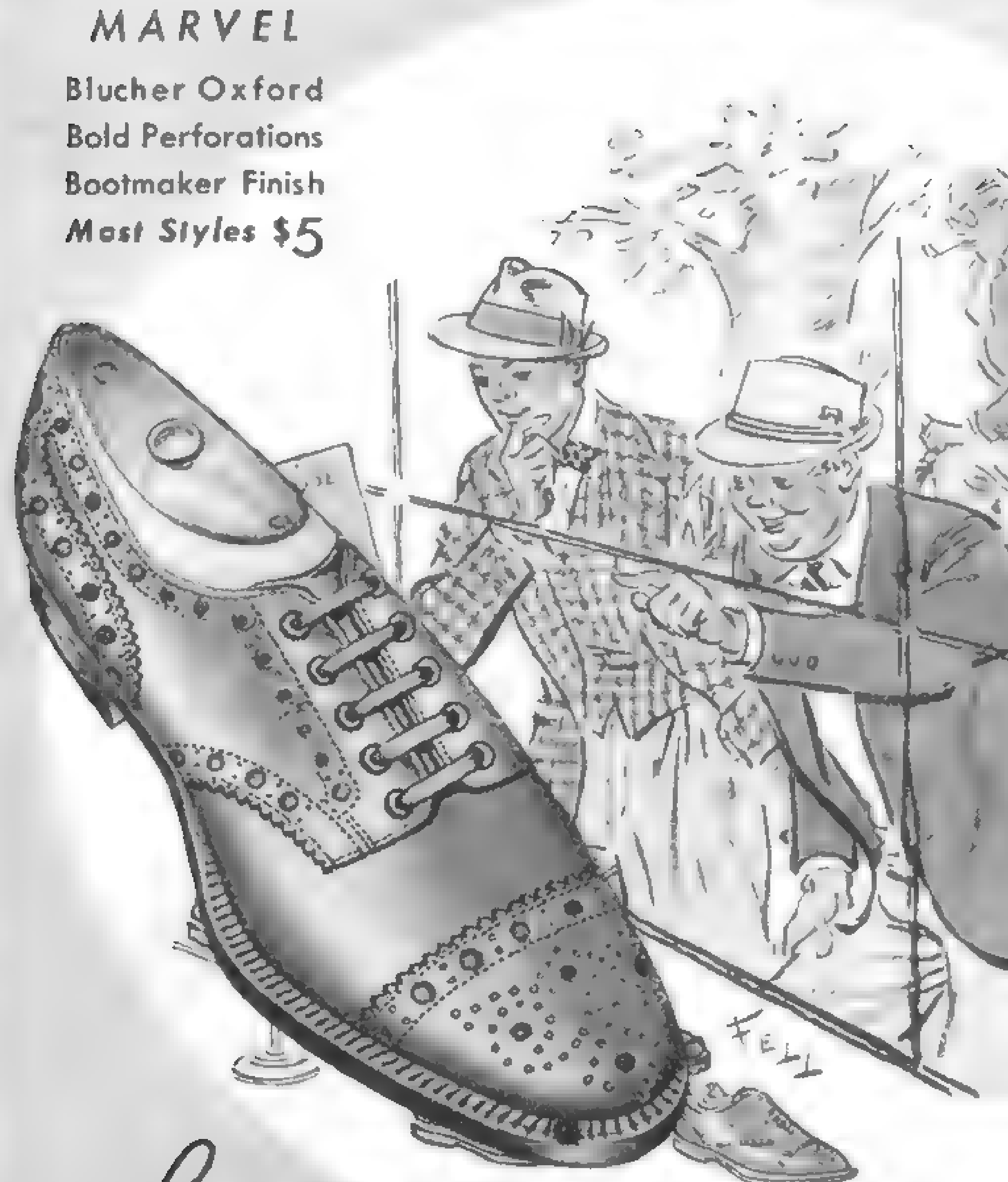

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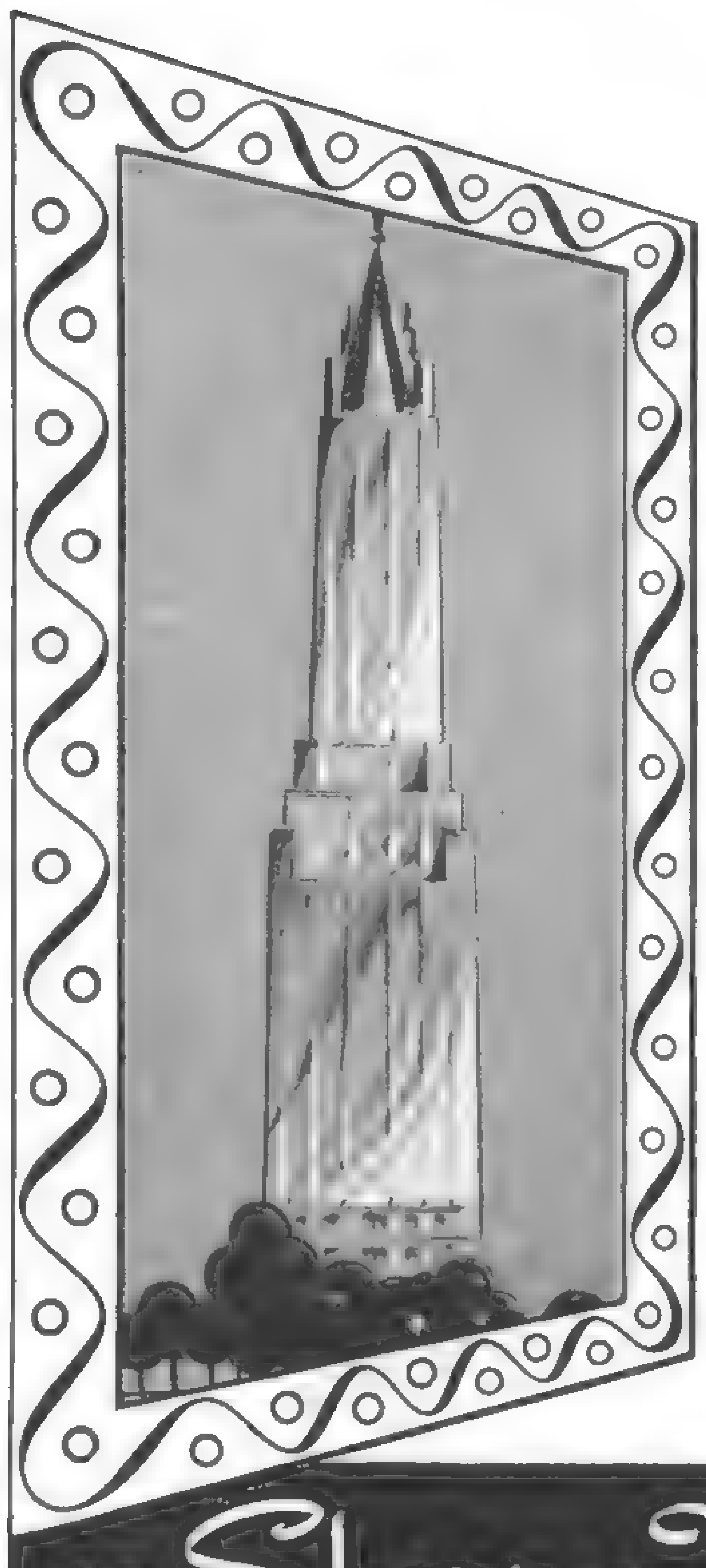

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## China Moves on Yankee Power

*Continued from page 65*

mountains and the railroad goes through 155 tunnels in the 296 miles to the border. More than 12,000 Chinese and several hundred Frenchmen died on the eight-year job of getting the railroad through those mountains. Although it has been bombed by Japanese planes, Kunming is about the safest city in Chinese territory.

Chinese judges once sentenced criminals to exile in Yunnan, under the impression that it was a hellhole. It was as though New York State punished Richard Whitney and Jimmy Hines by forcing them to live in Hawaii, for Yunnan is 146,700 square miles of roaring streams, gorgeous mountains, rich plateaus, bright blue lakes in a high, mild and handsome climate that can be described adequately only by a press agent who has worked for the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

Today Kunming is a boom town. Its population, once less than 50,000, has increased from 100,000 to 250,000 in the last year. In mobs that remind you of Coney Island on a boiling Sunday, day and night folks from the East pour in. Hundreds sleep in alleys and sheds. Back along the way, millions have settled, almost always under government orders. Coolies, merchants and skilled laborers alike are placed, as far as possible, as a general places his soldiers, in strategic positions where they can best fight the economic battle. The natives of the Southwest are not allowed to stand idly by. They are taught home industries, particularly the raising of silkworms and weaving and spinning cotton to compete with Japanese goods. To replace the food in the lost provinces, the farmers are shown how to get more out of their land —by a graduate of the Cornell School of Agriculture.

Kunming's rough, stone-block streets are full of trucks and passenger cars, still so strange that when a driver stops to change a tire, traffic is blocked by a mass of rickshas, pack horses and dilapidated Chinese who fight to get a look. There are new traffic police and stop lights. Neither does much good, for the coolies don't get the idea and the police, unaccustomed to gasoline fumes, are so busy holding handkerchiefs to their noses they can't always make the proper signs.

The smoke of new factories rises toward swarms of airplanes from the Government training school. The cost of living is soaring. New residents can't get a house and if they could they'd have to pay $15 a month (American) for a good one, instead of $5, which was the price a year ago. Modern stores are being opened, a movie theatre and hotels with rooms with bath are planned. They may even get running water in the American Consulate. It is as though a fragment of modern New York suddenly had dropped into the ancient camp of Sitting Bull. Most of the Chinese residents, who were perfectly happy in their lazy, backward existence, are thoroughly disgusted with the whole nerve-wracking business and wish that civilization never had been invented. But they have rebelled only once. A nice married Chinese girl, born in Hawaii, danced a mild hula at a party last New Year's Eve. Kunming officials, who still keep their wives in a harem-like seclusion, were scandalized and notified her and her husband that nothing like that ever must occur again.

On a main street is a magnificent anachronism. Over the only spic and span white door in town is a little electric sign reading *Café Kunming*. You enter, shut the door on primitive China and are in a restaurant with booths, furnishings and linen exactly like the campus cafés at almost every American university. It is the hangout of American-educated Chinese. There they eat with knives and forks, instead of with chopsticks, and can get pancakes, hamburgers, club sandwiches, steaks, pie and American cigarettes and coffee. Upstairs is a cocktail room, decorated in red and black, with a semi-circular bar and cushioned stools. This American spot was created by a Chinese graduate of the University of Michigan whose next venture is to be a nine-hole golf course.

In Kunming are the Americans who are helping China in aviation. There is China's airplane factory, bombed out of a hideout near Canton, directed by Charles Day, a veteran in aviation engineering. Major Claire Chennault, retired U. S. A. aviation officer, heads China's flying school, now at Kunming. He is assisted by 12 American flyers and turns out 150 Chinese aviators, ready for war, every six months. Hidden near Burma, headed by Americans, a Curtiss-Wright factory is building, to make war planes for China. The aviators who fly the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang are Americans, as are the pilots on one of the two regular airlines, which is partly owned by Pan-American Airways. The other line is partly German owned. No American is in any combat unit, but they all constantly are in danger from Japanese attack. They went over in a gay spirit of adventure and signed long-term contracts at excellent salaries. Most of them are gay no longer and wish they could go home. One recently announced he was through risking his life, and quit. Two weeks after he arrived in America he was killed near Seattle while testing a plane that fell apart in the air.

Kunming is destined to be one of the great cities of the Far East, China's front door, playing the part of an inland Shanghai and Canton—at least until the war ends. Outside the city, thousands

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of men, women and children are working on new railroads to the West and Northeast. One of these days, travelers from Europe will disembark at Rangoon and go chugety-chug over mountains on a railroad, built by a Purdue man, to Kunming and on to the Yangtze and Shanghai. Today, if you don't mind being blocked in mountain passes by American-made trucks carrying war supplies, panting in the high altitudes, backing and filling to go around the turns, you can drive in five days from Burma to Kunming over an amazing road, just completed, following generally the Old Ambassador's Road. More than 300,000 conscripted men, women and children who never had seen a motor car until the road was opened, built 700 miles of highway in less than twelve months without the aid of one piece of mechanical equipment—not even a wheelbarrow. Parts of it are on the sides of mountains of slippery rock like that along the Panama Canal and landslides still are frequent and the road, not yet settled, will be closed this year during part of the rainy season. It is generally in such good condition, however, that Americans who recently sold China $15,000,000 worth of fighting planes intend to truck them in from Rangoon over the road. The director of the road wouldn't tell me where he was educated abroad. Investigation showed it was Germany. Perhaps he felt out of the picture.

The highway to Chungking and the roundabout road to Haiphong, the Indo-China seaport through which come most of the goods, have been improved and are packed with motor cars, horses and pedestrians. The French railroad has pepped up its service and brings trainloads of freight each day, and the sleeping car, filled to overflowing, runs twice a week, each way. Airlines connect Kunming with Indo-China and with Chungking, meeting planes to Hong Kong. An airline direct to Rangoon and to Hong Kong soon will be operating. The Japanese now and then shoot down a passenger plane but nobody except me seemed to worry about that. I had to make reservations ten days ahead, in order to get on. The Chinese wouldn't be much surprised if the Japanese bombed the railroad one of these days, in spite of the fact that, they say, it is carrying no munitions and such an attack would necessitate a good deal of explaining to the French.

Amid this surge of modern transport Old China still operates effectively. Over the ancient 400-mile opium trail from Kunming to Suifu on the Yangtze, directed by a former graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, 50,000 coolies and 15,000 of those little Chinese horses constantly are on the march, going 30 miles a day. A man carries the same load as a horse—a case of munitions or five five-gallon cans of gasoline—from Kunming toward the war areas, returning with tung oil, used in making paint, to be shipped to America to pay for them.

Kunming is the only city in the Southwest in which investors are risking much money in new buildings. They fear neither Japanese invasion nor a collapse of the boom. Some predict the city will replace Chungking as China's capital. A University of Michigan man is promoting a typically American real estate development, with club house, playgrounds, school and hospital, outside the city. They cut a new gate in the city wall to run a road to it. Here 400 Chinese houses are being built by 1,500 skilled Chinese laborers from Shanghai. Sixty houses are completed, each with toilet and bathtub, which doubles the number of bathtubs in Kunming. A graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology is installing the plumbing.

They're planning a hydroelectric plant to replace Kunming's limping electric system, modern sewers, a water works, a canning factory and a telephone system over which, unlike the present one, you will be able to get a number. A new 5,200-spindle cotton mill—in bleak grey, ugly factory buildings near lovely old tile-roofed, Chinese houses—is being increased to 25,000 spindles. Mostly in valleys and forests just outside Kunming, hidden from Japanese bombers, are a copper refinery, a saw mill, factories, big and small, for making airplanes, heavy machinery, electrical supplies, wire, motor car and airplane parts, optical goods, silk thread and chemicals. Almost invariably they are operated by American-educated Chinese. There's a new health department directed by a Chinese graduate of Johns Hopkins and modern equipment is coming for a rebuilt government hospital in which eight of the ten doctors were educated in America.

Long lines of trucks bring through Kunming goods from other factories, probably even more important, that the Chinese won't tell you about. They're secluded all over the Southwest, some in huge caves. The Chinese, rightfully, are very spy-conscious. They won't tell much. Picture-taking is forbidden.

Yunnan's governor has a right-hand man—Y. T. Miao, graduate of the University of Minnesota, 1917. He is head of the provincial bank, one of the owners of vast tin mines in Yunnan, and the most powerful man in the province. Mr. Miao, whose ancestors were wild tribesmen in the hills, is president of the newly-organized Rotary Club of Kunming of which 26 of its 32 members are graduates of American universities. They're not entirely Americanized yet. They eat solemnly with chopsticks and wear no badges and sing no songs. Mr. Miao also is president of the American Returned Students Club. There were eleven in Kunming a year ago. Today there are 400. When you find yourself lost in Kunming, unable to tell your ricksha man where to go,

*Continued on page 167*

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# fall

# Clothes for Town

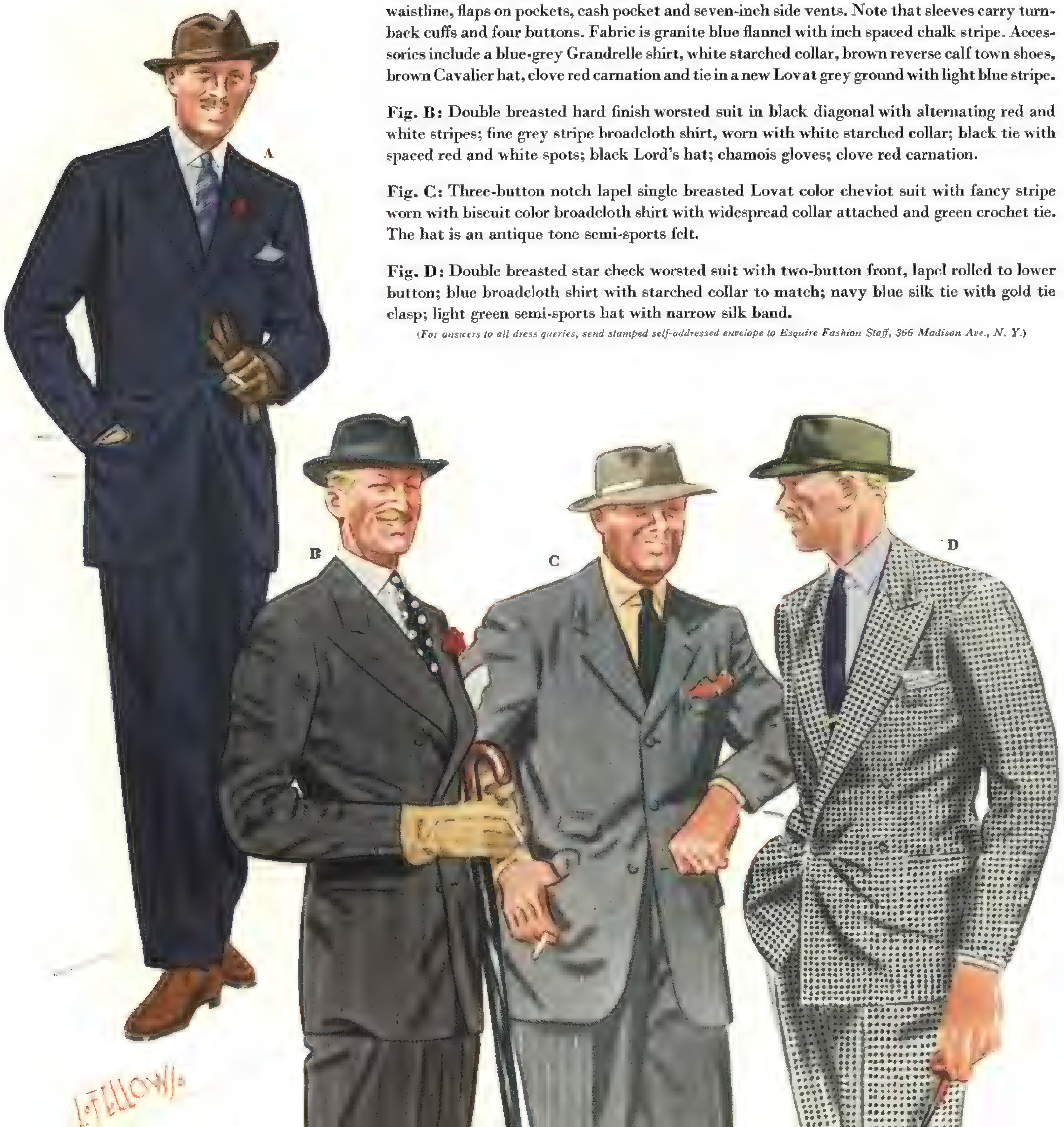
**Fig. A:** Paddock style suit—two-button notch lapel, single breasted, with bottom button at waistline, flaps on pockets, cash pocket and seven-inch side vents. Note that sleeves carry turnback cuffs and four buttons. Fabric is granite blue flannel with inch spaced chalk stripe. Accessories include a blue-grey Grandrelle shirt, white starched collar, brown reverse calf town shoes, brown Cavalier hat, clove red carnation and tie in a new Lovat grey ground with light blue stripe.

**Fig. B:** Double breasted hard finish worsted suit in black diagonal with alternating red and white stripes; fine grey stripe broadcloth shirt, worn with white starched collar; black tie with spaced red and white spots; black Lord's hat; chamois gloves; clove red carnation.

**Fig. C:** Three-button notch lapel single breasted Lovat color cheviot suit with fancy stripe worn with biscuit color broadcloth shirt with widespread collar attached and green crochet tie. The hat is an antique tone semi-sports felt.

**Fig. D:** Double breasted star check worsted suit with two-button front, lapel rolled to lower button; blue broadcloth shirt with starched collar to match; navy blue silk tie with gold tie clasp; light green semi-sports hat with narrow silk band.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*



## China Moves on Yankee Power

*Continued from pages 65-165*

you sit and wait. In a few minutes along will come a Chinese in Western dress, probably wearing a Phi Beta Kappa key, and carrying a slide rule, who not only will help you out but probably will insist upon taking you down to the Kunming Café where you'll eat a hamburger and lemon pie and discuss your mutual friends in America. They're very proud of their American education, these Chinese. On their calling cards, under their names, often is the name of their university and their degrees—in Chinese on one side, in English on the other.

When T. T. Zee, banker and industrialist, told me he was a graduate of the University of Michigan, I said, "That's where 'Hurry Up' Yost holds forth."

He smiled. "We Chinese," he said, "are always surprised when Americans know a university by its athletic director, instead of by its president."

From these Chinese, particularly from shrewd, rich, quiet Mr. Miao, you sense that they are grateful to America, but not maudlin about it. They have noticed that America doesn't give away its resources to foreigners and the New China will be for the Chinese. American and British investments will be very welcome, in projects owned at least 51% by the Chinese. The British will profit, probably, more than anybody else from this back country development, for Rangoon will be the main port. Today Haiphong, in French Indo-China, is most important to Southwest China, but the second language of the Chinese is English, not French, and they would rather do business with English-speaking people.

Outside money is sought to develop the tremendous mineral resources that are practically unexplored in Southwestern China. There are quantities of coal, salt, gold, silver, copper, iron, tungsten and antimony. Yunnan leading, the provinces produce a large share of the world's tin—about 8,000 tons a year, mostly by appallingly savage methods. More than 75,000 boys, aged eight to fourteen, earn a few cents a day for their phlegmatic parents by crawling into small, deep holes, a lantern strapped to their foreheads, to bring out the tin. A well-informed American, a good friend of China, told me bitterly that 30% of the boys are killed before they are 15, the age at which they usually become so large they can't get into the holes. Shrieking for help that never comes, thousands are crushed to death or buried alive by cave-ins. The body is left there, the hole is blocked for a few months, then another boy digs in to bring out the skeleton and resume the mining. American-educated Chinese swear mining machinery, now used in one big mine, will come to stop this. Old-timers say machinery won't be popular with most mine owners. Boys are cheaper, their parents don't mind, for what is a life in China?

Only in unfathomable China could such horrors continue to be tolerated less than two hundred miles from the center of a most admirable movement for preservation and development of the nation's culture. China is training its best minds to take important posts behind the lines in the war machine and to develop the new China when the war ends. Unlike other nations that in wartime have believed that students and teachers should go to the front and die, China has exempted them from war duty.

Kunming has taken more refugee universities than it can comfortably house. More than 5,000 students, men and women, and hundreds of faculty members—80% American-educated—have moved there. Southwest Associated University, the largest and most important in China, made up of three great universities that fled from Peiping, is in Kunming. The National Sun Yat-sen University, with 2,000 students, driven out of Canton and looking for a home, hopes to settle there. National Tung Chi University, its $10,000,000 plant completely destroyed in Shanghai, moved twice before finally going to Kunming with nearly 2,000 students who are studying medicine, engineering and science. A medical school from Shanghai and one from Nanchang, with 600 students, are there turning out doctors for war work. Five missionary colleges, bombed out, have combined in Central China College, established in Yunnan, 370 miles out on the Burma road.

China had in Nanking a group of scholars, making up the Academia Sinica, doing pure research in the Institutes of Astronomy, Chemistry, Physics, History, Philology and Engineering. They're working in Kunming now. From Peiping came the Society for Research in Chinese Architecture. The Aeronautic Research Institute, from Peiping, is in an ancient Chinese mansion containing a beautifully decorated private theatre—a fine lecture room.

The National Library of Peiping, when it moved to Kunming, with thirty of its staff, was forced to abandon most of its books, but brought more than 10,000 that would be needed by the universities and scholars. The librarian is a Columbia graduate. The library has all the important foreign scientific and technical journals and files of popular newspapers and magazines, which usually arrive about two months after publication. For historians it is gathering everything written about the war, including Japanese propaganda. For those who will direct China's rehabilitation it has a collection of literature telling how other nations rebuilt, after their wars. As soon as arrangements can be made properly to house them, the treasures from the Palace Mu-

*Continued at top of page 168*

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## China Moves on Yankee Power

*Continued from pages 65-165-167*

seum at Peiping, now hidden throughout China, will be collected in Kunming.

Dr. Y. C. Mei, head of one of the universities, graduate of Worcester, Mass., Polytechnic Institute, '14, took me on a tour of Kunming to see some of the schools. Part of one was in good accommodations. Hardened to bombing, staff and students from Peiping moved eagerly into buildings hastily vacated by Yunnan provincial teachers and students who set up their schools far from town in abandoned temples immediately after the first air raid. To find the other classrooms we toured almost all of ancient Kunming, down narrow dusty streets, to little holes in the wall where students were absorbed in lectures, into classrooms in a magnificent old Guild Hall, with gold doors, high ceilings, huge rooms, large courts, decorations that were museum pieces, temple bells and statues of lions. There were newly-made bombproof dugouts in the back yards. On the wall of nearly every room of the Guild Hall was a huge white sheet. I peeked behind and saw enormous Buddhas in recesses. "They disturbed the students," said Dr. Mei.

Most classrooms had new chairs with rests to write upon—made by the students. In a radio school they had fashioned good lockers out of five-gallon gasoline tins. There are not enough textbooks to go around and two or three students often study one book at the same time. The equipment of one civil engineering school is pretty good, for it fortunately was in the hands of a field class, away from the university at Peiping when the plant was destroyed. Electrical, chemical, mining and mechanical engineering are being taught effectively with equipment that would not satisfy a modern high school. Professors and their wives live in one room with primitive toilet and cooking facilities. Sometimes eight or ten students share a room, doing their own cooking, sleeping on the floor. Outside Kunming, far apart to make a less-attractive target for bombing planes, are being completed 80 mud-brick, barrack-like, one-story buildings to be used as dormitories and classrooms for one of the universities. The first building was completed for $143 (American) but the cost of labor has risen so rapidly that the last ones will cost about $370 each. Here, the students cheerfully assured me, they can learn just as much as they did in the million-dollar plants destroyed by the Japanese.

The Chinese say the movement Southwest is primarily a temporary expedient, that they will win the war someday and many of the folks will move back. Maybe they are right, for it's going to be difficult to conquer a nation of shifty bulldogs. But even if China loses, the war has had great compensations—it has united China and advanced by hundreds of years its vast, unexplored back country. ⧺

## A Bellyful of Bums

*Continued from page 85*

Gainor—we know this is tough going, but don't stop reading yet—this man is going to be Champion! In 1932, Braddock started eight times and lost six of them—to Charlie Retzlaff, Tony Shucco, John Henry Lewis, to Lou Scozza on a technical kayo, and to two nebulous individuals named Baxter Calmes and Tom Patrick. On the wrong end again, four times out of eight, in 1933. The mighty warriors who were too much for our coming champ were Al Ettore, Mart Levandowski, Al Stillman and Han (Horizontal Hans) Birkie.

Jim quit then and joined Harry Hopkins' jolly little group for a while, then came back to beat Corn Griffin, J. H. Lewis, and Art Lasky for a shot at Baer. And then he was Champion. And somewhere in America—or elsewhere—were no less than EIGHTEEN men who could beat him. They all had at least once, some of them twice. To make the situation even more ridiculous, only two of them, Loughran and Rosenbloom, could be considered anything like top-flight fighting men. The balance ran all the way from good sturdy push and maul second raters down to Class G6 palookas not even fit to throw in with rasslers. Heavyweight fighting had indeed established a new low. And had Joe Louis continued to pick cotton, we would still be at that low, or lower. And, again excepting Joe, the future looks blacker than ever for us poor chumps who go on paying the freight when we know that the "Title Fight" will be nothing but Bang—Crash—Thump—and the flailing arm of the referee with his One, Two, Three, and so forth.

Look at the recent ranking of heavyweights by the *Ring Magazine*, the Monthly that is supposed to be for the good of Boxing. Is it for the good of Boxing to come right out in public and say that the ten leading Contenders are: Nova, Baer, Pastor, Burman, Toles, Galento, Harvey, Paycheck, Farr, and Strickland? Is that an advertisement? Nova is No. 1. Why? That's all I want to know—Why? Because he cut Barlund's eyebrow and they had to stop it? Because he got his ears cuffed off by Maxie Rosenbloom when Maxie was pugilistically ready for the Wheelchair? Is that all you have to do to be the leading heavyweight Contender? Okay, Boss, you can have my resignation right now. I can cut an eyebrow if I have to.

Seriously, let's look at them and see why they are the cream of the crop.

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lund's eye and he went to college
No. 2. Baer—Because his wife had a baby
No. 3. Pastor—He can ride a bicycle
No. 4. Burman—He out-slapped Tommy Farr
No. 5. Toles—He beat somebody
No. 6. Galento—He drinks beer
No. 7. Harvey—Substituted for Schmeling because we are mad at Germany
No. 8. Paycheck—Yeah man
No. 9. Farr—He beat a man at the circus once—or something
No. 10. Strickland—Rated tenth but probably the best of the bunch

There are your ten leading heavyweight contenders. Isn't it awful? Can you imagine what Harry Greb would do to that bunch, or Mickey Walker, a welterweight? Why, even Henry Armstrong, giving away sixty pounds, would chase most of them out of the ring.

What an outlook for us. Why, with all the big mugs there are in the world, can we not scratch up something better than this? We (still the editorial We) will positively not patronize any more heavyweight fights. Well—not for a couple of weeks anyway. ⧣

## One Man in His Time

*Continued from page 55*

mind you was readyin' to say?"

"It's about me and Wincey."

Black Dave stared hard at the boy, then nodded understandingly.

"Reckon you needn't say no more," he allowed. "You done got Wincey in a fix, ain't you?"

Young Luke gulped, and nodded. "Rufe Mullins done brought it on hisself, and on me and Wincey!" he cried angrily. "He wouldn't let me set up to Wincey in his cabin, whereat setting up is rightly to be did, so me and Wincey had to meet up in the brush. Whut could Rufe Mullins or anybody else of expected from sich a goings on!"

"There ain't never been no brush-youngens in the Mullins fambly, as I ever hear of," Black Dave said quietly. "And we ain't aiming to start with Wincey. Does my brother Rufe know about it?"

"Wincey *done had* to tell him," Luke replied gloomily. "Now Rufe allows I'd better git the marriage papers and marry up with Wincey. And afore sundown, too—else he aims to reach down his rifle-gun and come after me a-helling!"

"Then you better p'int yoreself towards the county seat, Luke," Black Dave advised. "Brother Rufe never was no hand to chew his terbacker twice. I'll be at my office in the Holler, son, and you bring Wincey there fur marrying up. That will fix everything in good shape, and everybody is plumb satisfied. Now—you ride."

Young Luke rode off, and Black Dave stood there leaning on the fence for quite a spell. His mind was occupied gravely with Young Luke Granby, and with his niece.

Wincey Mullins, rising eighteen, was a mighty pretty young woman, as well she might be, seeing that all the black Mullins women were. She was a good housekeeper, a Christian worker, could do on nothing and make it go a long ways, and she was biddable. The man, ever-who got Wincey, would be right lucky.

Young Luke Granby had a hillside forty in the township, and his own cabin. But Luke was shiftless. Hadn't even enough get up about him to set him up a 'still to help him tide over the bad crop years, like all his neighbors weren't too good to do, and naturally Rufe Mullins wasn't so keen about trusting Wincey to Luke's care and providing. But Rufe would have to trust her to it now. She had settled that matter for herself.

Dulcie Mullins, Black Dave's youngest girl, came on him there by the fence.

"Pappy," said Dulcie, "Miz Boatright sent up word by Flint Peters that she reckin they better not try to hold Mr. Boatright outten the ground ontel tomorrer, it being July and hotter'n blazes. So she reckins they better put Mr. Boatright away ag'in sundown."

Dave nodded his head. "Git along back home, honey," he told Dulcie, "and tell yore maw to lay out my preaching coat and shirt."

Black Dave's preaching coat, a once-black frock, was far too short in the sleeves and the skirt cleared his knees a full six inches. His preaching shirt, a white boiled one with a stiff bosom, was considerably frayed as to cuffs, but Dave never seemed to have time to spend selecting a better one for himself at the store. The shirt buttoned back of his neck, and he did not bother to wear a collar with it. His bushy beard came down so far on his chest nobody could tell whether he had on a collar or not, so Dave just dispensed with wearing one.

Attired in his preaching coat and shirt, he late that day preached the burial sermon over the body of his neighbor, Oscar Boatright. An hour later he performed the marriage ceremony which made Wincey Mullins the wife of Young Luke Granby, and, incidentally, appeased the just wrath of the bride's father, who then had no call to reach down his rifle-gun from over the fireboard.

It was good dark when Black Dave got home and stalled Snoozer. He washed up at the well, went in and ate a hearty supper, then gathered his family about him and read a chapter from the Scriptures. He offered up a prayer for the comfort and safety of his wife and children, and sent them all to bed. After which he stripped, got down on his bare knees and made his personal prayer.

"Oh, Lord," Black Dave prayed, "grant to Thy servant fulsome slumber through this night, that he may rise in the mawning refreshed in body and mind, strengthened in spirit, and fitten in all ways to meet the duties of another day. Amen!" ⧣

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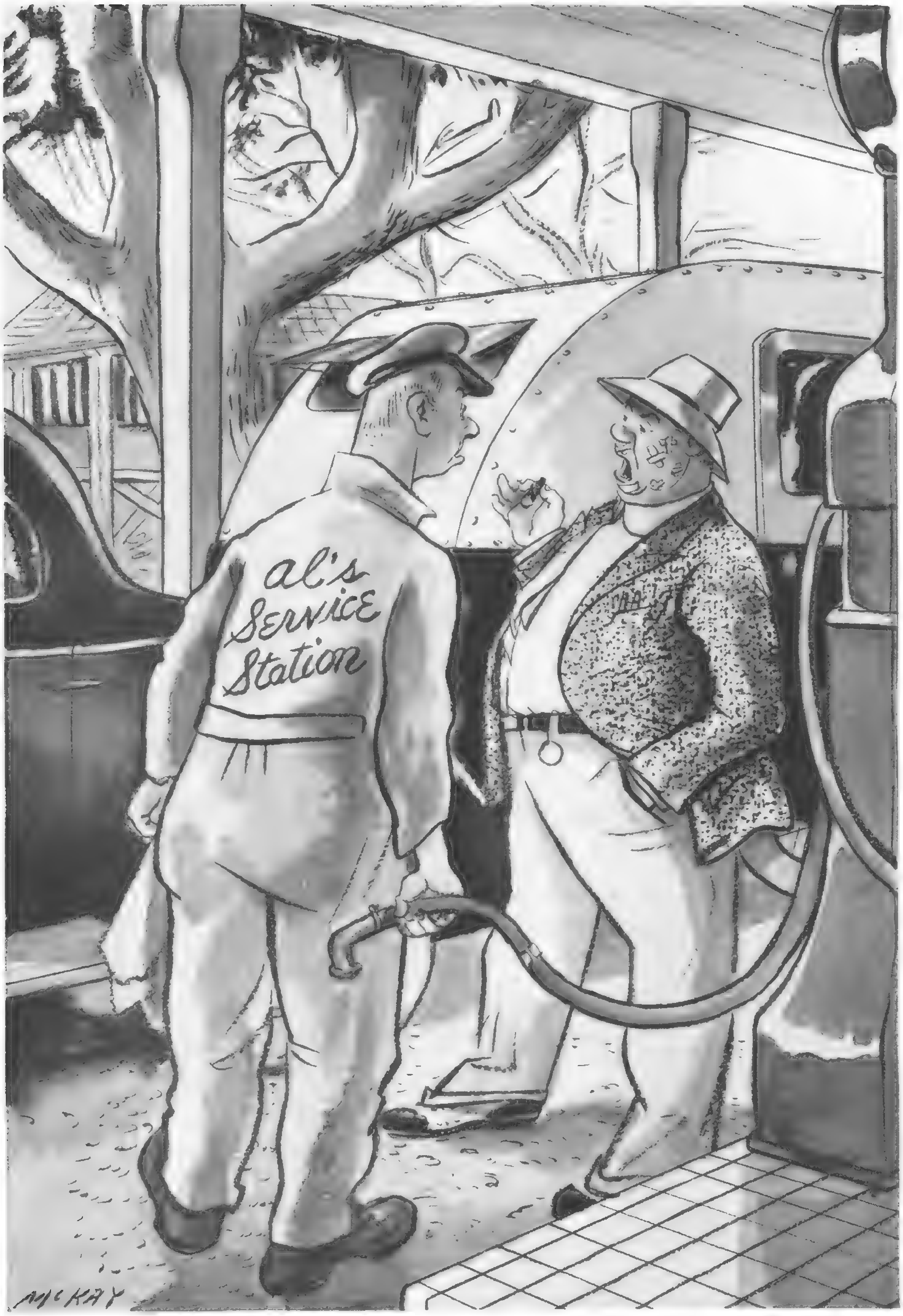
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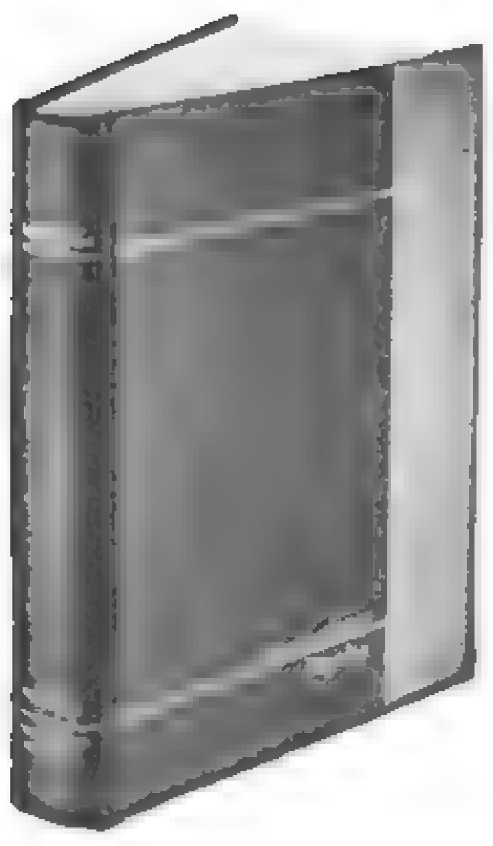

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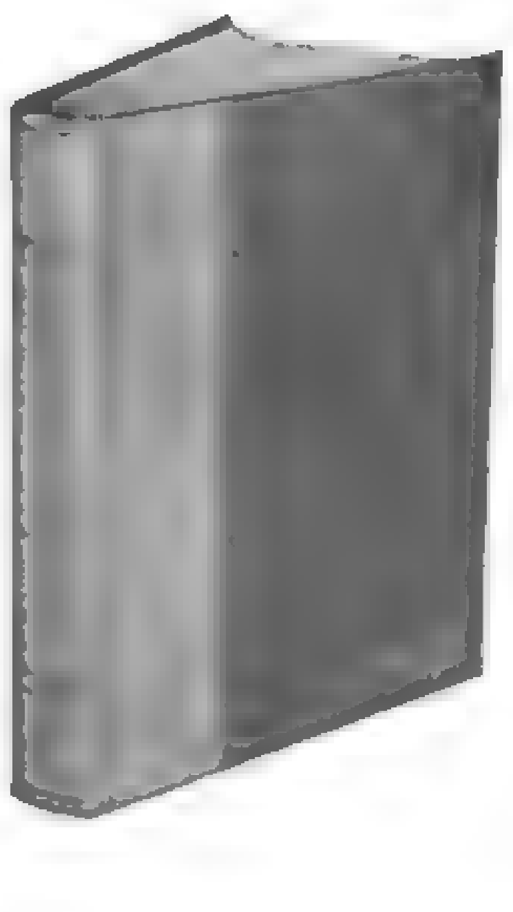

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## Big Trout Are Like That

*Continued from page 45*

ily I had another jar of salmon eggs in my creel. If I fed him some he might get careless, wouldn't be so much on guard when suddenly I dropped my hook in front of his nose.

Egg after egg I dropped into the pool and every one he took with audacious gusto. Thumbing his nose at me. Suddenly I was conscious I had fed a half-jar to this astute rainbow.

Afraid I might discourage his appetite, I halted, sat down on the steep bank to think my course of attack over. The big trout knew the difference between the sinking speed of my leaded hook and a free egg. My leaded hook went down faster than a free egg. When I took off the sinker, it sank slower than a free egg. That was the answer—if I could get both eggs, the one on my hook and the one I tossed in, to meet at a level, he might take mine too!

Again I stood over the pool and dropped in my bait. Waiting until it had almost reached the bottom I plunked in a loose egg. Eagerly I watched it gyrate toward my hook. Now both sank evenly and just as they were about to hit bottom, out came the rainbow and swiped the unattached egg!

Then started our battle of wits. Over and over we repeated the same parries, the same thrusts. Twice he all but fell for the egg on my hook, but whirled away in time. Twice I let the hook lie as before and twice he came slowly from the roots to look the bait over and back off out of sight.

Fortune was playing into my hands, however, as the shadows lengthened over the pool. It was getting more difficult for the trout to distinguish the difference between my hook and the egg that sank with it. Finally, curiosity drew him a little from his hiding place. Now I could see his big dorsal waving and his pectorals fanning the water, a few inches from my hook. Like a cat he was watching my bait and like a cat he might rush it any second.

I moved the hook a little, hoping to draw him to strike, but he would have none of it, none of the bait that lay inanimate on the pebbly bottom. Only the loose eggs, sinking lazily interested him. I pulled out the hook again.

Rapidly the twilight faded and the pool grew darker and darker. In a little while I couldn't see a foot down in the water, nor see the outlines of the big trout. This cast, I hoped, would tell the tale. He wouldn't be able to see my leader now. I broke off the eggs on my hook, now white with soaking, and put on fresh ones.

I dropped the bait in, let it sink with feverish expectancy for a second or two and then tossed in two loose eggs. For a foot or so I followed their course with ease, then lost them in the shades of the pool. Once I thought I saw his long shape float upward and seize one of them and curve back in the shadows. But nothing happened to my hook. I was through, I was whipped. The old boy had shown me a trick or two. And now I was snagged to the bottom. Insult to injury.

Then all hell broke loose! The bottom of the pool came to the top in a spattering, shattering earthquake that brought a sudden chill to my bones. Hardly knowing what to expect next, I stripped line like a madman, digging my heels in frantically to keep from going headlong into the pool, and fought to keep my rod from cracking in two. The big trout was on!

Now there are various experiences that thrill a man, but none, in the opinion of a fisherman, such as a big trout hooked well and diving and whirling in an astonishing display of fight and courage. Time and again this fellow I was tied to, bore with straining determination toward the roots, and I was lucky to head him off. The rod warped into a sickening twist, and each time I turned him he came back with a swift arcing leap, churning the water to flying spray.

By straining the rod and leader and hook to the utmost, I had been able to keep him in the clear. I do not recall how many leaps he made, but each one was indelibly imprinted in my mind as he fought to free the stinging thing in his mouth. You never can tell when a rainbow is whipped, if ever. When, on his last rush, he had been turned away from the roots more easily than before, I knew something was up.

Now he whipped straight for me. I spun the reel handle to gather up the slack, fairly able to keep the line taut. No hand stripping this time, it wasn't fast enough. Closer to the bank he came, then to the surface, his big dorsal cleaving the ripples.

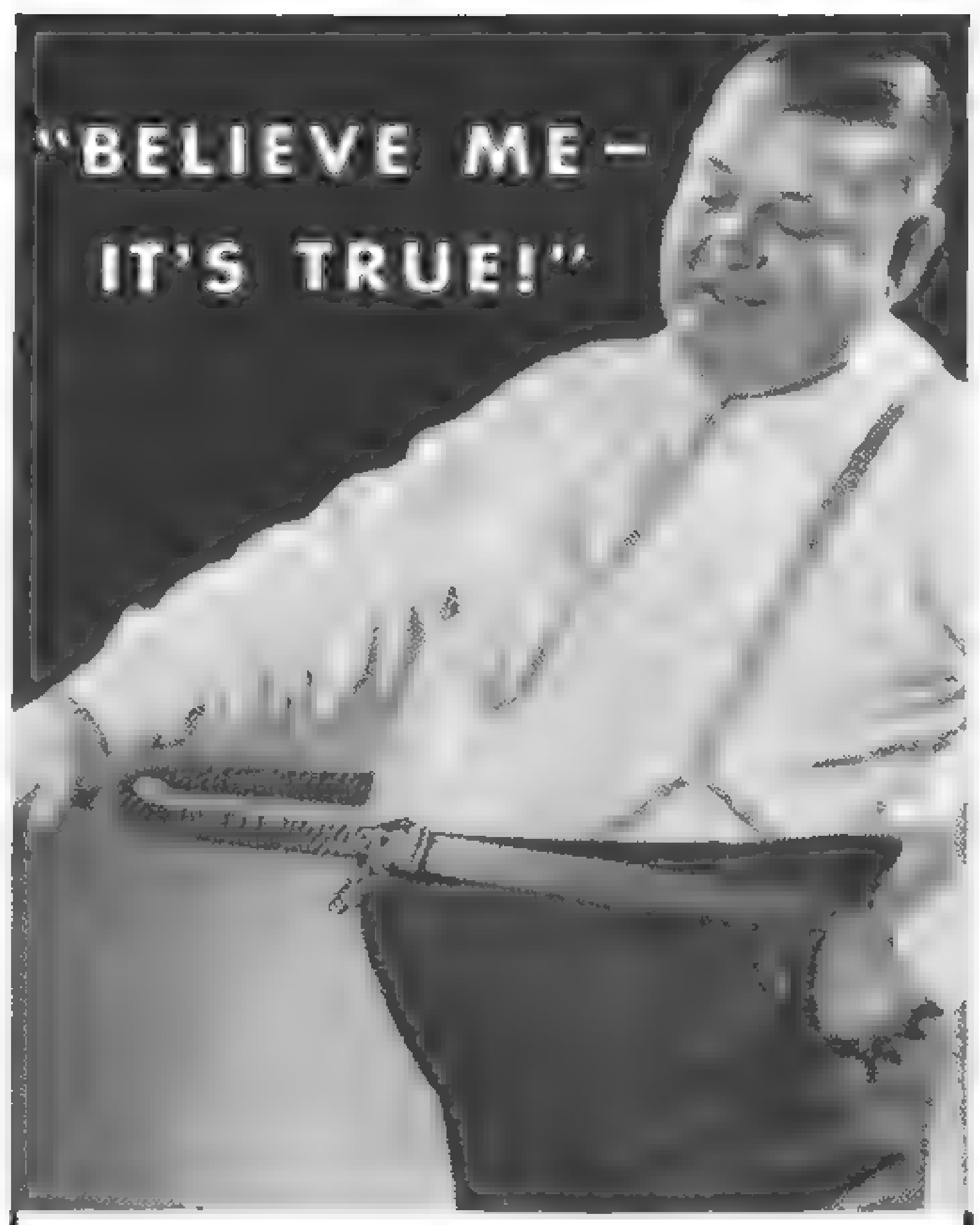
It was almost black dark now and I had to judge the direction of those roots. There was plenty of dynamite left in the old codger's frame. He was fighting for his life and he knew it. This was no bug or caddis fly larvae stuck in his jaw, but a searing reminder of his folly. And it had set him crazy.

I could see the big dorsal submerge, and like a train getting under way, he slowly and steadily headed for the roots again. This was his last bolt, his last shot in the locker. I payed out line grudgingly, holding the rod down, pointed at him. I couldn't put much more strain on the leader, I knew it had been frayed by his continual rubbing on the bottom. Slowly, inexorably, he pulled on; foot by foot the line went out, closer to those roots.

There was no stopping him now. Somewhere he had an ace up his sleeve, a tremendous reserve of power left in his lithe body, his stout heart positively refused to give up. Sanctuary was there in those dark roots. Freedom. Life.

I gave him the butt of the rod in a wild effort to turn him. I felt

*Continued at top of page 172*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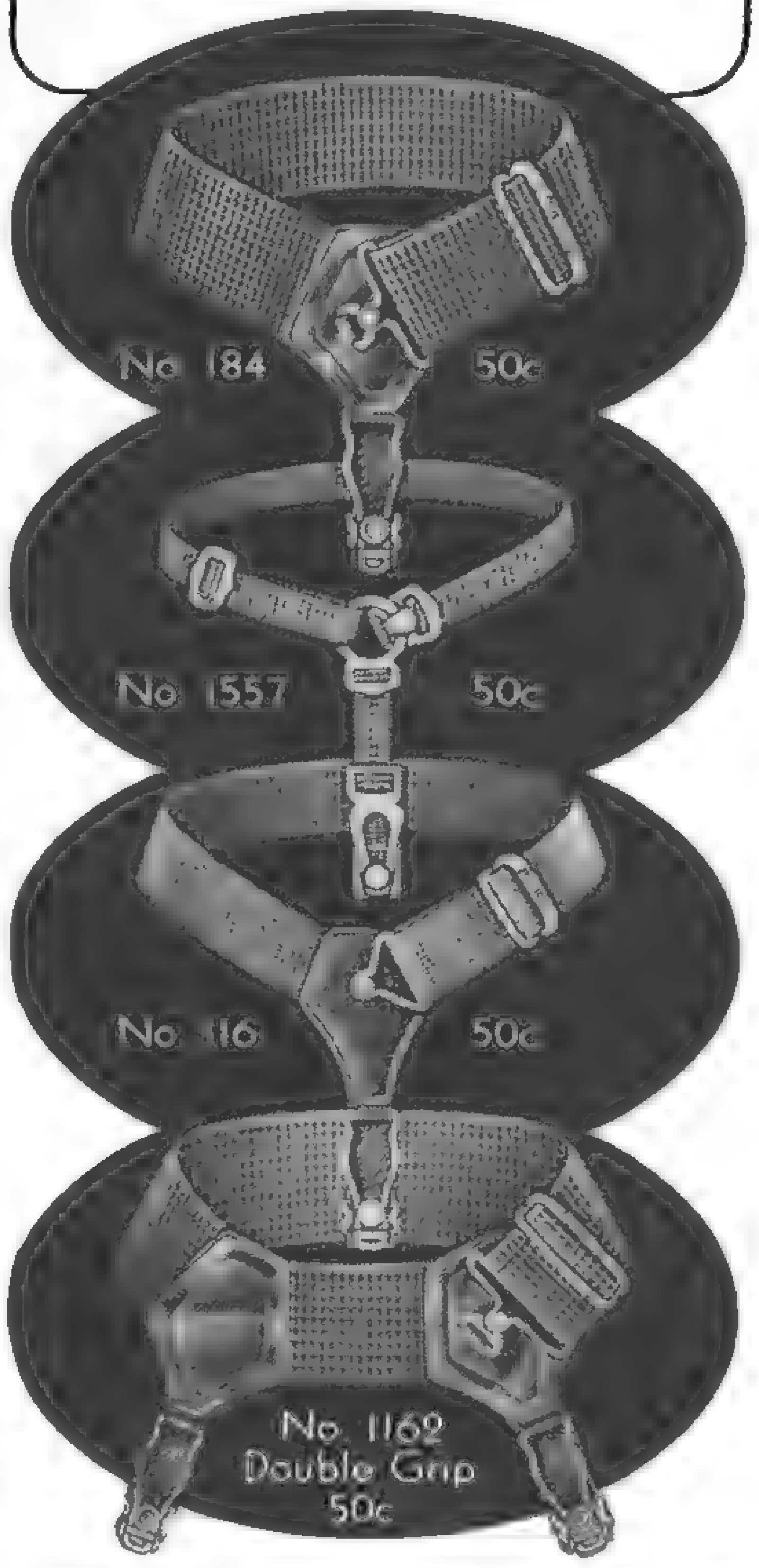

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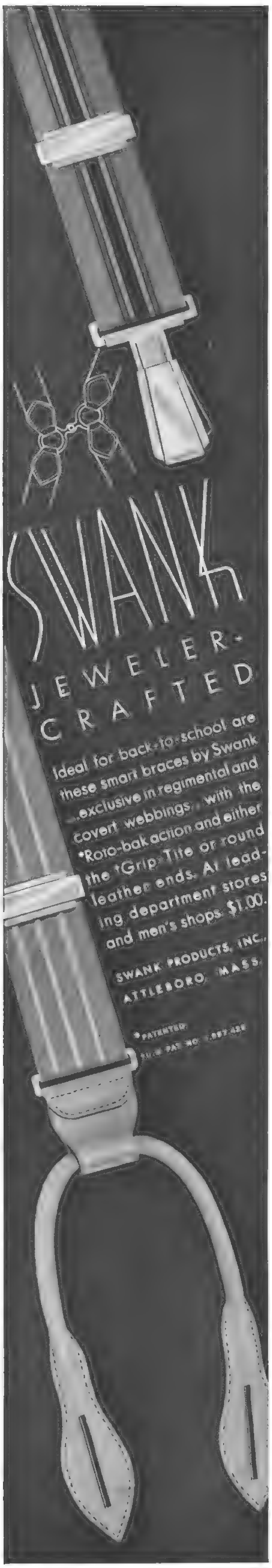

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## Big Trout Are Like That

*Continued from pages 45-171*

the line rub over those roots and his swift rush upward through them. I felt the resultant shiver of the parting tackle, heard the heavy splash as he came down, free of the death that almost claimed him.

The pool was a purple blot through the branches of the laurel and the washing of the water against the roots from the last leap of the rainbow gradually died away. I took the rod down, felt where he had frayed loose the leader. I was conscious now, too, that I was wet through with sweat.

I made numerous trips to the stream throughout the fall, always hoping to see the big fellow. Though I cast my bait and flies in the nooks and crannies of the stream, never again did I come across him, not once did I see his blunt snout come out from his hiding place. And I wasn't particularly sorry. Somehow I felt I hadn't won any worthy victory in getting him to strike the eggs that day. Had not the evening shadows entered the picture, I never would have hooked him, for both eggs looked alike to him then. It had been an unfair advantage I had taken. ⧻

## Chronic Shortstoriosis

*Continued from page 30*

jolting of the train, he slept . . .

America sponged up Josef like water, and although his grocery store business was good, it was fifteen years before he felt he had saved enough to warrant returning.

Education had been an unneeded luxury for the Noellis, so it was not surprising to know that they corresponded not at all. Josef was glad about that, because then he could visualize his family's surprise when he returned, after so long—and with a fortune of several thousand dollars in hand!

Once aboard the ship that was to take him home, thoughts and plans filled his brain. Suitors for his daughter's hand—civic positions for himself—drinks without end at the *Swarze Adler*. The reward of those fifteen years work was certainly near . . .

As he left the Zurich station and headed toward the *Swarze Adler*, his excitement was nearly to the bursting point. He wanted to run, but tried to walk. It was already evening now, and his friends, having finished their meals, would be coming in for a beer. But the faces that he saw had changed so he barely recognized them. There were new faces there too, which he knew he had never seen before. Suddenly he spied his rifle. Hung as promised beneath the clock. As he went to take it down a shout from the barman turned him around. Then welcome followed welcome in crescendo. Beer followed beer, toast followed toast, and soon Josef was drunk.

Hours later he blinked his eyes, and though a thick haze was everywhere, he knew he was in a different café. What surprised him was not that one of his hands gripped his rifle, but that the other held an overly-painted girl close to him. Who she was, or where he had met her he didn't know. Nor, for that matter, did he care. Nor was he suspicious, when after boasting of his fortune, his companion suggested he visit her room. He followed her excitedly, and with a giggle, dismissed the thought of going home before morning.

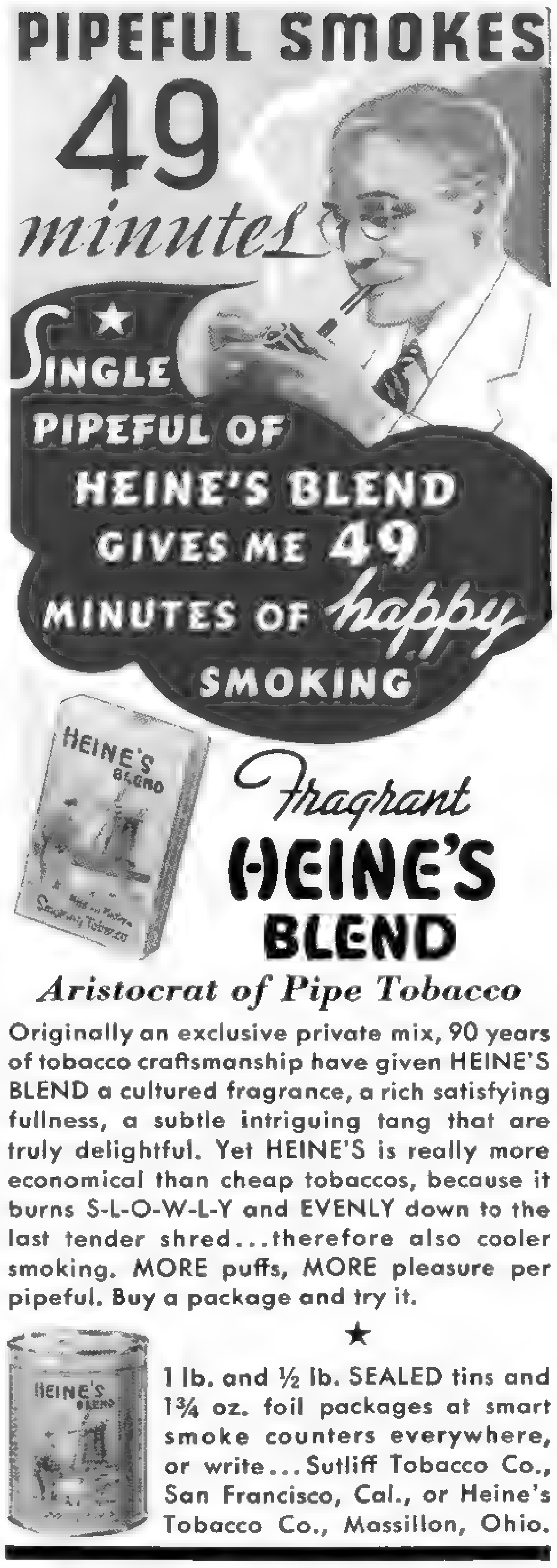
He awoke with a start, to find the sun streaming in through the one window of the squalid room in which he lay abed. He was alone in the room and only his rifle, satchel and coat, lying rumpled on the floor, gave evidence of his debauch. Bewildered, his first thought was of his money. He searched for it in his satchel. It was nowhere to be found. Reason fought to restrain panic. He tried to review his actions of the previous night. He pounded a reprimanding tattoo on his forehead. *Why* did he stop at the *Swarze Adler? Why* did he pick up with that prostitute? *Why* did he boast of his money? *Why* had he not gone straight home? He looked again around the room—then outside. He saw only an empty hall leading to the street. He went out dragging his rifle behind him. Like one of his own cows finding his way to the barn, Josef found himself walking, unthinking, toward his house back in the hills. What to do? How could he now justify his fifteen years away? How could he right this sudden, tragic wrong? The knuckles of his hand were white as he gripped his rifle. Instinctively he advanced closer to his house.

Mrs. Noelli screamed, "Josef!" She was running to him—"Josef, you're back," and tears and sobs made further exclamations unintelligible. In a moment they were clasped in each other's arms. Josef thought then, in his ecstasy, that anything that might have happened was now insignificant. A gurgling happiness drowned his despair. Wiping the tears from his face, he chided his wife for crying. Oh, thought Josef, it was good to be home! Mrs. Noelli laughed and the tears rolled into her mouth. Josef's next thought was to see his child. Had she changed? Would she know him? Mrs. Noelli called her—"Anna," she cried. Anna, who was inside, came to the door.

Mrs. Noelli never knew that a clap of thunder blanked all remnants of judgment from her husband's brain. All she saw was that he stared at his daughter, first blankly, and then with wild recognition. As his daughter screamed, Josef muttered her name and, raising his rifle to his shoulder, shot her dead. Before Mrs. Noelli could move, he had killed himself.

* * *

For a while I thought of writing that grim story in more elaborate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detail. It certainly was dramatic, but perhaps it seemed too contrived. As I pursued this fear further, it suddenly dawned on me that it could not be contrived, as it was a true story. I had read an account of the episode in an Austrian paper two years ago. Mrs. Noelli, they said, had been moved to a "home."

That proved that truth was, indeed, stranger than fiction. But my problem of writing a completely original short story remained unsolved.

I then turned over, in what I am occasionally inclined to refer to as my mind, a side light on Napoleon. It was a nice story, but unfortunately it, too, was told me by my friend, the scenarist, who had used it, so he said, in a French film. I tried to change the characters and background, but it was much nicer in its original setting. You probably saw it years ago.

The situation was, as I recall, that the Emperor was returning from some new victory abroad. His pleasure in the triumph was somewhat hampered by having to suffer the inconvenience of a head cold, contracted during the campaign. His Empress, Josephine, greeted him with unusually demonstrative affection. However, he put her from him, adding, that, inasmuch as he feared his cold to be contagious, he did not wish her to be contaminated. This gallant alibi served as an excuse, and he hastened to the apartments of a new favorite.

It was said that Josephine had her sly suspicions, but thus far had been unable to substantiate them.

That night a ball was given in honor of the Conquering Hero. As the Emperor and the Empress started down the line of guests, the latter, with the all-encompassing eye of which only a mistrusting wife can boast, spotted her suspected rival at the end of the line, but said nothing. The couple nodded acknowledgment to the silent bows and curtsies with which the assembled gathering greeted their slow procession.

At last they reached the end of the line and the suspected favorite herself curtsied. Her Imperial Majesty would have gone on only suspecting and never feeling she had a right to believe her fears, had the mysterious lady in question not at that moment indulged herself in a most untimely and indiscreet sneeze.

What the Empress did after that is not known, but the anecdote brings to mind a multitude of proverbs: "Truth will out," *et al.*

* * *

But here we are, and we've gone nowhere. No untarnished brain child has yet been born at this sitting, despite all the labor pains. Only ideas, like the above, which tempt one to rearrange and represent. They should not, if they are good, be tampered with—any more than the old spicy "Have-you-heard," which deals with a respectably married lady, who, seated at a large formal dinner, was being plagued by the attentions of an ardent beau of other days. He, a man of the world (to coin a phrase), was insistent on reliving the day he had once spent with her. She was equally determined that, because she was so respectable, he shouldn't. Anyway, how could they?

Every moment was spent with her husband, except of course when he was at business during the day. The cad, intent on fulfilling his desire, had little of the traditional respect for the refinement of ladies' emotions or feelings, and stooped so low as to offer her no less than five thousand dollars for a return date. If it had not been, she said, for the presence of so many people, she would create a most horrible scene. As it was, it took all the strength she could muster to keep herself under control. He had now gone too far, and he would kindly refrain from ever speaking to her again. Needless to say, he paid no attention to her request, but persevered in his plea. Time, healing as it does all wounds, mediated in our hero's favor, because, during the next few courses the young matron turned the offer over in her volatile mind. She *was* shocked of course. *But* five thousand dollars *was* five thousand dollars! And, after all, she *had* known him for years. He *was* quite attractive. Her husband, although not exactly stingy, could hardly be called generous. Too, she was a "sport," and here indeed was, in a broad sense, a sporting offer.

The lady, after much to-do and many haughty rejoinders, agreed, that in view of the reward, he might visit her at ten-thirty the following morning, after her husband had gone to work. The rendezvous was kept to the minute.

It was just about lunch time when the lady of the story was taken aback by seeing her husband enter the front door. It was not that her lover hadn't gone. He had. It was not that her husband wasn't affable. He was. It was just the shock of the thing. He *never* came home to lunch. Hardly had he greeted his wife than another shock made her quiver with fear. He asked her if a gentleman had been in the house within the last hour. Yes, there had. Then he asked if it had been Mr. So-and-so; and indeed it was that very gentleman. The lady trembled like a plucked harpstring, her face emptying itself of all blood, as she thought she caught a glint of sinister amusement in her master's eye. "And," the husband continued, "did Mr. So-and-so leave an envelope containing five thousand dollars?"

The faithless one was just this side of a fit when she managed to nod affirmation.

Her husband smiled. "That's great," said he, "splendid. Now, I know where I stand—with my friends especially."

"What do you mean?" Her question was barely audible.

"Well, my dear," he explained, "this gentleman presumed enough on our long-standing friendship to

*Continued on page 174*

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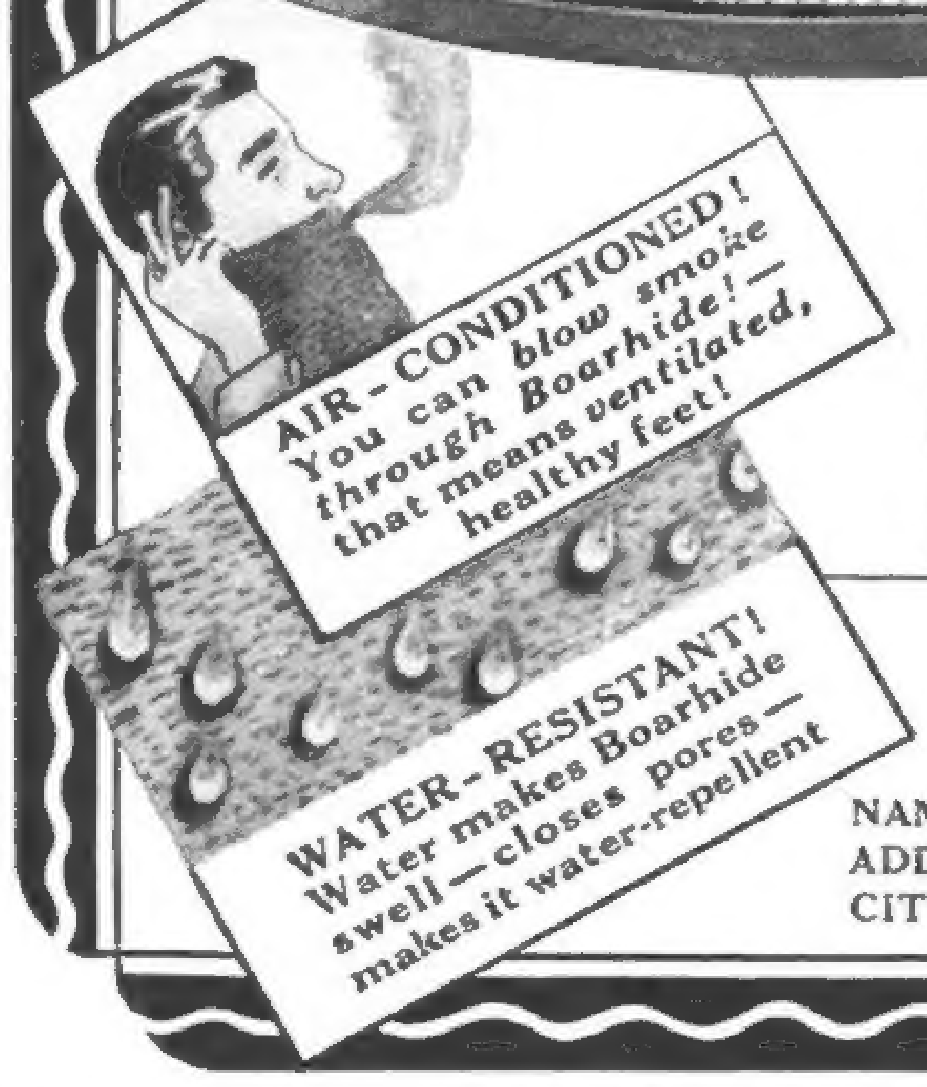
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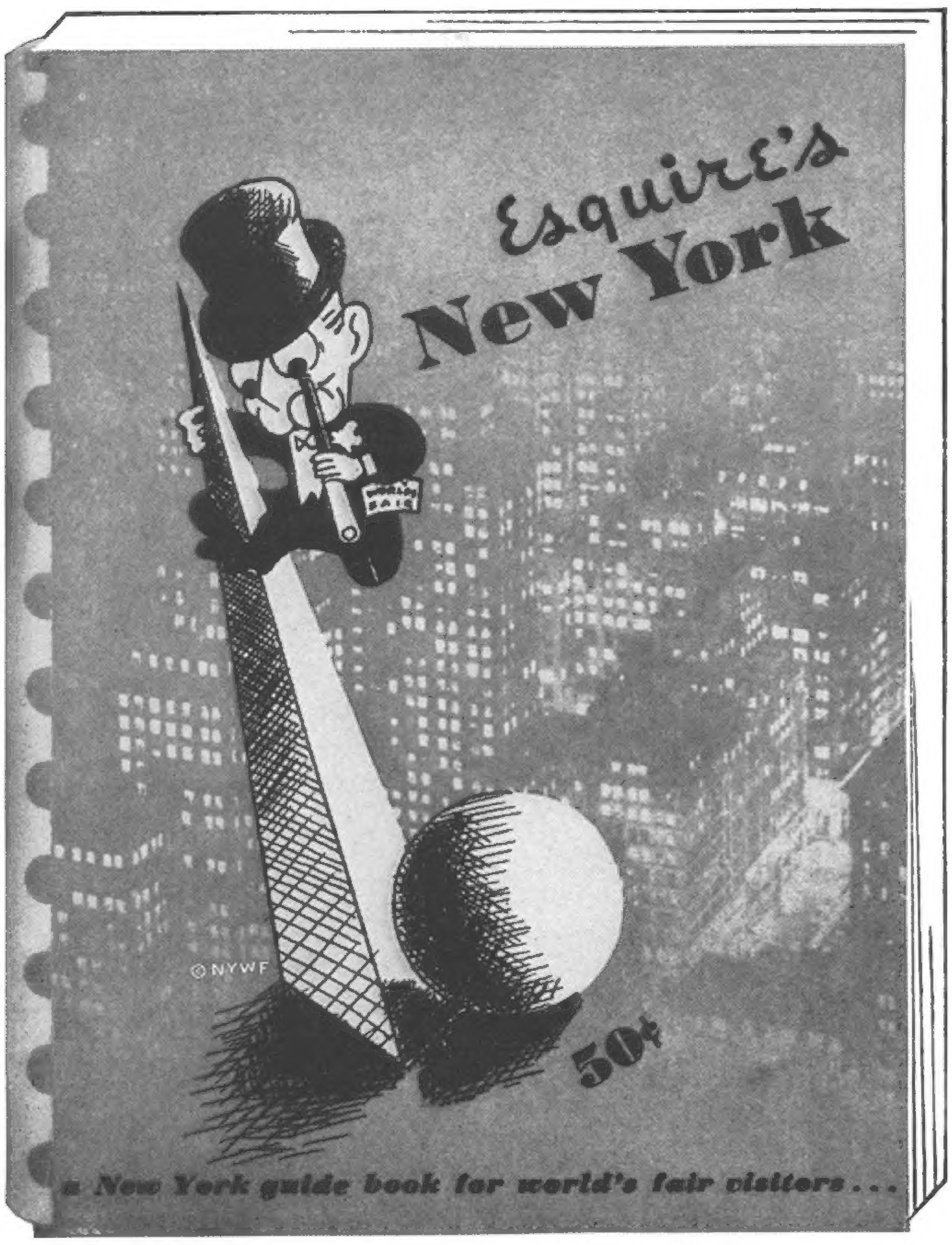
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## Chronic Shortstoriosis

*Continued from pages 30-173*

come to my office the very first thing this morning. He pleaded with me to lend him five thousand dollars, promising on his honor that he would return it to me at my house before one o'clock. I am glad to know that he is a man of his word."

* * *

Unfortunately, that story is too familiar in pattern not to have it recognized.

At last came an inspiration. A Perfect Short Story. It was not, strictly speaking, original, but I wasn't so particular any more. It was another true story told me by a friend of the man to whom the adventure happened (or so it was claimed). I forthwith set the wheels in motion and shaped the sequence of events in this wise.

A business man, in an English Midland city—Manchester, let us say—was about to conclude a deal for the merger of his firm with its most serious competitor. When the deal was all but signed, he was invited by his new partner to spend a long week end with him at his country house, some appreciable distance from town. He accepted with gratitude, and early Friday evening he started out to find the house. He drove for some time through villages and farms, over long stretches of moors and through valleys. Never had he known of a more out-of-the-way spot for a business man to commute from.

The house itself was, the man thought, really quite nice, once you got there, and when he was introduced to his new colleague's wife and daughter, he was delighted he came. They were charming. The daughter was twenty and the wife was so attractive and youthful that he had difficulty in refraining from using the cliché about "looking like sisters."

Dinner passed off pleasantly and after a decent interval devoted to small talk, they all betook themselves to bed. He was just dozing off when he heard a faint, cautious knock on the door. He asked foggily who it was, but instead of an answer, the door, which he had carelessly left unlocked, opened, and a woman slid through quickly and shut it behind her. In a hoarse whisper she begged him not to turn on the light. Obeying her request, he asked her again who she was. When for the second time she refused to divulge her identity, his sense of adventure, not to say curiosity, was piqued. All she would do was to plead with him to keep still.

The next morning, after a minor struggle with his conscience, he descended to breakfast. It was then that the game really took on relish, as he tried to find out which of the two attractive women had been *his* guest the night before. He searched with excited, anxious eye for some sign from one of them—a glance—a flash of color—a twitch of the mouth—something which would, he felt, give him a clue. But search as he would, the breakfast went off as impersonally as the dinner. This whetted his curiosity even more.

That night, after he had retired, the very same thing occurred. Again he begged for explanations and again he was answered only by cryptic pleas to keep quiet. He decided, with more feeling than thought, to let it go at that.

The next day, Sunday, he spent pursuing his same subtle inquisition, and receiving the same maddening results. To make matters worse, everyone was so gracious and considerate. They appeared to be just a nice, plain, happy family.

When on Sunday night the performance was repeated for a third time, he didn't even bother to question any more, even though he wanted more than ever to find out what was what.

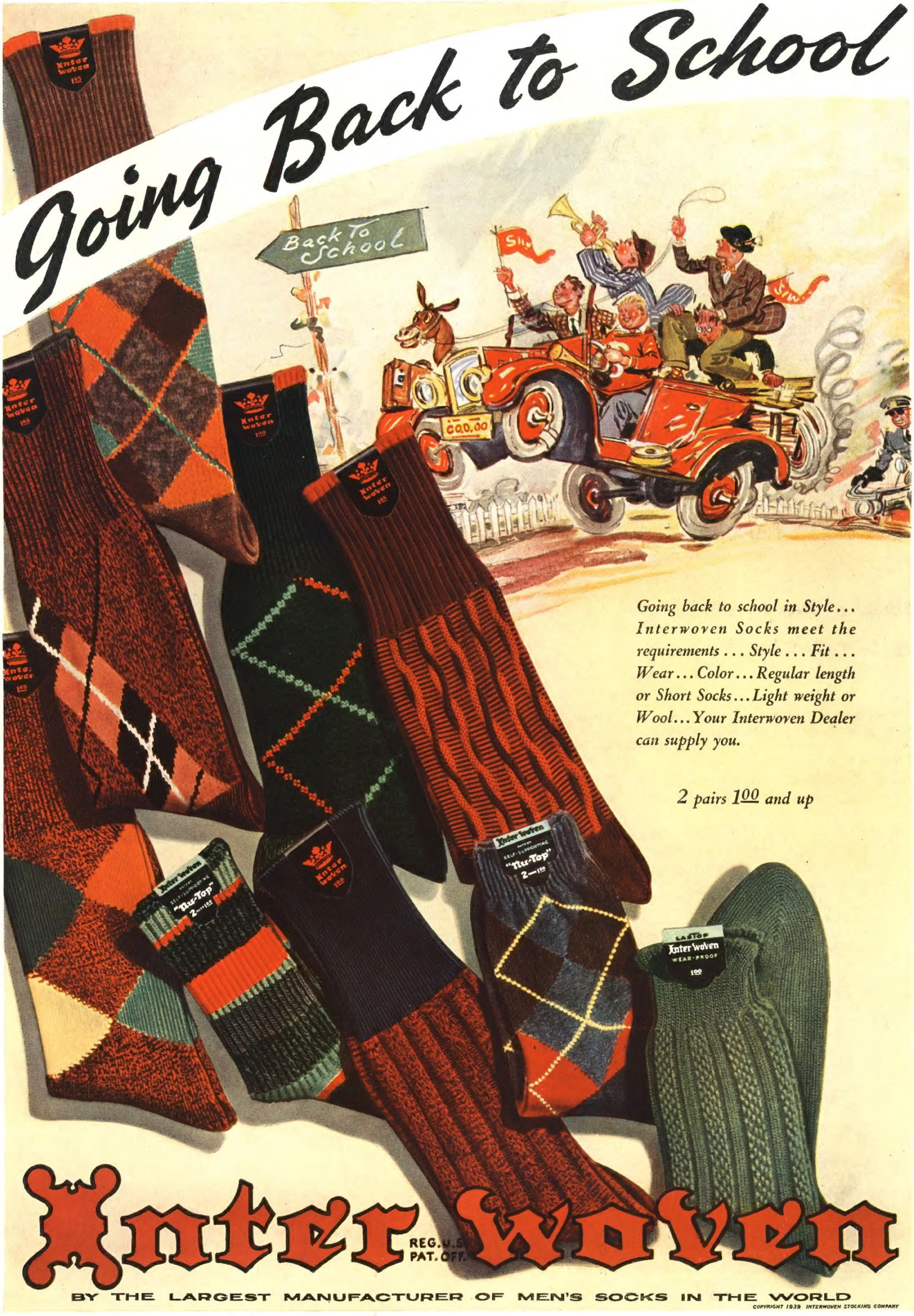
On Monday morning his host suggested they drive back to town together. To this he politely agreed, and after expressing rather too much gratitude for his delightful week end to his hostess and her daughter, the two men set off. They had driven some few miles when our man's patron turned to him. "Perhaps you have wondered," he is supposed to have said, "why I live in such a God-forsaken place as this." The guest thought to himself that there were other items more pertinent, but it was hardly the moment to discuss them—so he contented himself with agreeing that, yes, he had for a moment, thought it strange. The other man continued, "I feel I must be frank with you, inasmuch as we are to be partners, and I hope, close friends." The visitor winced slightly, but did not interrupt. "Therefore, I will beg you never to tell anyone what I am about to confess to you. My reason is self explanatory. You say how pleased you were with my family, and I am very grateful. But I am even more grateful that you have not yet met them all. You see, I have another daughter—a twin, whom you haven't even seen. She's a leper!"

* * *

Now, dear, dear reader, you must agree that in the brief outline above are the makings of a yarn which would delight the soul of Poe. And for a brief moment I thought that here was a story with which I could make some sort of literary reputation for myself. Enthusiastically, I outlined it in the form you have just read, to Miss Constance Collier. "It's a most exciting story," she cried. "I've always thought so! I remember when I first read it several years ago, I forget who it was by, I couldn't sleep for nights."

So there went my last hope for an idea—blasted to hell. I gave up. I decided then and there just not to push for inspiration, but to let it come by itself. #

# Going Back to School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